Liberty

MAY 12 45 10c

THE PHILIPPINES LOOK AHEAD

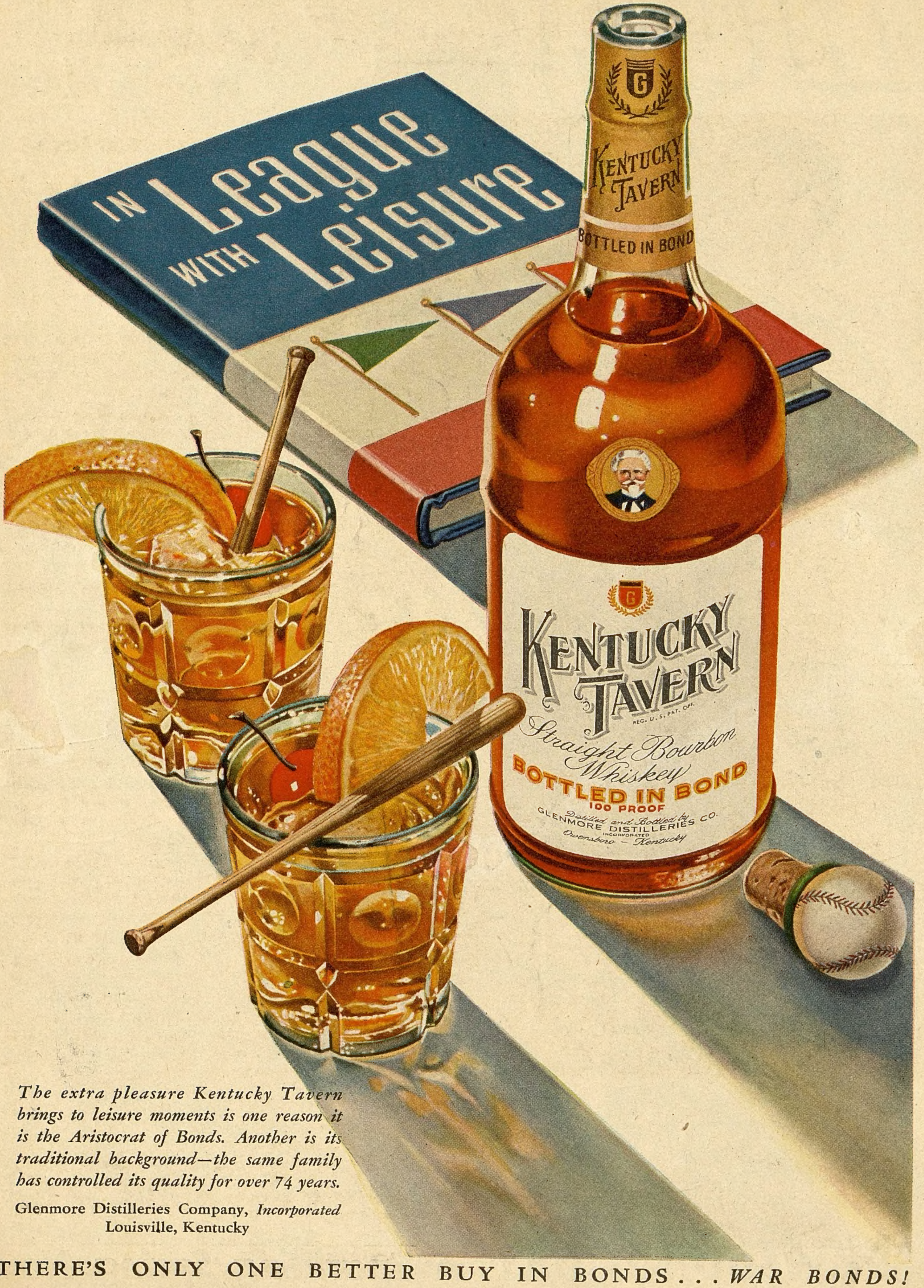
by Carlos P. Romulo

JAY HOURBEL

Book: WEDDING DAY—*A Sparkling Spring Novel*

RADAR—HOW IT WORKS AND WHAT IT DOES

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

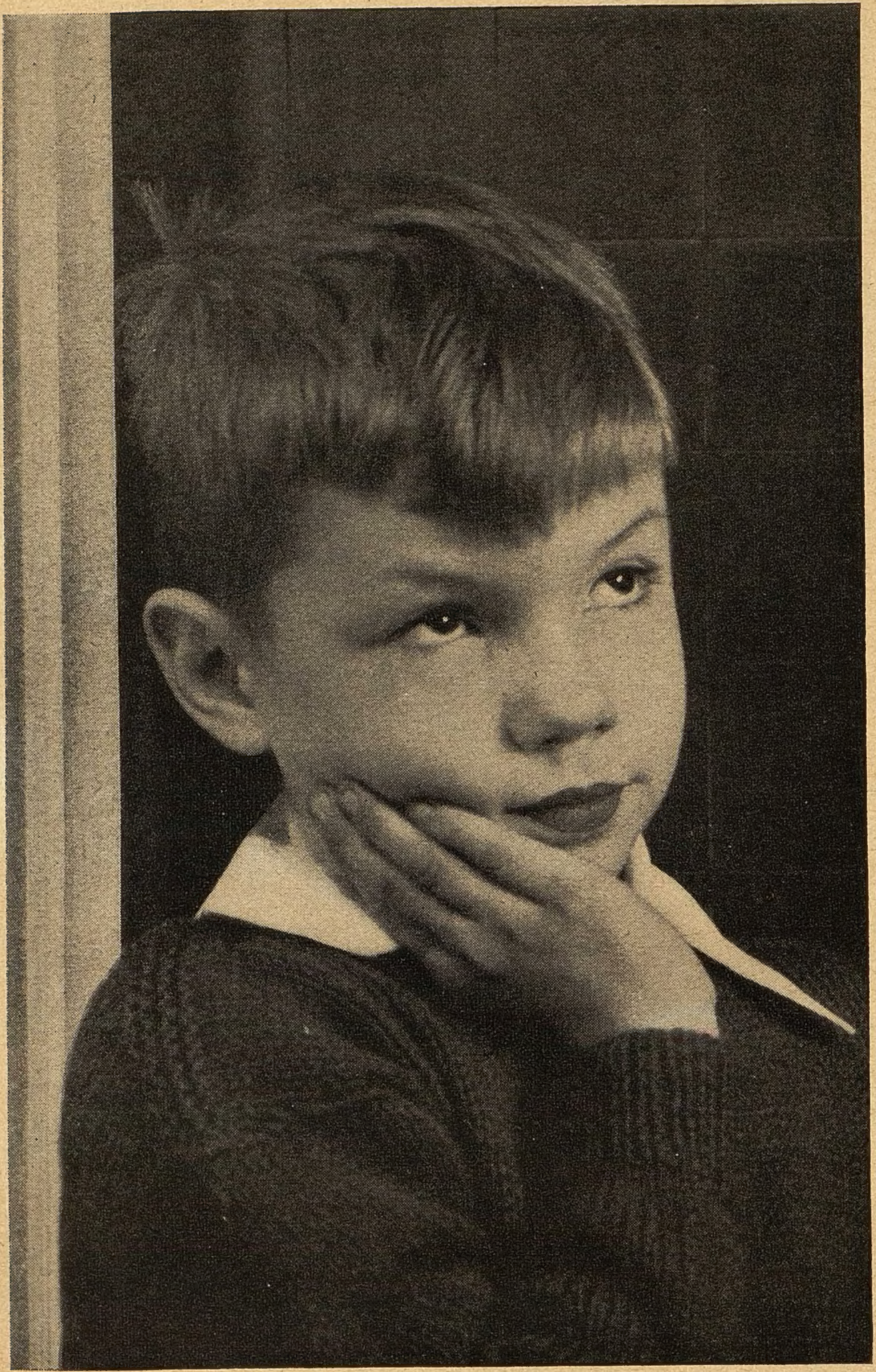

IN League WITH Leisure
KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY TAVERN
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
INCORPORATED
Owensboro – Kentucky

The extra pleasure Kentucky Tavern brings to leisure moments is one reason it is the Aristocrat of Bonds. Another is its traditional background—the same family has controlled its quality for over 74 years.

Glenmore Distilleries Company, *Incorporated*
Louisville, Kentucky

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR BONDS!*

"I can't *believe* it, Unk—



brushing your teeth without massaging your gums!"

UNK: Hey, Spike—quit heckling me! Gums! Why all the excitement about my *gums?*

SPIKE: Don't let my teacher hear you say that, Uncle Joe. We're taught in dental hygiene that gums need massage every day just as much as teeth need brushing.

UNK: Then you're 'way ahead of *my* school days. Okay, Professor, *why* do gums need this massage?

SPIKE: Now, Unk—didn't *anyone* ever tell you it's important to massage your gums regularly with Ipana? We eat so many soft foods, you see—the kind that let gums get tender and—Hey! How about *your* tooth brush? Ever spot any "pink" on it?

UNK: I'm not saying, Professor. But just suppose I *did* . . . what then?

SPIKE: Oh-ho, Unk, so that's it! Well, here's the lesson for today: *See your dentist right away!*

ALL OVER America today, thousands of teachers explain the value of regular gum massage to healthy, sparkling teeth.

Furthermore: a national survey shows that 7 in 10 dentists recommend regular massage to help strengthen flabby gums and protect your teeth.

If your tooth brush ever "shows pink," heed the warning it flashes from your gums. *See your dentist fast.* As dentists so often do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is designed to increase circulation in the gums, help keep them firmer, sounder.

Easy to see why more than twice as many dentists personally use Ipana as any other dentifrice, according to a nation-wide survey. So remember . . .

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Product of Bristol-Myers

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

with IPANA and MASSAGE!

There'll be none *Finer*

Soon after Victory releases us from our obligation to the armed services, we will deliver the new Motorola Radios. They will deliver rich, round, concert quality tone and clean, crisp reproduction of the spoken word. They will add grace and distinction to the loveliest home.

For the Army and Navy, Motorola engineers have produced "beyond expectations". The "Handie Talkie" is an amazing two-way radiotelephone system complete in a package weighing about five pounds. The "Walkie Talkie," a more powerful two-way radio, is an F-M job also perfected by Motorola Radio Engineers.

This record of engineering and production signalized by five consecutive Army-Navy "E" awards is your positive guarantee that among Post War Radios, **there will be none finer than Motorola!**

GALVIN Mfg. Corporation • Chicago 51, Illinois

Motorola Radio

☆ FOR HOME AND CAR ☆

F-M & A-M HOME RADIO • AUTO RADIO • AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPHS
TELEVISION • F-M POLICE RADIO • RADAR • MILITARY RADIO

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Cover: Out-of-Bounds
The Webster Family—No. 7
Painted by Jay Nourbel
(See Page 67 for Story)

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Are you in the know?

What's best for keeping metal earrings bright?

- ☐ *Colorless nail polish*
- ☐ *Ammonia and water*
- ☐ *Elbow grease*

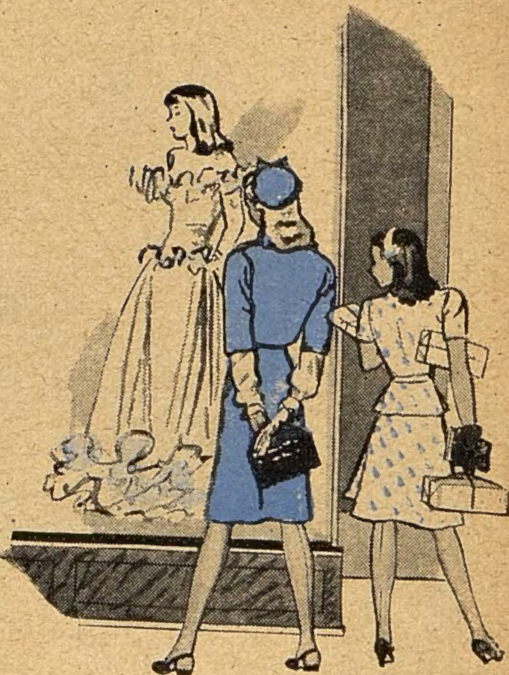
They'll be all a-glitter indefinitely—if you treat those metal earbobs to a thin coating of colorless nail polish. It's tops as a safeguard against tarnish. And at Kotex time, remember that now there's a new safeguard for your personal *daintiness.*

Yes! Now a deodorant is locked inside each Kotex napkin. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on! A new Kotex "extra" at no extra cost!

Which part of a suit must fit perfectly?

- ☐ *The collar*
- ☐ *The waistline*
- ☐ *The shoulders*

A drape shape demands 20-20 tailoring. Each answer is correct, for your suit should be trim-shouldered . . . the collar nestling close to your neck. And the waistline should jibe with your own (not hit you above the belt). Wrong lines ruin your rating. Especially those "certain" lines that may bulge through when you choose the wrong napkin. So choose *Kotex*—for unlike thick, stubby pads Kotex has patented, *flat tapered ends* that don't cause revealing lines.



A king-size teen looks smoothest if she's—

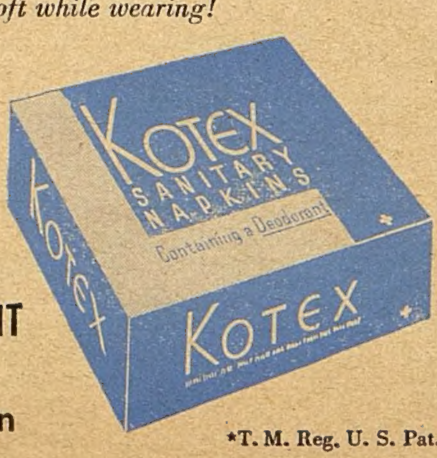
- ☐ *Wedded to flat heeled shoes*
- ☐ *A frilly dilly*
- ☐ *Posture-perfect*

Are you a glamazon? Be *proud* of it! "Flats" are fine, but higher heels are flatterers. Shun fussy, frilly clothes. Above all, never be a stoop droop . . . you'll look smoothest if you're *posture-perfect.* Poise comes too when you rout the panicky little cares of problem days—with Kotex. That special *safety center* gives you *extra* protection because it keeps moisture from the sides of Kotex. You can feel both regal and reassured, day in—day out.

If your friend doesn't introduce you—

- ☐ *Should you just stand there*
- ☐ *Walk slowly on*
- ☐ *Feel offended*

When pal Julie stops to talk with friends of hers in a public place—introductions aren't necessary. It's awkward merely to stand by. Walk slowly on. Knowing what to do can be such a comfort! So too, at "those" times, knowing your napkins can bring *real* comfort—the unfailing kind you get from Kotex. Far different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, the softness of Kotex stays faithfully yours. Without bunching, without roping. Yes, Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing!*



Now
A DEODORANT
in every
Kotex napkin

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

From Sunny Slopes of California's Pacific Coast Comes the **MONTEREY PIPE**, Made of Mission Briar

Giant Mission Briar Burls

MONTEREY
Specimen Grain
$5
(also Select Grain $3.50)

MISSION BRIAR

RARE GROWTHS THAT GROW JUST ABOVE-GROUND —MELLOW AND FINE

Like all rare burl-growths, MISSION BRIAR reveals the strangest grain of any of Nature's woods. It is so interlaced and interwoven that it arouses surprise admiration, and is a perfect formation or texture for a pipe which will wear unusually well, and smoke with remarkably fine flavor and coolness. Found only in the MISSION Country of California, these Mission-Briar burls are cut and seasoned in California. Look for MONTEREY PIPES, made of MISSION BRIAR, at your dealer's.

Operation No. 1—"Topping," taking off trunk, branches, useless for pipe. Next advertisement will show how burl is pulled from ground.

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

THE MEN WHO DELIVER THE GOODS

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—I read with great interest George Jack Kessel's letter (March 24 Vox Pop) calling for an organization, like the American Legion, for the merchant marine, and I agree with him 100 per cent. I have this to say to Mr. Kessel and every other merchant seaman and their families: Write to your senators and representatives. There was a bill in the last session of Congress which would have given the same benefits to the merchant seamen as to other servicemen. This measure died at the time, but I understand it may come up again. As my seventeen-year-old son in the merchant marine said: "We die just as easily as any other man." He started me looking into this matter. So I wrote my senator and representative and had all my friends do the same. My son and all his shipmates paid the supreme sacrifice a few months back on the high seas, but, as I know he would want me to go ahead for his buddies, I shall continue fighting for the men who deliver the goods to the men who do the fighting.—*Mrs. Kenneth Tout.*

MINOOKA, ILL.—I have been a reader of Liberty for the past year, and I have a reply for George Jack Kessel and others like him.

I don't think what he asks for would be possible. But I would suggest that he write to the War Shipping Administration, Division of Wartime Insurance, 99 John Street, New York City, and tell them all about his three months' stay in Marine Hospital. I am quite sure that he will be entitled to a compensation in the way of a monthly allowance, according to the Seamen's War Risk Policy.

The address is taken from a magazine published for the merchant-marine boys. —*Mrs. F.*

THE TRUTH ABOUT NURSES

JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.—I want to congratulate you on your article, Nurses to the Front, by Juliet Bridgman (March 24). I think it is splendid and gives the public the true reasons concerning the present shortage of nurses. I think it should help to change the present opinion of the public that nurses are unpatriotic.—*Mabel Barton.*

VILLAINS AND THEIR VIOLENT ENDS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—As an old Dick Tracy fan who not only knows how all his enemies met their doom but where they are buried, I wish to set Mrs. Jack Chalfant straight. She writes (Vox Pop March 31) that Ted Shane was wrong about the Brow's fate in his feature, What Do You Remember About 1944? (January 6). Liberty accepted her word and piled error upon error by ascribing the Brow's fate to Flattop. This is a neat tangle of villains and their violent ends.

Herewith the true facts as taken from police blotters: The Brow *was* impaled upon a flagpole, Shaky *was* frozen to death, and Flattop *drowned* in a park lagoon.

O. K.? Now let me get back to Gravel Gertie.—*Jerry Post.*

THEY ALSO SERVE—BUT HOW?

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Today I purchased Liberty (March 31), and the first article I read, unfortunately, was They Also Serve, by Morris Markey. Perhaps, after I have cooled off, I can continue to read the really fine articles for which Liberty is noted. I am wondering where Mr. Markey would be today if it weren't for the millions of Americans who simply *can* bring themselves to the murderous business of war? Or perhaps Mr. Markey recommends we turn collaborationists and despised Quislings! It is regrettable that the most conscientious church standard bearers find it "difficult" to defend the country in which they are allowed to practice their Freedom of Religion.—*Jule Johnson.*

WARM SPRINGS, MONT.—As a veteran of World War I, U. S. Marine Corps, I find no excuse for conscientious objectors. Those who work in state hospitals are cruel and overbearing to the poor patients under them. I left a good job at one of these hospitals because the C. O.s were riding the patients, and I believed in treating them like the human beings they are. It would be a mighty good thing to clear the conscientious objectors out of state hospitals.

I hope you will be square enough to print this letter.—*Harry A. Wheeldon.*

GIVE US THE TRUTH

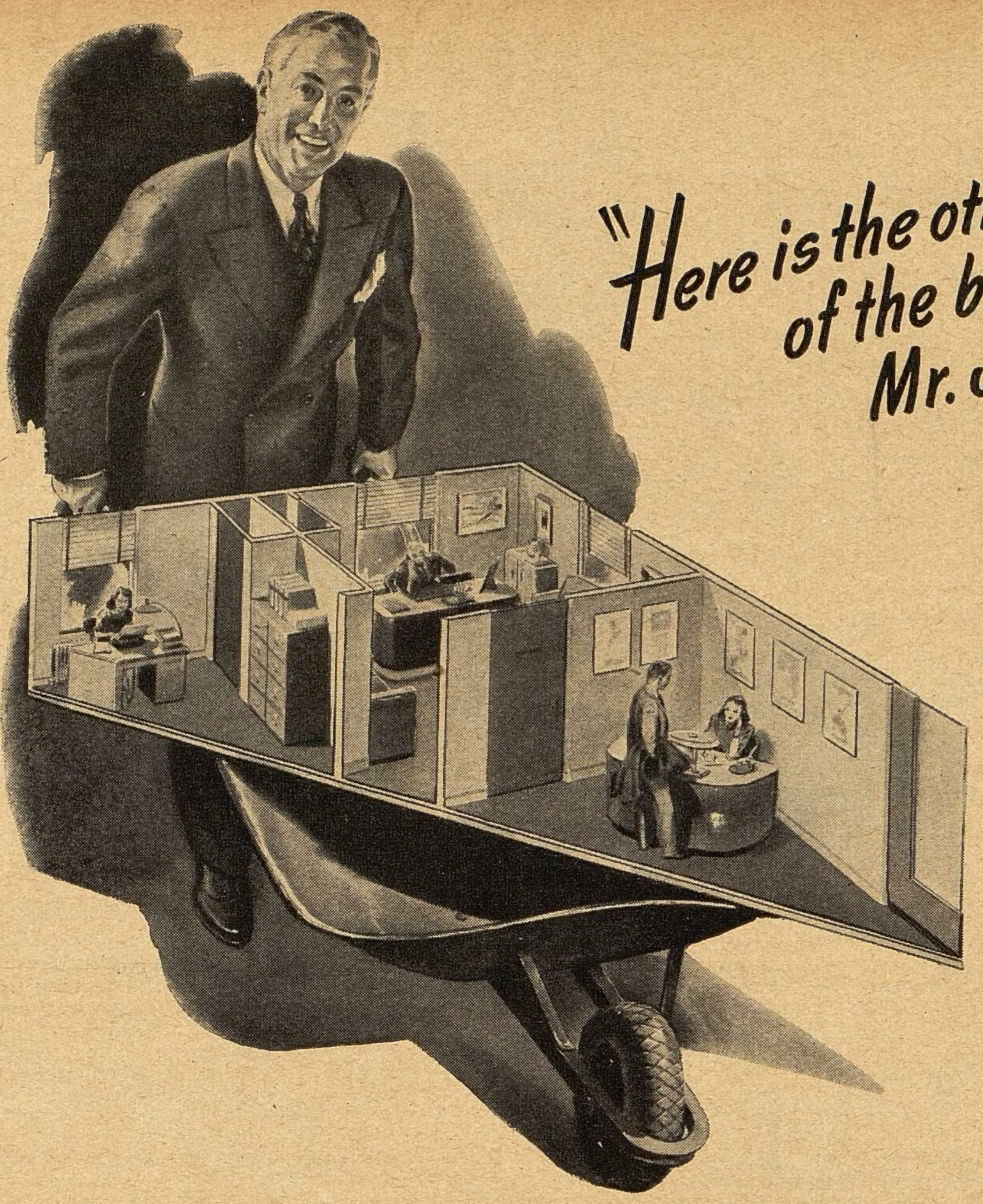
ATHENS, GA.—Mr. Hunter's splendid editorial, Comments on Commentators (March 10), certainly represents my views and, I hope, those of many other Americans.

Almost everyone has made some adjustments to meet the exacting requirements of war, with the exception of these commentators, and they grow more irresponsible, more opinionated, more inaccurate, and more devastating in the creation of confusion every day.

Our news people, in a continued effort to write tomorrow's news today, tell us what, in their opinion, we want to hear, regardless of the truth. Our propagandists tell us what, in their opinion, we ought to hear, regardless of the truth. Our news commentators, with a few notable exceptions, combine the worst features of both. Only the truth can make us free; people without vision perish now as in former times.

The lag in adaptation from peace to war in the mental processes of our commentators has its counterpart in their lag behind their public in the change from war to ultimate peace. Whatever the ethics involved in painting the enemy black and ourselves lily white, regardless of the truth,

(Continued on page 8)



"Here is the other half of the business Mr. Jones"

Jones and Brown, associated for years, carried Penn Mutual partnership insurance. When Brown died, his share in the business was delivered to Jones by the Penn Mutual Underwriter. The share was actually in the form of a check with which to purchase Brown's interest and so keep the management in the hands of the survivor.

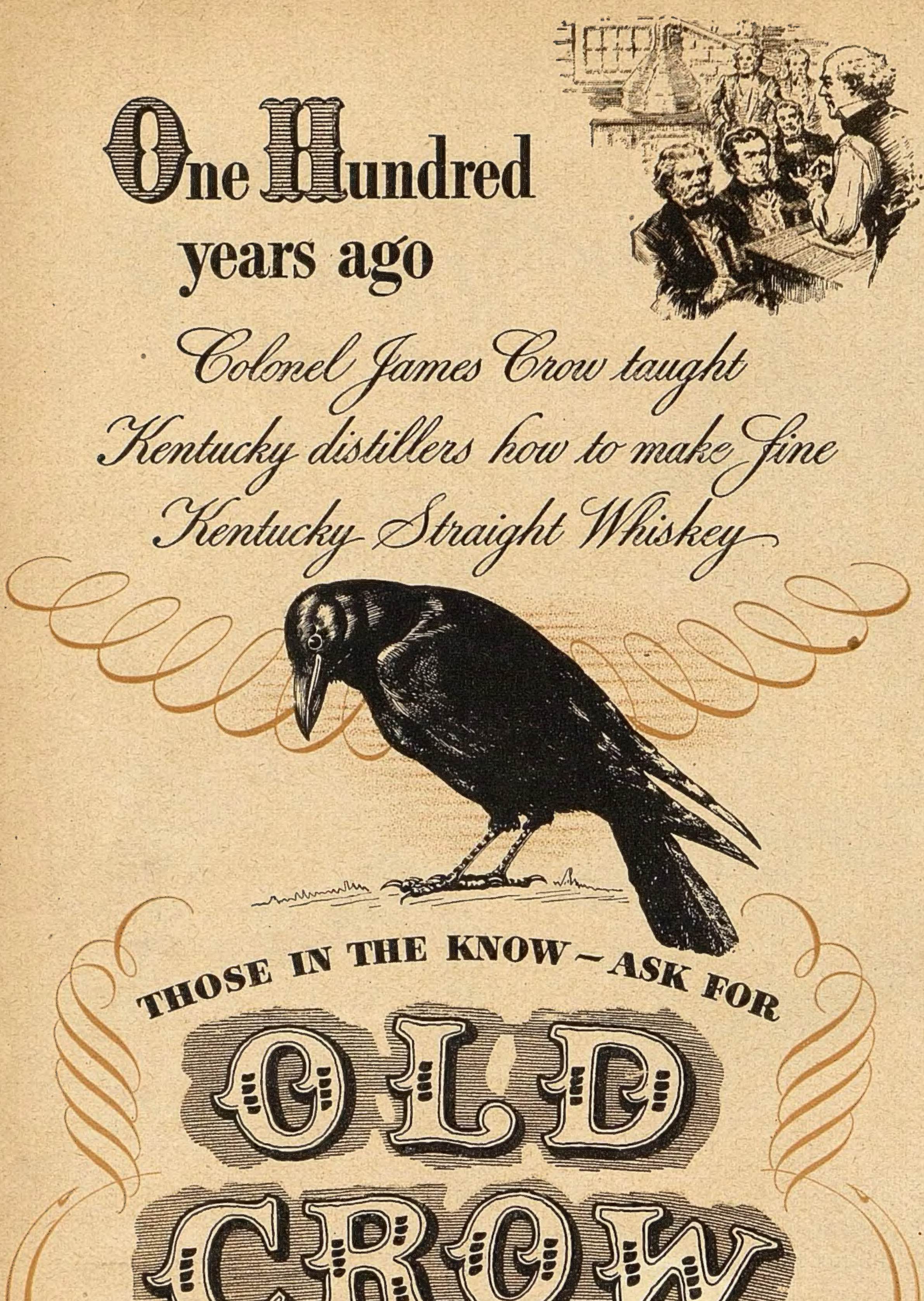
If your business is a partnership or a close corporation, Penn Mutual business insurance will furnish the cash to buy out the interest of a member who dies. Moreover, such insurance bolsters credit at a time when credit may be put to a severe strain, and can provide a "sinking fund" to meet an emergency.

Penn Mutual Underwriters are qualified to render you expert professional service in securing the coverage that will fit your business needs. Or if your needs are personal, they are equally ready to advise you concerning an income for your wife or a retirement plan for yourself. For they are familiar with all the items that make up a man's financial picture and are trained to fit those items into a pattern that will cover every need and bring to the individual and to his family the maximum security and benefit.

BACK OF YOUR INDEPENDENCE STANDS THE PENN MUTUAL

THE PENN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FOUNDED AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1847

Your Life Plan deserves the expert guidance of a Penn Mutual Underwriter



One Hundred years ago

Colonel James Crow taught Kentucky distillers how to make fine Kentucky Straight Whiskey

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

The same quality that founded Old Crow's reputation is yours to enjoy in every drop of this famous whiskey today. Now, as for a century past, Kentucky Straight Bourbon that is surpassingly good.

TODAY, AS FOR GENERATIONS, *Bottled-in-Bond*

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

(*Continued from page 6*)

I'm sure most Americans are tired of atrocity stories, of our infallible leaders, of our matchless abilities in all the arts of war, of the enemy's stupidity, cowardice, brutality, and racial inferiority. This does not mean that we are tired of the war, for most of us see that the war involves something more than the right to eat hot dogs. It does not mean that we have lost faith in our ability to make a just, generous, and lasting peace. It does mean that we are less gullible than we once were. It does mean that we would welcome less volubility and plausibility and more unvarnished truth from our commentators. —*John K. DeLoach.*

DOUBTING DORA

Prescott, Ariz.—The germ of new and mysterious pursuits attacks me periodically—fatally in the spring of the year. Therefore I read with absorbing interest How to Cultivate an Old Log, by William Byron Mowery (March 17). Unfortunately, I recently read an equally absorbing article on the death agony caused by the mushroom-type amanitas, so if I were to gather a mess of the lowly edibles under my own volition, I'd be almost certain to die in an agony of uncertainty.

POST OFFICE

Personally, I'm going to ship all my old logs to Mr. Mowery for cultivation. I trust him and feel certain that on one of his cultivated logs an amanitas spore would have about as much chance as a Jap on Iwo Jima. Moreover, I hope he goes into partnership with the soup canneries, because mushroom is my favorite and I never doubt the canned.—*Dora Sessions Lee.*

THE BEHAVIOR OF NATIONS

Livermore, Calif.—Congratulations to Marquis W. Childs for his article, What's Behind the Quarrels of the Allies? (March 17). It is heartening to find a background of the misunderstandings between the Allies published in a popular magazine and in a readable form.

We are making rapid strides in the research of individual behavior, but we still try to interpret the behavior of a nation in terms of our own national experience.

If a nation's behavior appears contrary to our conscience, let us first determine what necessitated this behavior and thereafter make judgment.—*Georgia Clausen.*

ARMY OF OCCUPATION

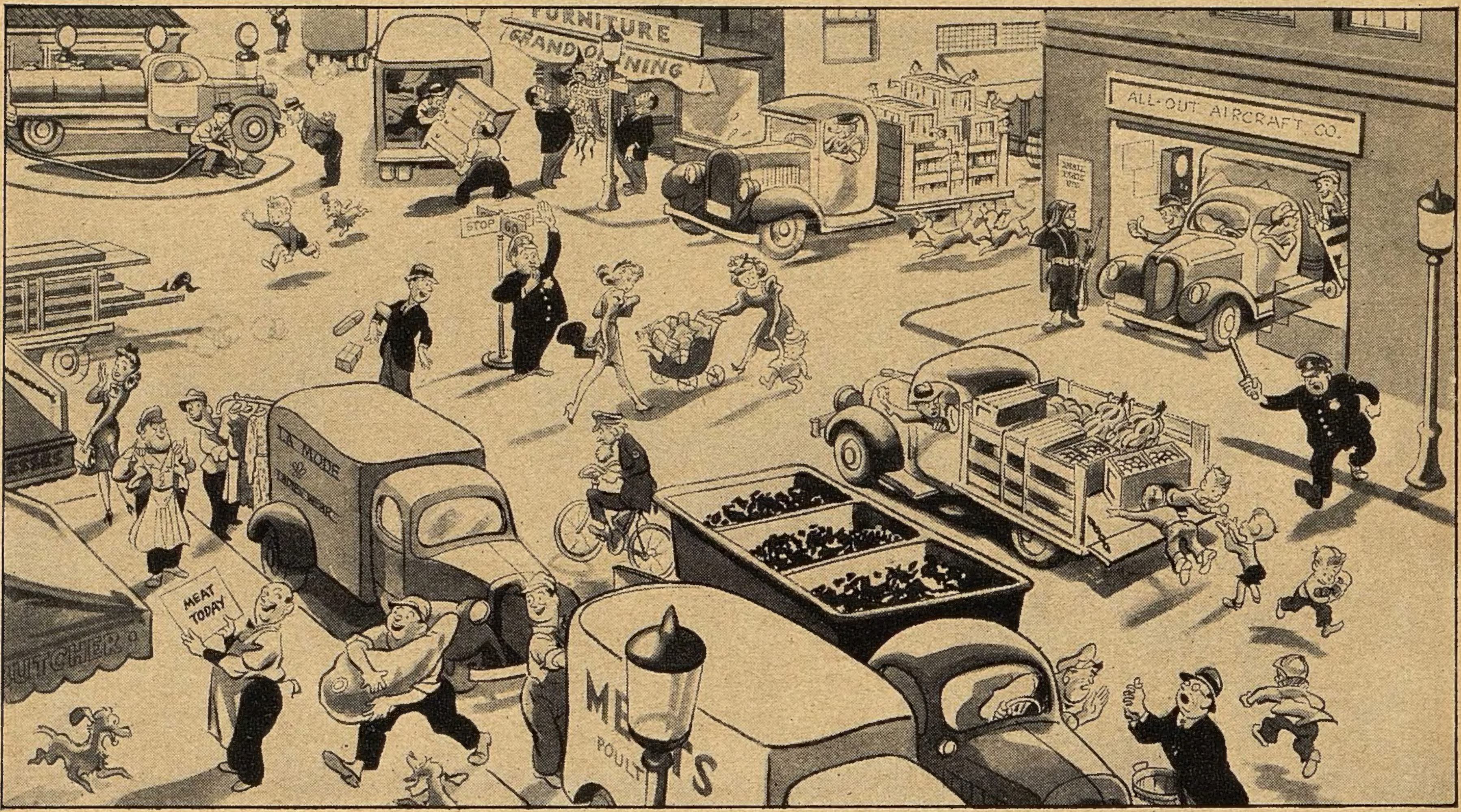
Philippine Islands—Having read numerous articles in various magazines on the subject of the Army of Occupation, we, after many heated discussions, have agreed on a good plan.

Let all civilians between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, single or married, with no children, be drafted upon conclusion of the war and be given four to six weeks of basic military training. Then ship them overseas for the Army of Occupation. Taking men from eighteen to thirty-five will not cripple war plants that will necessarily be maintained for an undetermined period of time after cessation of hostilities,

(*Continued on page 13*)

WHAT A BREAK FOR SMALL BUSINESS

—AND BIG BUSINESS, TOO!



Meet the Business Man's Biggest Friend—America's Motor Trucks! Trucks Help Merchants Maintain Full Stocks—Speed Turnover—Boost Profits—as no other Transportation can!

TRUCKS are the lifeline of business, sending goods flowing to local counters and homes faster, fresher, cheaper! *Often with deliveries overnight!* So business gets a break—*4 important ways!*

First: Merchants may "set up shop" with less capital tied up in costly stocks.

Second: Businessmen can enjoy faster turnover—greater profits . . . at prices that save everyone money.

Third: Goods arrive *fresher*—sell better.

Fourth: Even shops "off the main line" can carry "big city merchandise".

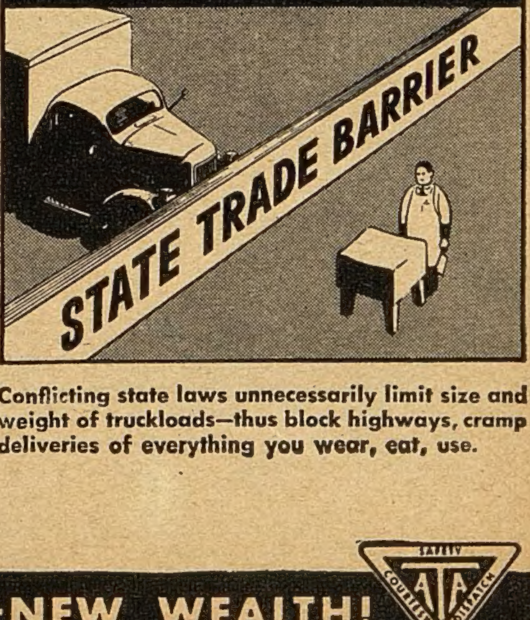
Who benefits? *Everybody in town!* You enjoy a wider selection of food, clothes, furniture—everything else you buy. There are more jobs—better wages—greater opportunities!

Yet many states unwittingly stifle trucks . . . through conflicting highway trade barriers that boost prices on everything you use!

Some of these barriers have been partially lifted for the "duration"—to speed war production and save gas, tires, manpower. *But, after Victory, they'll return!* And *other* barriers remain *even now* to block prosperity! For the sake of your business, your living-standards, your pocketbook—these laws should be revised *for keeps!*

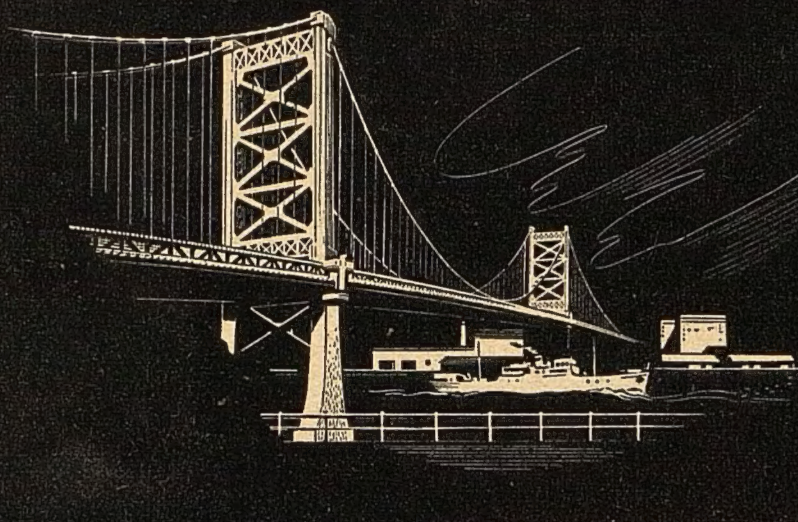
The American Trucking Industry,
AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

TRUCKS CAN SERVE YOU STILL CHEAPER, STILL FASTER—IF YOU HELP SMASH THIS WALL!



Conflicting state laws unnecessarily limit size and weight of truckloads—thus block highways, cramp deliveries of everything you wear, eat, use.

TRUCKS CREATE NEW INDUSTRIES—NEW JOBS—NEW WEALTH!

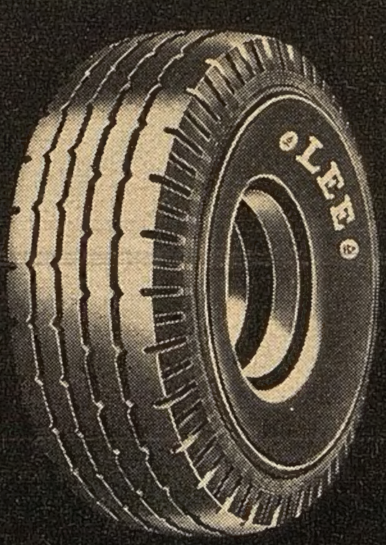


DELAWARE RIVER BRIDGE

TWENTY-FIVE thousand miles of No. 6 steel wire were used in the two 30-inch cables which support the giant highway bridge between Pennsylvania and New Jersey linking Philadelphia, Penna. and Camden, N. J.

And millions of miles of cotton fibre and rayon are used in the LEE DeLuxe tires which link the countries and cities and towns on the world's highways.

The engineering skill and craftsmanship which build rubber and fabric and steel into LEE DeLuxe tires are winning new fame, new honor and new respect all 'round the world.



WE ARE PARTICIPANTS IN THE OWNERSHIP AND OPERATION OF NATIONAL SYNTHETIC RUBBER CORPORATION

LEE of Conshohocken

DIVISION OF
LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

DISTINGUISHED FILIPINO

FILIPINO-BORN Carlos P. Romulo has striven long for the PARTNERSHIP IN THE PACIFIC of which he writes. Educated at the university in Manila and at Columbia in New York, he then became an ardent nationalist—served with Manuel Quézon on independence missions to the United States; worked with school, youth, and business groups in the islands. He was editor and publisher of a chain of newspapers and managing director of two radio stations when inducted into the Army in 1941. Rescued at General MacArthur's order the night before the fall of Bataan, he found out then he'd won the Pulitzer prize for his articles on the Far East, dispatched to Filipino and American papers the year before. He was the first correspondent outside America to be so honored. Now a brigadier general and Resident Commissioner of the Philippine Commonwealth, he wears, among other decorations, the Silver Star.

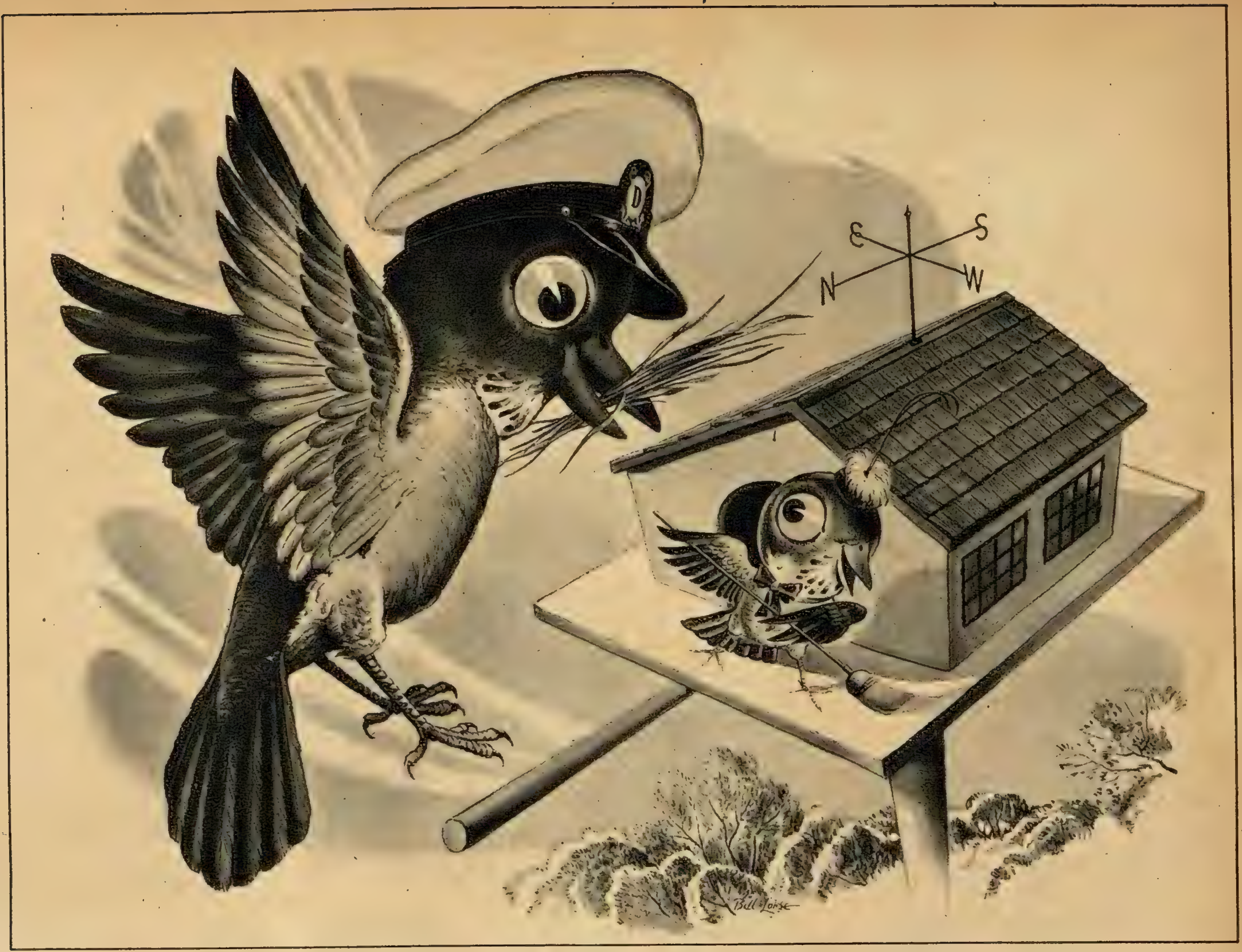
RADAR AND MOONLIGHT SAVING

ROBERT N. FARR, staff writer for Science Service (a syndicate which feeds science news to the daily papers), has been collecting radar information since the early days of the war. But not until this month did censors give him a "go-ahead" signal for publication. . . . Since Darrell Huff's KINGS OF THE JINGLE went to press, Kent and Johnson have swung into their own lobster-shift radio program, Moonlight Saving Time, over WOR. Even time signals and station breaks fall into the musical pattern. Only the news comes out straight.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
Book: THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE WAR by Waverley Root
WHAT PETRILLO'S VICTORY MEANS TO YOU by Morris Markey
SHORT STORIES by Phyllis Duganne, John Weaver and others

MOST of us know very little about the Communist-controlled areas of China. Yet there are 90,000,000 people bottled up there, fighting not only the Japs but their own government as well. Harrison Forman, who recently spent five months among them, gives you a firsthand report on their activities. . . . Last summer the boss of the American Federation of Musicians won his fight against the record companies. If you think that merely opened the way to more records, let Morris Markey tell you WHAT PETRILLO'S VICTORY MEANS TO YOU . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE WAR, by Waverley Root, presents some fascinating side lights on this world conflict.



It's Homemaking Time Again

THIS little home-building, feathered fellow with his jaunty Defoe yachting cap and his pretty mate symbolize what thousands of American families would be doing about now if this were a normal, peaceful spring.

● ● Perhaps next spring will be—and *you* will be building a new home. In the meantime, you can keep adding to your nest-egg of War Bonds which will help finance it. And we at Defoe can plan ahead for the surprising and thrilling things we will be able to build into it for you.

● ● Of course, Defoe's engineering experience and production facilities are now being used only to build more warships and badly needed cargo ships for the Navy. However, the postwar plans of our Housing Division are progressing. New methods of manufacture are being worked out and a host of building materials put through a series of exhaustive tests to make certain that the new Defoe homes will set the pace for living comfort, efficient functional design, beauty and individuality of exterior treatment.

● ● Follow the story of Defoe's little home-making birds in subsequent advertisements and let them lead you to eye-opening developments in a new concept of housing for Americans.

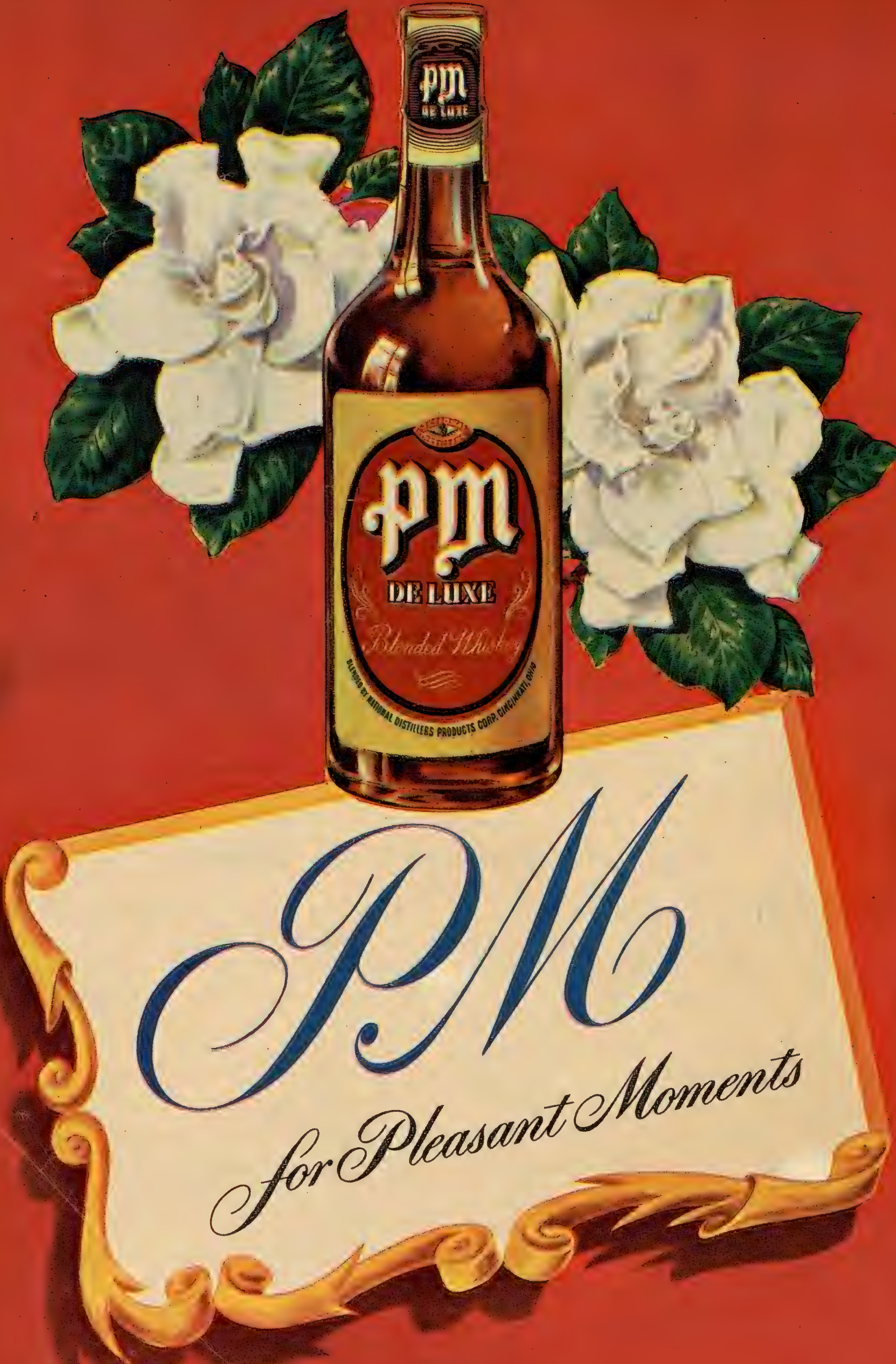
HOUSING DIVISION – DEFOE SHIPBUILDING COMPANY, BAY CITY, MICH.

☆☆☆☆☆ *Five White Star Renewal Citations now decorate the Navy "E" Award won by Defoe workers.*

BACK THE ATTACK
—BUY WAR BONDS

Defoe

SHIPS FOR VICTORY
SERVANTS FOR PEACE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PM
for Pleasant Moments

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.

(*Continued from page 8*)

for many of us who come back can take their places. Therein lies the remedy for the problem of re-employment to returning soldiers. While we know that many civilians were needed in these various war plants, we also believe that a lot of them took these jobs solely for the purpose of draft exemption. If drafted as we suggest, these men would obtain a slight knowledge of what our boys went through overseas. While it is trite to say that "experience is the greatest teacher," it still holds true in this case.

If sufficient men cannot be obtained under this plan, we believe the balance should be drawn from our soldiers who have never left the States.

Our belief is that the entire program of induction and training, after being in operation for so long, can very well continue for the period needed. Therefore we disregard the idea that the financial cost would be too great.—*Cpl. H. M., Cpl. E. O. N.*

KING-SIZE REBUTTAL

National City, Calif.—The spiteful little poem, Pint-Size Blues, by Ethel Jacobson (March 17), made me so mad that the following answer just wrote itself:

An answer is surely forthcoming,
And a more adequate summing
Up of the question of feminine skeletal variation.
Let us with fairness and tolerance view the situation.
"Pint-size" rants because it's a tall girl's year.
She imagines that tall girls leer.
She raves at the regal walk of the model,
Burning inside because *she* can only toddle.

She compares us to giraffes, and doubts our mental capacity
(Quoting "authorities" she "forgets" to name, who are therefore of doubtful veracity).
She assumes we have overactive thyroids in addition,
Not stating if her lack of size is due to meanness or malnutrition.
We tall gals have pint-size pals and don't make fun of 'em,
But she's not one of 'em!

I'm five feet nine and proud of it at parades and when reaching for top shelves. I don't mind being called "bean pole" in a friendly way, or coping with the clothes problem. Pint-size probably has a clothes problem, too. More troubles to her.

I've got a king-size guy. Pint-size obviously hasn't any. Probably her jealousy is rooted in frustration, poor thing. —*Irene Harville.*

LET'S DEPORT THEM

England—We have read in the Stars and Stripes that American girls are entertaining German prisoners of war. We would like to know if they think they are self-respecting women or not. We certainly don't. When the war is over, let's deport these women with their German friends, so they can see in Europe the graves of the American boys whom their German friends have killed.—*The crew of an LCT.*

SHIP, CAPTAIN AND CREW

Because we specialize in *fine* outboard motors, it is our privilege to serve the most ardent (and the most critical) boating and fishing enthusiasts. These people *know* equipment. They write freely when they are pleased—or displeased—and our daily work is pleasantly spiced with such letters as the one printed here in condensed form. The complete letter, with illustrations, has been made up into a booklet. A copy is yours for the asking. The booklet includes pictures and descriptions of Sea-Horse outboard motors.
JOHNSON MOTORS, Waukegan, Ill.

"I am a fishwife!

"Or so it seems after being married nineteen years to a fishin' fool—and three outboard motors. When I promised at the altar to take 'for better or worse' I didn't know then that three motors were included in the bargain!

"For the first six or seven years of our married life, bottles, babies and bass all ran together and I admit I was jealous of my husband's other loves—his three Johnson outboard motors.

"About the time our sons shifted from diapers to training panties, Father insisted that fishing should become a family affair, so our sons were literally brought up in the wet end of a boat.

"Our sons have grown up with Sea-Horses. And learned from them. A lot of water has gone under the propellers since baby hands were too unsure to hold the steering handle—until now when they completely dismantle and re-assemble the motors. "From our Sea-Horses they have learned care and love of machinery. Also that responsibility attends privilege. They know that self-reliance is based upon knowledge and that timidity and non-performance are due to ignorance or carelessness or both. Mother Nature, capably assisted by Johnson, has taught them that which is *understood,* whether tide, man or motor, need not be feared. In fact, if I feel any jealousy now towards outboards, it is because I think they may have taught more worthwhile and lasting lessons than I have!

"So this is just a 'fan-mail' letter of appreciation which shows a 'fishwife's' change of heart. And I enclose one of my favorite pictures of our younger son, Bob, which I call, 'Ship, Captain and Crew.' It is typical, for all through the warp and woof of our family life is woven our Johnson motors."

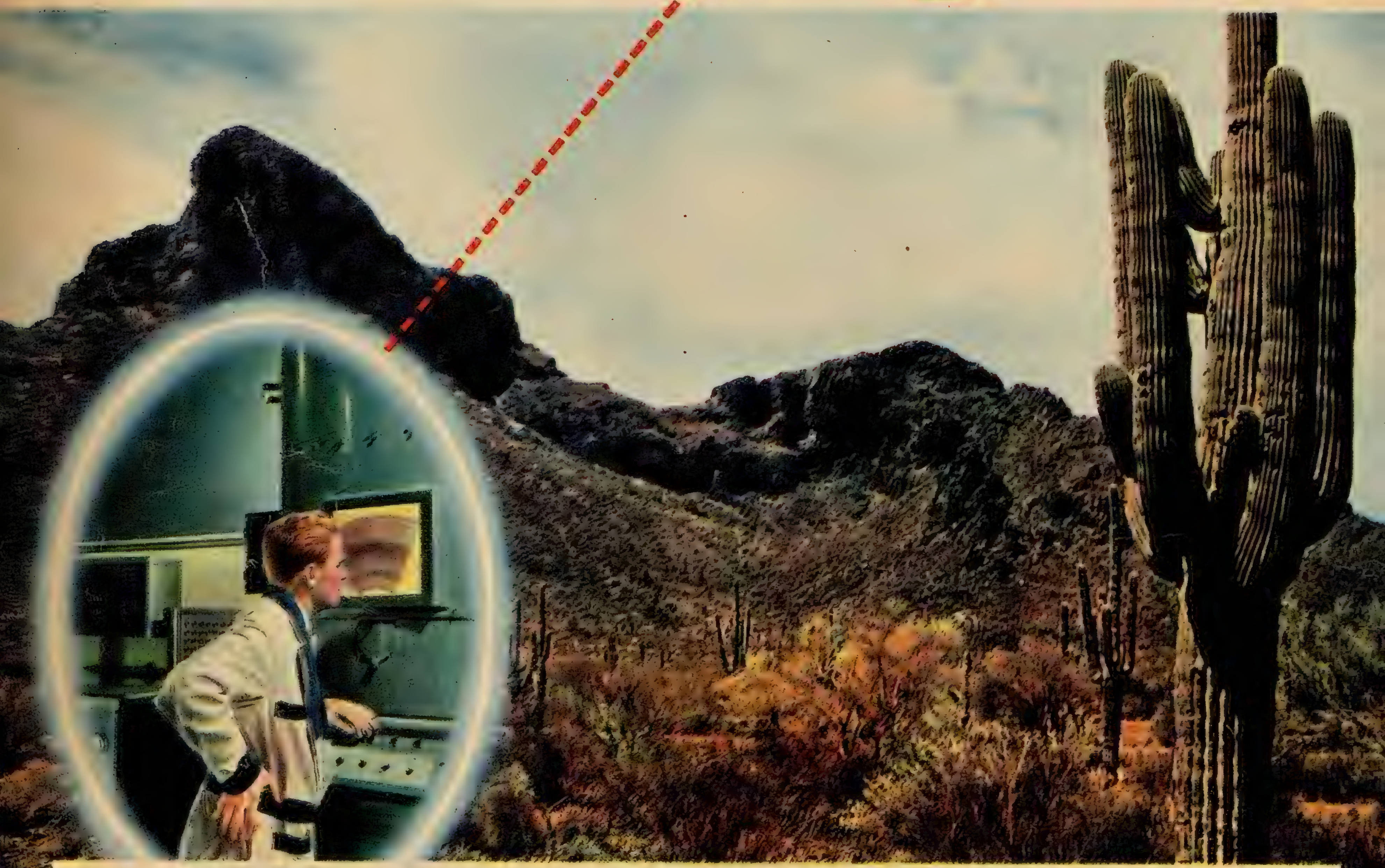
Sincerely,
Mrs. William Bell Cook

ARMY E NAVY
JOHNSON SEA-HORSES
FOR DEPENDABILITY

IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER

IMAGINATION IN THE LABORATORY

HOW IT WORKS FOR YOU—IN WAR—IN PEACE



Through a window in the "laboratory desert," a Chrysler engineer studies the effects of dust on a truck part

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

Imagination upsets geography, confounds the weatherman. It brought a desert to Detroit to help us equip Army vehicles for dry and dusty battlefields.

Imagination invented this "desert in a laboratory" where we duplicate dust conditions on order, to test the dust-proofing of vital equipment and parts for tanks, guns, trucks, cars.

Thick dust can stall a tank, or your car, if its electrical parts are not well protected. So can rain, and extremes of heat or cold.

In our laboratories, *imagination* is always searching better ways to protect products against weather and driving conditions. This artificial desert is one of many devices *imagination* has created for test and development work.

Imagination is the directing force at Chrysler Corporation. Its ideas and its discoveries, like all this company's resources, are shared by all our Divisions.

Imagination contributes to the guns, tanks, B-29 engines, rockets and other military items we produce in large volume.

Before the war, this same *imagination* added unusual value to the things we made for you. It put more than 60 high-price features into the Plymouth car, for example, without sacrificing economy or low cost. In peace, it can again go to work to improve cars and trucks.

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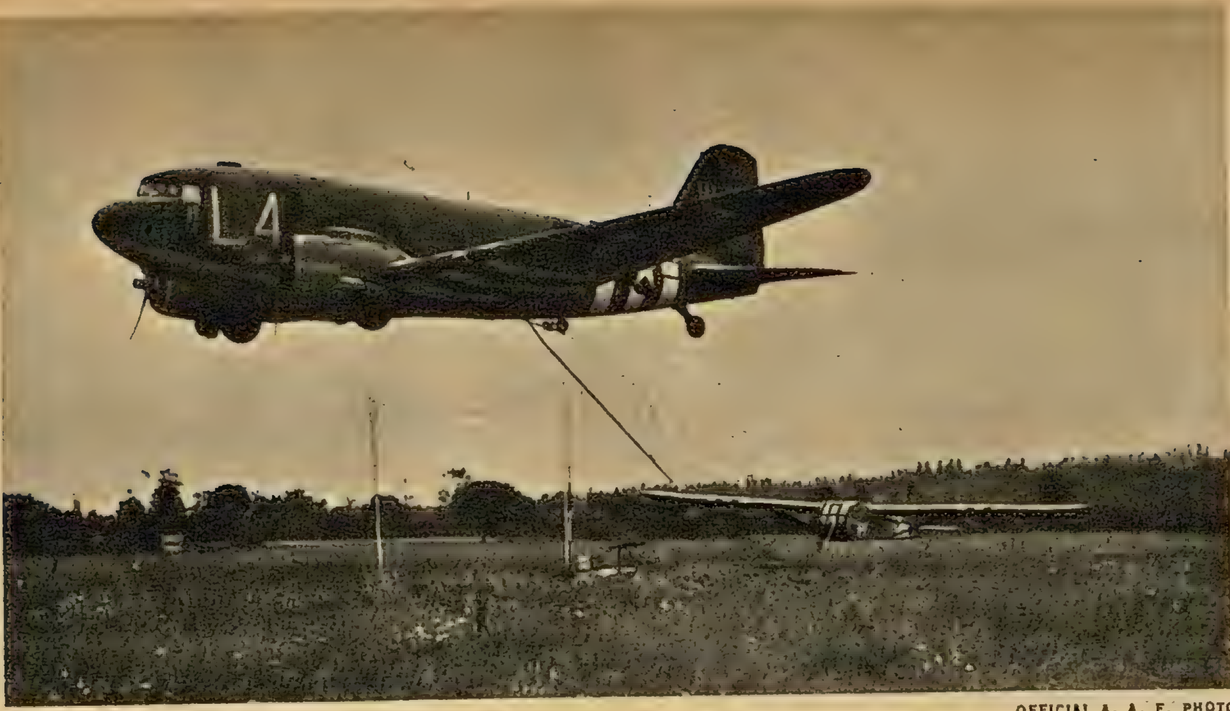

OFFICIAL A. A. F. PHOTO

This Army plane is picking up a glider. In the same way, All American Aviation picks up mail. It contemplates using glider pick-ups after the war.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

The Future of Jet Propulsion

On the Beam has a real treat for you this week. You've been reading and hearing a lot about jet propulsion and the high airplane speeds now being predicted. How would you like to interview the chief engineer of the company now producing the fastest airplane in the world—the jet-propelled P-80 Shooting Star?

Your On the Beam editor has called on Hall L. Hibbard, vice-president and chief engineer of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California, and asked some questions about the future of jet propulsion. Hibbard, who is one of the world's most brilliant aeronautical engineers, came up with answers that make for the best aviation reading in many a moon.

Jet propulsion, he says, opens the door to a new age in air transportation. It eliminates the barriers that propeller-driven aircraft seemed to reach at speeds in the 400-to-500 m. p. h. class.

"In this range of speeds," he says, "we were fighting to achieve a plane that would go even as little as ten miles an hour faster than previous models. But we had to turn to a new source of power, for the efficiency of the propeller drops off sharply at speeds of more than 450 miles an hour."

This new power, of course, is jet propulsion, and here is a simple explanation of it, given by Lockheed when the P-80 was announced. In the conventional aircraft an internal-combustion engine drives one or more propellers, which in turn "eat" their way into the air. Jet is an entirely different principle. Contrary to common thinking, the forward thrust is not obtained by the rush of hot gases from the jet pushing against a cushion of air.

How It Works, in a Nutshell

The simplest way to visualize the theory of jet propulsion, Hibbard says, is this:

"Let's suppose we have a metal sphere filled with common illuminating gas. By means of a spark plug we ignite the gas. The result is an explosion with tremendous pressure. But because the pressure is exerted equally against all points on it, the sphere will not move. The pressure on one side of it is canceled out by opposite pressure on the other side.

"Now let's make a hole in the sphere and repeat the same performance. This time there will be pressure at all points on the interior surface except at the hole, where the gases will have nothing to press on and will escape. Thus you have all of the forces created canceled, as before, except those acting on the surface directly opposite the hole area. There will be positive pressure on the side where there is no opening. On the other side, where the gases can escape, the pressure will be zero. The result is obvious: the sphere will move in the direction of the positive pressure—away from the opening.

"It is simply a matter of internal pressures. Nothing outside of the sphere has any bearing on what happens. It works as well in a vacuum as in the earth's atmosphere."

There is no problem connected with the use of jet propulsion that either has not been solved or cannot be, Hibbard said.

"Jet propulsion that now makes the Shooting Star the world's fastest and highest-flying airplane is proving so successful that, beyond question, all fighter planes of the future will be jet-propelled. *Conventional-type fighter planes are now obsolete.* The Shooting Star has solved the problem of long range in a jet-propelled fighter. Its range compares favorably with that of present reciprocating-engine fighters.

Only Eight, but Precocious

"The jet engine is still in an elementary form. It is only eight years since the first jet engine—the one developed by Air Commodore Frank Whittle of the Royal Air Force—first operated successfully. Yet those eight years have seen major improvements. Consider the improvements that will have been made when the jet engine has received a period of development comparable with that which the reciprocating gasoline engine has received."

The Americans are far in the lead in jet propulsion, Hibbard said. The General Electric jet engine used in the P-80 is the

(*Continued on page 17*)

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Who can get the Remington Electric Shavers being made today?

MEN WHO RATE THE PURPLE HEART DESERVE A BIT OF EXTRA COMFORT

PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD that Remington Electric Shavers are being manufactured right now. That's true. But these shavers are NOT for civilians.

Every Remington produced today is for the exclusive use of hospitalized service men—and airmen whose faces are susceptible to frostbite.

The men to whom we owe so much certainly deserve a bit of extra comfort and convenience. That's why high-ranking Army and Navy officers backed a recent order to resume a limited dry shaver production. When your skin is raw and sensitive, a comfortable shave means a lot.

Remington shavers are easy on tender skins and give perfect shaves without the bother of soap and water.

When will *civilians* be able to buy new Remington Shavers? That depends entirely on the progress of the war. However, when you can get a new electric shaver, remember the name "Remington"—the No. 1 name in electric shavers. Remington, first to introduce the multiple-head principle, first in sales just before the war, first choice in quality and shaving ability, should be *your* first choice when electric shavers are again available.

IF YOU'RE NOW LUCKY ENOUGH TO OWN A REMINGTON, let us help you keep it in tiptop condition. There are Remington Rand service stations in 77 cities. These stations stand ready, not only to give first-rate shaver service, but to advise you personally how to get the most in comfort and convenience from your shaver. Remington Rand Inc., Electric Shaver Division, Bridgeport, Conn.

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(Continued from page 15)

most powerful aircraft engine ever built. And it is known definitely that the P-80 is faster than the German jet planes and has several times their range.

"Jet propulsion is a principle that has been understood for centuries," he continued. "Development of a commercially practical engine was made possible only by metallurgical improvements.

"It is comparatively inefficient at speeds lower than 500 miles per hour. It reaches its greatest efficiency at higher speeds."

Can we surpass the speed of sound?

"We find that air behaves in a strange manner when it passes over a wing surface at speeds in the range of the speed of sound—about 763 miles per hour. This phenomenon of compressibility affects every surface of the airplane, and the propeller is affected first because the speed of the tips is much higher than the speed of the plane. Compressibility causes a violent vibration or buffeting. We can't explain the phenomenon successfully, although we have theories as to what happens.

Is Mr. H. G. Wells in the House?

"Once this compressibility range is passed, however, there is theoretically no limit to the speeds we can attain. But speeds surpassing the speed of sound are probably impractical close to the ground because of air resistance.

"Planes of the future, therefore, probably will fly out of the earth's heavy atmosphere to heights of maybe 100 miles above the ground where air resistance is negligible. Speeds at that altitude will have no limits caused by air resistance."

Will this require new motive power?

Hibbard thinks such high-flying planes will be rocket-propelled. The Germans already have a rocket plane in their Messerschmitt 163, *which has no ceiling* except that imposed by a limited fuel capacity and the effect of pressure upon the pilot.

"If the fuel problem were solved and if the pilot were provided with a livable pressure inside the cockpit, *such a rocket plane could fly to the moon,*" he said.

Will jet propulsion be used in small private planes?

"Yes, eventually; but I look for an interim period during the next eight to ten years in which all planes flying under 500 miles an hour will be powered with gas turbine engines that revolve a propeller. For planes flying faster than 500 miles an hour, the power will be pure jet.

"I believe the reciprocating engine will have disappeared from all new planes after eight or ten years."

Jet Power for Your Helicopter

And how about helicopters, Mr. Hibbard?

"Definitely they have a future, and jet power probably will solve many of the problems that now make them expensive and difficult to build, costly and dangerous to operate. Jet power will be ideal for them, especially if the jet power is made to spurt downward through the tips of the rotor blades—so that the blades will resemble a lawn sprinkler upside down.

"Such a helicopter will be easy to build. It will not need to have counter-rotating props or a protruding propeller at the tail, which are now needed to counteract torque. Such jet power coming from the rotor blades can be used to provide both forward and lifting power by tilting."

So there you have a vision of the future from Lockheed's chief engineer—a look-see into the day not so many years ahead when this new source of power, jet propulsion, will be used for everything from helicopters and private planes to the largest transports and military aircraft.

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Add Casite to crankcase and run through air intake according to instructions, then drive your car 100 miles or for 60 days, whichever is first. If not convinced that Casite gives you better and smoother performance, you get double your money back by filling out guarantee certificate and mailing to The Casite Corporation, Hastings, Michigan. Maximum refund is $1.30 per pint, twice the nationally advertised price of Casite.

Dirty motors are lazy motors. Clean up, pep up, step up motor performance—with Casite. At your service station, car dealer or garage—a pint in the crankcase every oil change and a pint through the air intake every three months.

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Here's what you got back in 1923 . . . one 60-watt G-E Mazda lamp for 40¢. Good value, too!
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Now see what G-E lamp research gives you! Four G-E 60-watt bulbs (not one) for 40¢*! And each is 56% brighter!
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NO wonder, indeed! For General Electric Lamp Research has helped reduce the cost of a G-E 60-watt bulb to 10c—*one-fourth its cost in 1923!* And has increased the light it gives you by 56%! That's six times more value for you! What's more, during this same period, electric service companies have sharply reduced the cost of electric current to give you still more for your money. But this is only part of the story. This improvement in the 60-watt lamp is typical of the developments which G-E lamp research has been making for over sixty years, to bring you more and more light for less and less cost. And always it is guided by this aim: To make G-E lamps . . . *Stay Brighter Longer*

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Partnership in the Pacific

By

Carlos P. Romulo

Peace will bring the Philippines up against an unfamiliar problem—Independence. A noted Filipino leader looks ahead to the future relationship between America and her erstwhile problem child

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

PHOTO FROM ACME

Prayer for the present and future: President Sergio Osmena, Maj. Gen. Basilio P. Waldes, and Brig. Gen. Carlos P. Romulo offer thanks for liberation of the Philippines.

VICTORY will find America and the Philippines in a new and invincible partnership in the Far East. The past three years of the Pacific war have served to interweave Filipino-American interests and to complete the understanding existing between the two nations.

As soon as the last Japs are cleared from the islands and full democratic processes are restored, the Philippines will achieve their independence in accordance with the U. S. law which went into effect on June 30 of last year. And this long-desired independence will be guaranteed by the military power of the United States, which will provide insurance for both countries against any repetition of attempted invasion. The prestige of American support will place the Philippines in the most enviable position of any country in the Far East.

Pearl Harbor taught America the necessity of retaining protective bases in the Orient. Bataan taught her the Philippines can be trusted with any bases that may be established in them. The Filipinos in their turn have learned that their faith in America was not unjustified, that their fight to uphold democracy in the Pacific was not a futile sacrifice. We can envision the future of the new Philippines Republic on the premise laid at Bataan: mutual trust and a mutual dependence.

America is not likely to forget that in its blackest hour in the Pacific, eighteen million loyal Filipinos united in a delaying action that gave democracy its chance at survival in the Far East.

There can be no doubt as to what might have happened in the Pacific if the Filipinos had not been loyal to the United States. General George C. Marshall, in his annual report to the President as Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, has stated that the delaying action of Bataan and Corregidor gave the United States the time needed to get supplies and equipment to an assailed Australia.

Had Australia fallen, we know where the Japanese spearheads would have been aimed. Hawaii was next on the Nipponese schedule, and after that, the west coast of the United States.

Bataan changed the American concept toward the Philippines. Mutual sacrifice and loyalty deepened the understanding between our peoples. Yet sacrifice and loyalty alone are not bases upon which to rear a permanent relationship. Victory is strong drink and in its intoxication much will be forgotten. Though Bataan will become a name with Valley Forge and Balintawak, the future of Filipino-American relationships must be based upon practical advantages.

The new Philippines, as an independent republic backed by American prestige and power, can look forward to a brilliant future, politically, strategically, and commercially. And the new Philippines can provide in return a good part of the answer to the greatest problem America faces at the end of war.

Victory will bring millions of young Americans swarming back to their homeland. American industry must be kept working full blast to provide jobs for them. Only an industrial expansion of peacetime industry can guarantee their futures, and there can be no expansion unless there are markets in which to sell vast amounts of goods.

One foreign market needed to help solve America's labor problem can be found in the Far East. And the market will be waiting there, because victory will bring a vast amount of good will for America in that part of the world. Human nature being what it is, however, good will in itself may not guarantee that the United States will continue to hold this market. It is an accepted if regrettable fact that trade is usually awarded where there is prestige and power.

America will have both in Asia when war ends, but neither can be retained without sufficient air and naval bases to uphold them.

The granting of these bases is the Philippine contribution to America's prestige and power. And it ensures a prosperous and advancing Philippines Republic.

In granting these bases, we, the people of the Philippines, are well aware that we are curtailing our new sovereignty. And we are doing so in spite of the fact that independence is our chief treasure. For it is this we have fought for without ceasing during the past 300 years, first against Spain, and then side by side with America against Japan. It is our trust that America, while planning the trade relationships of the future, will take into consideration this sacrifice.

Not only will the bases be gladly offered, but American blood need never again be shed in the Pacific. For we have shown how fiercely Filipinos can fight to uphold the human freedoms, and, given American equipment and sanction, Filipino ground troops can guarantee the preservation of American ideals in the Far East.

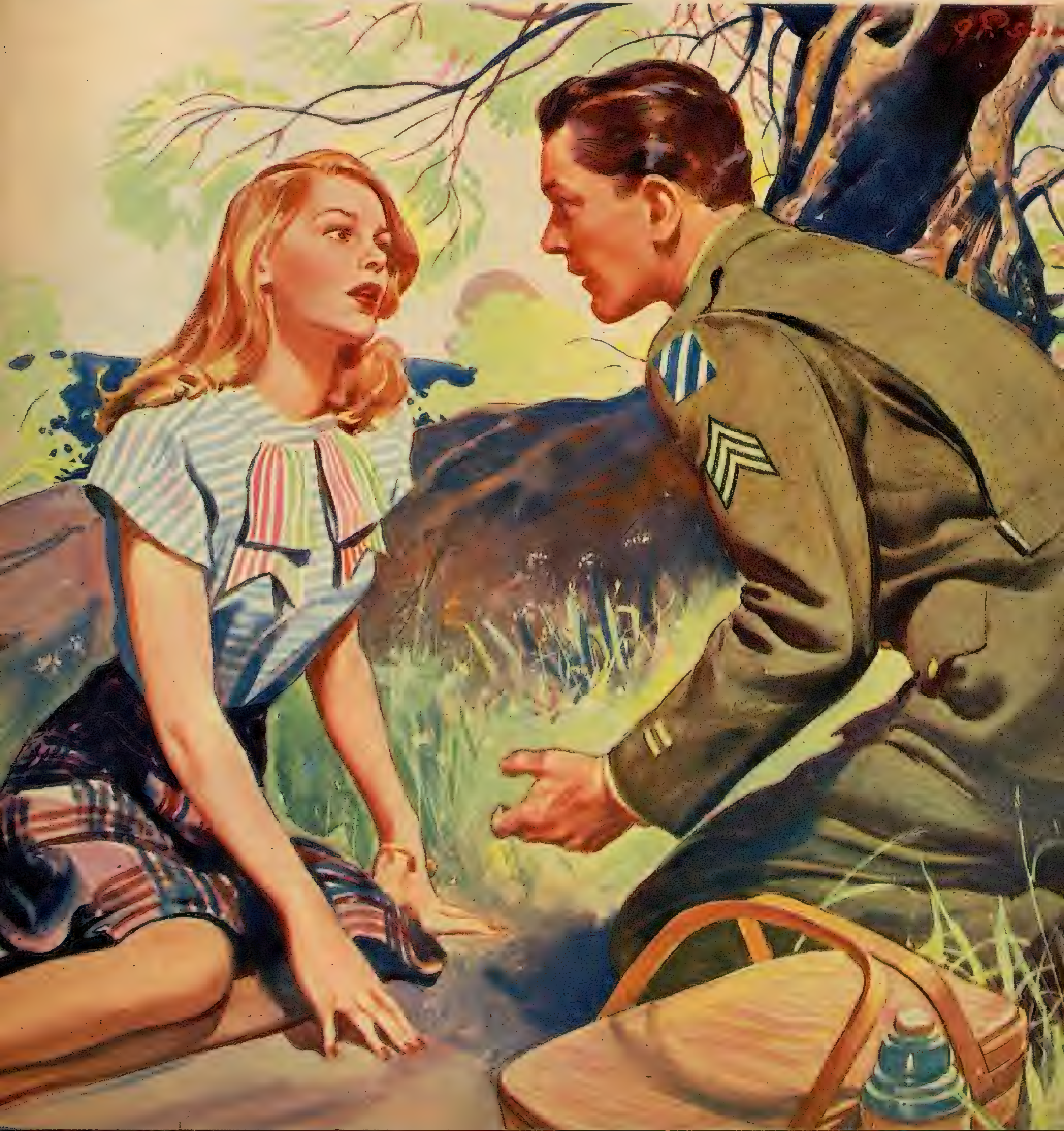
(Continued on page 70)

There was fear in the house—fear in the air. It gripped the banker and his wife. There was disgrace too, and a girl trying bravely to live it down. The truth came out when a soldier, dying in Italy, left

. . . A

BY WALTER C. BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT



Her eyes were shining with tears as she looked at me. "I'm sorry," she said in a choked voice. "I can't—I just can't marry you—not now."

MESSAGE FOR JANICE

THE message for Janice was given to me by my friend, Corporal George Towers, in an improvised field hospital outside the ruins of a small Italian town—Monte Something-or-other. I didn't know it then, but that simple yet cryptic message had hidden dynamite in it—dynamite that, thousands of miles away, was to change the course of several lives, including my own.

When they carried George Towers into the emergency tent, he was talking to himself in a jumbled whisper, with the words all running together. He whispered my name and motioned to me to bend down closer.

"Dave, promise me something!" he gasped into my ear. "When you get back, find Janice and tell her about—this! . . . Tell her this squares—everything! She'll understand. . . . Promise?"

"O. K., George, I promise," I told him. "But who is Janice, George? What's her last name? Where can I find her?" But he was too far gone then to hear me.

"Make sure Janice gets all that's left—" he went on in a desperate fading whisper. "It belongs to her! . . . Promise me, Dave . . . I don't trust them—any of them—"

"I will, George. But who is Janice?" I asked again. But just then the light went out of his eyes like a blown candle.

George Towers and I had become close friends in the training camp down South; fought side by side through North Africa, Sicily, Italy. I felt lonely and sick at heart as I stood at his grave in that little field of white crosses beside the dusty Italian road.

Looking through his things afterward, I found nothing to shed any light on a girl named Janice. But I was careful to write down the message, so that if and when I found Janice I could give it to her exactly as he had spoken it.

Later on I had my own turn at a field hospital, and it meant the end of the fighting for me.

On the hospital ship coming back I mulled over my promise to George. I couldn't help wondering what that message meant. In all the time I'd known George Towers, he'd never talked about his personal life, had never mentioned Janice or any other girl. All I knew about his background was that he came from a town called Northcote.

As soon as I received my medical discharge, I set out for Northcote. I had no trouble at all in tracing George's people, for the Towers family turned out to be the most influential in Northcote.

George's father, Samuel Towers, was president of the Northcote Bank and owner of the local newspaper, the Northcote Times. His mother, Lillian, was the leader in the town's social life. And George had been their only son.

When I stopped in at the Northcote Bank, Mr. Towers wasn't there. They told me he came down to the bank only two days a week, and that after George had gone into the Army his parents had closed up the old family home and moved out to Northcote's exclusive suburb, Harbridge Hills.

I took the bus out to Harbridge Hills and found the Towers residence to be a huge gray stone house up on the crest of the highest slope. As I rang the bell I saw a gold-star service flag in a bay window, and I felt my throat tighten.

A butler opened the door. I gave him my name. "Please tell Mr. Towers I was with his son in Italy," I said.

"Come in, sir," he said.

I can't find an exact word to describe my peculiar state of mind when, about an hour later, I took my departure from that imposing house on the hill. Baffled is as close as I can come to it, but I knew there was much more to it than that.

In meeting George's parents, I had spent as awkward and uncomfortable an hour as I can ever remember.

I had not been in the Towers' luxurious home five minutes before I felt that I was an unwelcome intruder. They were polite, of course, but I felt they resented my presence and wanted me to be gone.

It wasn't exactly that they shrank from talking about George or the circumstances of his death. They talked, yes, but there was something puzzling in the background. It showed itself in the questions they asked me—even more so in the questions they didn't ask.

And I felt something else in that house. There was fear. They were afraid of something, those two. Only twice during my hour's visit had they said or done anything that struck a natural and spontaneous note.

THE first was when Mrs. Towers opened a silver jewel box and showed me George's posthumous medal.

"You can believe every word in that citation, Mrs. Towers," I told her. "I know, because I was with George's squad when he won that medal. He saved twelve lives and paid for it with his own. There should be a better word than just courage for an action like that."

For a moment, then, her face slipped from its cold mask and her eyes were washed by unshed tears. Mr. Towers gave a sudden choking cough, and struck a match to light his cold cigar.

The other time was when I was showing some photographs I had brought back. They both bent over them eagerly, and Mr. Towers stammered, "Would you mind—? Could we have these—the ones with George, I mean?"

"Yes, of course," I said, and Mr. Towers thanked me profusely as he picked out the snapshots that showed their son.

These two incidents stood out sharply in my mind because they were so different in mood from the pattern of that baffling and unpleasant visit. Later on, they were to stand out even more clearly.

But there was another thing—their swift reaction to my mention of the name Janice.

"Did George—say anything—at the end?" Mr. Towers asked me.

"He was very weak when they got him to the hospital, Mr. Towers," I replied. "It was hard to understand him. He made me promise to come here to Northcote when I got back. And he mentioned the name Janice—"

The moment that name came out, they both stared at me wordlessly as if they were holding their breath, waiting for an explosion.

"Janice?" Mr. Towers jerked out finally. "Janice who?"

"I really don't know," I said. "It was hard to make out what George was trying to tell me. But he did say Janice. I thought I should mention it to you, in case it was someone he knew here in Northcote."

"Janice?" Mr. Towers repeated slowly. "No, the name isn't familiar to me. Is it to you, Lillian?"

Mrs. Towers shook her head. "Nor to me. I'm sure it isn't any one George knew here."

Somehow I knew they were lying, both of them. They not only knew who Janice was, but the mere mention of her name had made them freeze up tight. Shortly after that, when I got up to take my leave, I could feel their surge of secret relief.

I was both annoyed and puzzled as I walked down the curving driveway to Holly Lane. The Towers had listened to everything I'd told them about George, but they had given me no comment in return—not a word about George's old life here in Northcote.

It was evident that I'd run smack into something here that belonged to George's past life—some family deadlock or entanglement that even his death hadn't smoothed out. When I thought of their abrupt, panic-stricken silence at mention of Janice's name, the obvious theory occurred to me: Their son had fallen in love with this girl named Janice—probably someone they didn't approve of—and he had quarreled with his family over her.

Well, I had no desire to pry into the Towers family history. But I had made George a deathbed promise to find Janice and give her his message.

When I got back to Northcote, I registered at the Pilgrim Hotel and then spent two or three days scouting around for any information that might throw a little light on this George-Janice tangle.

IT was easy enough, of course, to find out things about George Towers. Everybody in Northcote knew him, but I was amazed to learn that George had the reputation of being a headstrong and overbearing young man.

My best mine of information was an old man named Ned Briscoe, who had been gardener at the Towers place. His remarks on George's home-town career seemed to summarize the general opinion.

"That boy sure fooled me, the way he turned out," Briscoe told me. "George was an uppity young smart aleck, spoiled by too much money. Come the war, he sure did his darnedest to slide out o' the draft. Then the next thing we hear is he's gone and 'listed of his own free will; then that he's fightin' overseas and gets a medal and dies a hero. Yes, sirree, the Army must've changed Georgie Towers considerable.

"George's folks took on awful hard about him goin' off to war," Briscoe went on. "Right away they closed up the old home and moved out to Harbridge Hills. Kind o' shut themselves up out there. Looks now almost like they'd had some kind o' forewarnin' that George wouldn't come back."

"I suppose George knew quite a few girls?" I said to Old Ned.

(*Continued on page 76*)

Gracie modestly refrains from listening to her own recordings.

There's always something for the boys in Gracie's outdoor bar.

KODACHROMES BY JACK ALBIN

In her Hollywood back yard, by the inevitable swimming pool, Gracie sits with Marine Pvt. M. M. Kennedy and R. A. A. F. Sgt. Jim Oliver.

Gracie Fields is a movie queen with a difference — and what a difference! She's forty-seven for one thing — and admits it! Here's the rollicking story of

The Aspidastra Girl

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

GRACIE FIELDS this year did something that no other star in Hollywood has ever done. She celebrated her forty-seventh birthday! The "girls" thought this rather brazen of Gracie. Though she live to be a hundred, a glamor queen never admits that she is more than twenty-nine. Gracie thinks all such fuss about age a lot of "blinkin' nonsense." One afternoon on the set of Paris—Underground, in which she is co-starring with producer-star Constance Bennett, she quite blithely announced, "Today is me forty-seventh birthday, it is. I've got to git on with me knittin'." And she hurried off to her broadcast in her usual stride, which is remindful of a commuter hell-bent for the last train. When her co-workers had sufficiently recovered from the shock, they ordered her a cake with one discreet candle. The Hollywood touch.

Gracie makes no bones about her age. Never has. She has millions of fans both in England and America, and the fact that their idol is fortyish doesn't distress them in the least. On the concert stage—and these days Gracie's concerts are almost entirely for servicemen—she cozies up to the footlights between songs, jokes about her age, and adds, "Me hair is really blonde, but I touch it up a bit, I do." The G. I.s stomp and cheer, and Gracie scurries off to change her dress. She always changes several times at her concerts and has no patience with stars who appear at camp shows in slacks, suits, and uniforms. "The boys like a bit of frill," she says. "I always save me best to the end." When she comes on for the finale in something daringly décolleté, the boys whistle appreciatively. "A bit of all right, eh?" says Gracie, pleased as Punch. She swishes her bustle and proceeds to tell them the price.

When she signed a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox in 1943 to play opposite Monty Woolley in Holy Matrimony, Gracie caused a publicity man to faint dead away. It is customary when a new star comes on the lot for the publicity man assigned to her first picture to take down her biography. It usually goes something like this: Publicity man: "When were you born?" Star: "April." Publicity man: "April what?" Star: "April fifth." Publicity man: "April fifth what?" Star, icily: "April fifth period." And that's that. "I was born in Lancashire, England, January 9, 1898," said Gracie promptly. And that was when the poor man fainted.

Gracie has another unfortunate habit that causes Hollywood glamor folk to wince. She remembers when. No Hollywood star in her right mind ever recalls anything that happened before Roosevelt became President. Gracie, the dope, will remember World War I at the sight of a uniform. She sang for thousands of American and British boys then, just as she has done in this war. In the Fox commissary one day she was telling about King George, who used to collect her records and keep them under lock and key at the palace so no one could swipe them. "George the Sixth?" asked a well known star. "No, ducky," said Gracie, "George the Fifth." And added sweetly, "Before your time."

She has a hearty humor which stuffy people don't appreciate. When she catches anyone "actin' stook oop," she just can't resist "takin' 'em down a peg." Once, several years ago, a famous Hollywood hostess got her ears pinned back neatly when she expressed amazement that England's top star was traveling without a maid. "Isn't it rude!" said Gracie airily. "I do me own laundry too. Even wash me own drawers."

Producers and sponsors were a little wary of Gracie when she and her husband, Monty Banks, former Hollywood actor and British movie producer, came to California in 1940, bought a house, and showed signs of settling down. They knew they ought to do something about cashing in on Gracie. They knew that her career had been phenomenal, that at one time she had made more than $780,000 a year. They knew that to hundreds of thousands of everyday people all over the British Isles she was "Our Gracie." But would the everyday people of America like her enough to go to her pictures and listen to her broadcasts? "There's a lot of difference between American and English fans," they argued. Her British-made films, several of which had been released in this country by Twentieth Century-Fox, had not been a success.

While the boys were chewing on their big black cigars, trying to make up their minds what to do about Gracie, Gracie just kept on "doin' me bit" for the war effort, singing her famous aspidastra song:

(*Continued on page 64*)

Not the biggest aspidastra in the world, but one Gracie was awarded when she made her Broadway musical debut.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM INTERNATIONAL, ACME

"When you're a pooblic figure, you belong to your pooblic" is Gracie's motto and she lives up to it. This is a mob of soldier admirers in New York.

Education of a Spy . . . Incomplete!

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

The Nazis trained their saboteurs and trained them well. But to be an American, a man has to learn to act like one—inside!

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

FROM the very beginning fortune had smiled upon the journey of Gerhardt Mueller. Now, as the New England express rumbled into Grand Central Station, he lost the last vestiges of his anxiety. He was glad that he was traveling alone; as always, the Führer's orders had been right. Besides, he reflected with pleasure, the honor would be twice as great. That he had been sent alone on so vital a mission was already proof of the trust and esteem accorded him in the Vaterland. But when he accomplished the task singlehanded where others had failed— He smiled to himself as the train jerked to a stop.

He had been pretending to sleep until then, but now he rose, stretched back his angular shoulders, and flexed the cramped muscles of his arms. He even exchanged a few pleasant words with an elderly lady and helped take her bags off the rack. Such forwardness to strangers was customary in America, he had been taught.

Despite the novelty of his surroundings, Mueller was beginning to feel more comfortable. Like an actor who has survived the first tense scene, he had begun to be at ease in his role.

Gerhardt Mueller was as perfect an American as the Dresdener Geheimschutz Schule could produce. They had taught him everything, very methodically, very efficiently. His English, with its painstakingly drilled Midwestern inflection, was flawless. He could draw a scale map of the eastern border without omitting a single town or railway, he knew the names and characteristics of all the states and their capitals, he was familiar with the Constitution and could recite the Gettysburg Address.

His chosen home town was Kenosha, Wisconsin, and though he had never been there, he could tell you all the streets, movie houses, and bars by name. He knew the songs of his Kenosha high school and the names of Midwestern football stars. He could chew gum and drink pop through a straw. His education was further enhanced by the fact that he was well versed in several codes, could build a short-wave radio set, place a time bomb, or blow a safe. He was an excellent marksman, and no less handy with a knife. When his orders came through, there was never any doubt but that Mueller would succeed. *"Sie werden es schon schaffen,"* his commandant had remarked stiffly. "Sure thing," retorted Mueller, *sehr amerikanisch,* forcing his set, sharp features into a casual grin. Five years' training tell on so apt a pupil.

His first mission was an inside job at a Wellington, New Jersey, ball-and-roller-bearing plant. The factory supplied much of the aviation industry of the East; its eradication was essential to the cause. The plans for destroying the plant were detailed to the minutest degree, every possibility taken into consideration. Mueller committed his orders to memory and returned them to his commandant. He received $10,000 and complete American identification papers attesting that he was George Miller, machinist, age twenty-nine, height five feet ten inches, eyes gray, hair blond, no special marks. . . . Then he left for Cuxhaven, where he boarded the U-43K.

In New York, Mueller tarried only long enough to contact Kronstetter and make arrangements with him for his equipment. The two men conferred at length: Mueller had to get an "in" into the plant; after that, the job would take only a few days at the most. Above all, no suspicion. Just be one of the boys. Mueller knew how. Find excuses to circulate around in the plant.

As he talked, Kronstetter tapped the blueprints of the Wellington factory with a thick forefinger, indicating the vital points. Then he carefully folded the charts and handed them to Mueller, who restrained an elated impulse to *heil.* Kronstetter caught the gesture and smiled. "You are right. Never forget you are an American now. Our entire success depends upon it."

"My education has been complete," responded Mueller tersely.

PURDY'S Bar and Grille, referred to by Wellington's war workers as "the Grilly," is a favorite of long standing. The gang starts coming in at around six thirty, and by seven the juke box, going full blast, is hardly audible above the din of raised voices, laughter, and beer glasses skimming along the bar. Later on, the first crowd thins out and the steadies settle down to eat. Mrs. Purdy emerges from the kitchen with trays of steaming food to plank down before the hungry men. The routine is always the same, the menu rarely varies; familiar faces and familiar atmosphere form the pattern of a never changing scene.

On Thursday night Jim Purdy stood behind the bar as usual, deftly beheading the foaming beer and bouncing back the wisecracks, gruff greetings, and threadbare gags flung across the room. Squeezed in at the far end of the bar, Sam Crocker and Mike Mannahan tried vainly to exchange the day's shop talk above the "clang-clang-clang went the trolleeee" of the juke box.

"I got a new guy on the grinder," shouted Sam. He set down his beer glass and waved his arms over his head. "Hey, George! C'm'on over here a minute." As the newcomer squeezed in beside them, Sam explained, "This here's George Miller. From Wisconsin. They reconverted the plant he was with, but he wanted to stick with war work, so he come East." Then, changing the general direction of his thumb: "This here's Mike Mannahan."

Mike grunted amiably and stuck out his hand. "Hya." He thumped on the bar and bawled out an order for three beers. "On me this time," said Mike.

Mueller covered his smile behind his half-empty glass and swallowed the remainder of its contents. Things were going fine. With a little more luck . . . No. Only fools counted on luck. Fools like these unsuspecting morons here. He relied on brains and skill. That's why he'd succeed. Soon . . . very soon. Everything was going fine.

When the crowd began drifting out, Mueller casually proposed ordering up some food. Sam and Mike agreed and the three installed themselves in a corner booth. Mike spotted a small figure by the juke box and bawled, "Hey, Johnny!" A towheaded youngster came to the table, and Mike said, "Go ask yer mother what's good tonight." The kid made off toward the kitchen.

"That's Purdy's kid," said Mike. "Enough to try the patience of a saint."

In a moment the boy was back. "Ma says you can have boiled beef."

"Fine," said Mike. "Tell her to make it three." Sam voiced hearty approval and Mueller followed suit.

"She's already getting 'em," said Johnny nonchalantly.

Mike pulled a nickel out of his pocket and handed it to the kid. "Here, go buy yerself a pint of arsenic." Johnny grinned, took the coin and raised his fists in a pugilistic stance. "Wanna fight?"

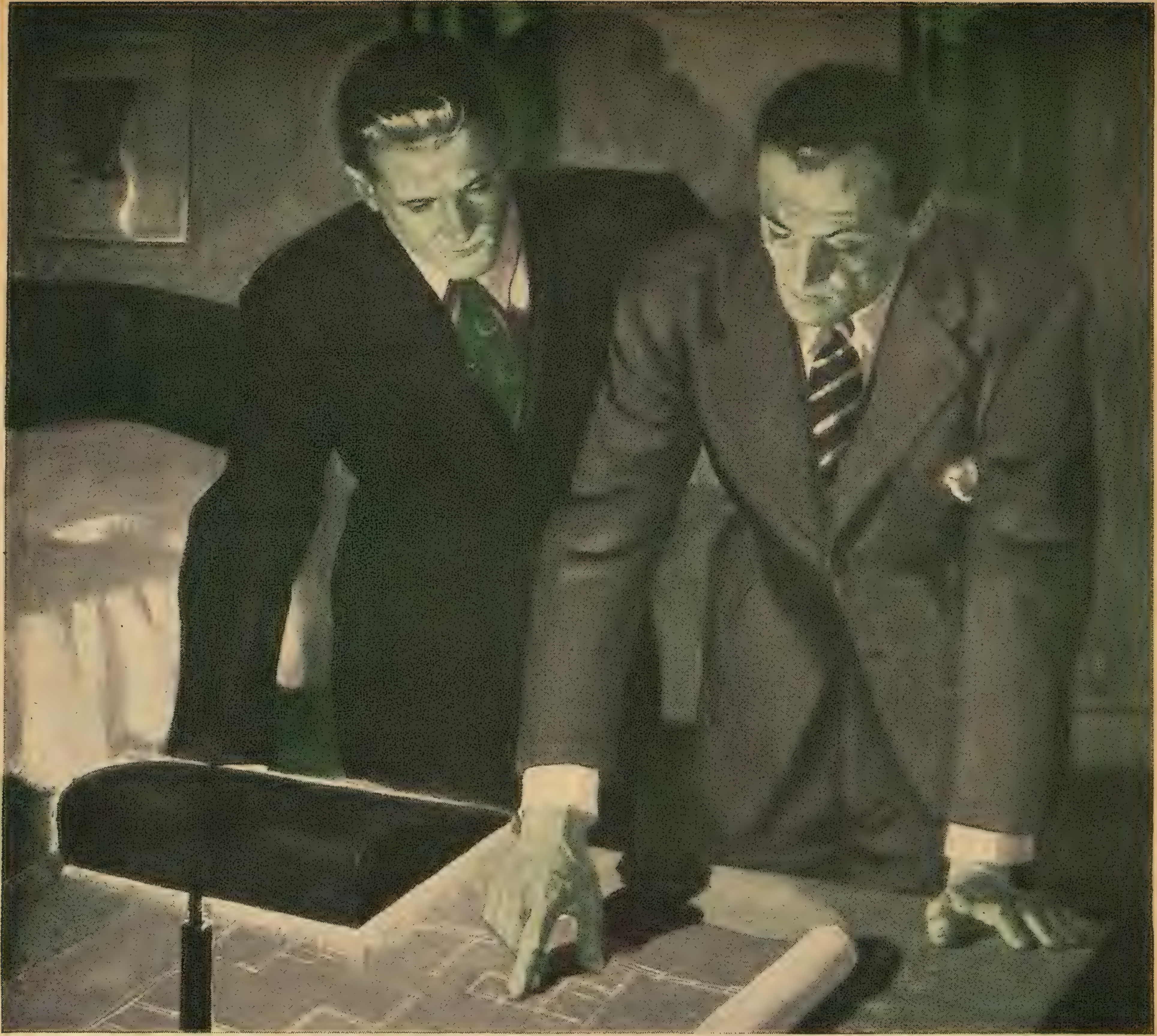
Mueller watched with infinite disgust the horseplay and shadow boxing that followed. What a pleasure it would be to kick some discipline into brats like this, he mused. In his mind's eye he compared Johnny with the boys he knew in the Hitler Jugend. Erect, heads high, they marched down the streets in their neat khaki uniforms. Discipline and drilling, that's what these brats needed.

He looked up, to find Sam's steady eyes fixed on him in a penetrating gaze. Mueller smiled elaborately and winked. Then, guardedly, he shoved his foot forward from under the table. Johnny feinted a pass, stepped backward and tripped over the protruding foot. He landed with a thump and a look of wide-eyed surprise. The men chuckled and Mueller joined in hilariously.

"GUESS you weren't lookin' that time, eh, Johnny?" said Sam, picking him up and setting him on his feet. Johnny ruefully rubbed the seat of his pants. "Nope," he admitted. Then Sam leaned down and whispered something into his ear and the two of them let out a pealing laugh. Mueller smiled inwardly at the mirth his sally had caused. This American sense of humor . . .

"Say, Mike," he started boisterously, "when are you going to buy a drink?"

"Whadya mean?" blustered Mike. "I just bought the last round." Sam followed up,



As he talked, Kronstetter tapped the blueprints of the Wellington factory with a thick forefinger, indicating the vital points.

and they kidded the big Irishman for a while, finally settling on flipping a coin. Mueller produced a dime and flipped against Sam, who lost. "It was my round anyhow," said Sam, rising. "Might as well get 'em myself if we want 'em tonight." A Hot Time in the Town of Berlin came to a noisy close and Sam pushed a coin into the juke box. Remarkable, thought Mueller, how they can stand that raucous music all evening. Luckily his training had prepared him for such eventualities.

Sam came back to the table with three beers. He was grinning broadly, and as he sat down he looked at Mike and pointedly announced in an off-key tenor, "I don't want to set the world on fire . . ." Mike glanced surreptitiously under the table. As he lifted his glass, his face was wreathed in a beatific smile. Beneath the checkered cloth he fished a pack of matches out of his pocket and stealthily slipped them into a small hand under the table.

Mueller said "Mud in your eye," wondering what these two morons were grinning about. . . .

"By the way, Sam," said Mike, "what was Nero doin' when Rome burnt down?"

"How do I know?" quipped Sam. "I wasn't there." A burst of laughter hailed this remark, and Mueller joined in loudly. Might as well play the fool along with them.

"He was playing his ukulele," he said. The laughter doubled in volume and reached a crescendo guffaw. Then suddenly the whole universe seemed quite different to Gerhardt Mueller. He leaped out of his seat with a howl, spilling his beer over his shirt front and stamping his foot on the floor in a wild dervish dance. Stuck to the side of his shoe a match was still burning, and all around him were grinning faces. They were laughing at him! Laughing at *him*, these stupid, inferior, ridiculous swine! Doubled up under the table Johnny squealed in high treble mirth. In a frenzied rage, Mueller dragged him forth by the nape of the neck.

"Verflucht noch a' mal!" he shrieked. *"Du Schweinehund! Verdammter, verfluchter Idjot!"* He raised his fist to strike—but it was caught in an iron grip. Mike was standing over him, and Mike's hand was closing on his coat front like a steam shovel.

The blinding fury in him subsided and in place of it a chill realization crept through.

He stared at the faces all around him. They weren't smiling any more. The laughter was gone, the morons of a moment earlier wore the stern faces of condemnation and contempt. He tried to grin, weakly, but found no response in the accusing eyes upon him. Instead, Mike's fist tightened on his lapels and pulled his coat front together in a twisted knot. He heard Mike's voice as though it came from very far away. Only it didn't sound like Mike's voice any more.

"Well, that makes the third this year," he was saying matter-of-factly. "These Krauts sure stick out like sore thumbs, don't they?"

Sam's laugh was complacent. "It's like I always told you. They teach 'em how to dish it out, but they can't learn how to take it."

THE END

Radar—How It Works and Wha

By Robert N. Farr

THE fight for Iwo Jima was the toughest battle in the entire history of the U. S. Marines. Four thousand Americans gave their lives during the twenty-nine days it took to wrest the island from the Japs. Some 25,000 of the Mikado's best troops died almost to the last man.

What was the reason for such a struggle over that mere scrap of volcanic rock and dirt? Why did our Pacific commanders send ashore three whole divisions of marines, and back them up with guns and planes of a whole fleet of battleships and carriers?

One answer is—radar.

Iwo Jima was Japan's key outpost for the detection of American bomber fleets flying from Saipan and Tinian to Tokyo. Our B-29s were spotted before they were halfway to their target, and warning of their approach was flashed back across 750 miles of water to the Japanese homeland by radio. Thus there were always tough reception committees lying in wait for them on their arrival over Fujiyama. The radar installations on Iwo Jima simply had to be destroyed.

Radar has been used in many ways during the war, both as a weapon of offense and of defense. At Guadalcanal, in North Africa, Sicily, Salerno, Nettuno, Anzio, Burma, the Marshalls, Kwajalein, Saipan, Guam—in all operations on the continent of Europe and in the Pacific—radar has helped to carry out Allied operational and logistical plans.

Radar was ready when the German Luftwaffe tried to blitz Britain in the summer of 1940. Without British radar to detect and point out high-flying German bombers, the Nazi air offensive might have succeeded.

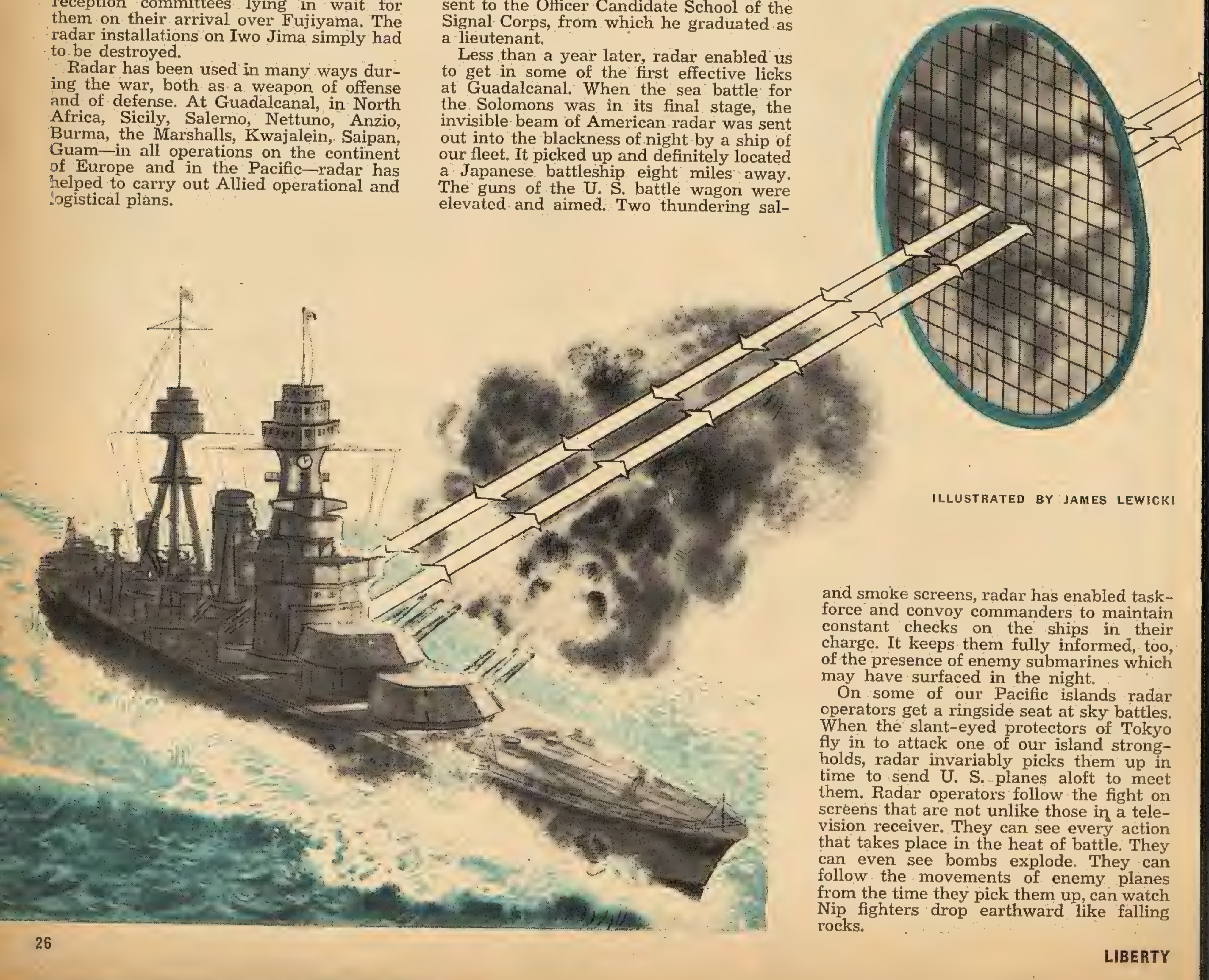
On December 7, 1941, the U. S. Army Signal Corps radar, with Private Joseph L. Lockard manning the controls, detected planes approaching Hawaii and located them about thirty minutes before they reached Pearl Harbor. Lockard flashed the news to his superior officer, who, knowing that a number of American planes were due from the mainland, believed that the radar had spotted them, and therefore took no action. The planes, of course, were Japanese air squadrons flying on their mission of treachery.

But, even though its warning had gone unheeded, radar had done its duty, and so had Private Lockard, who was decorated with the Distinguished Service Medal and sent to the Officer Candidate School of the Signal Corps, from which he graduated as a lieutenant.

Less than a year later, radar enabled us to get in some of the first effective licks at Guadalcanal. When the sea battle for the Solomons was in its final stage, the invisible beam of American radar was sent out into the blackness of night by a ship of our fleet. It picked up and definitely located a Japanese battleship eight miles away. The guns of the U. S. battle wagon were elevated and aimed. Two thundering salvos, and the Jap ship was sunk, although no American eye had ever seen it.

Radar is credited with playing a major role in clearing the short northern road to Japan through the Aleutians. American Army and Navy officers looked gloomily at the fog-cursed chain of islands with their sky-scratching mountains and uncharted shores which were a menace to our ships and planes. They realized the great military potentialities of these islands, but considered them almost useless because of the weather. Then someone suggested radar as the key to open the door to the Aleutians. It was tried, and it worked. Today our military installations in the Aleutians have great strategic value. For radar can see through snowstorm or fog and warn seamen and pilots of danger ahead.

In spite of fog, darkness, bad weather, and smoke screens, radar has enabled task-force and convoy commanders to maintain constant checks on the ships in their charge. It keeps them fully informed, too, of the presence of enemy submarines which may have surfaced in the night.

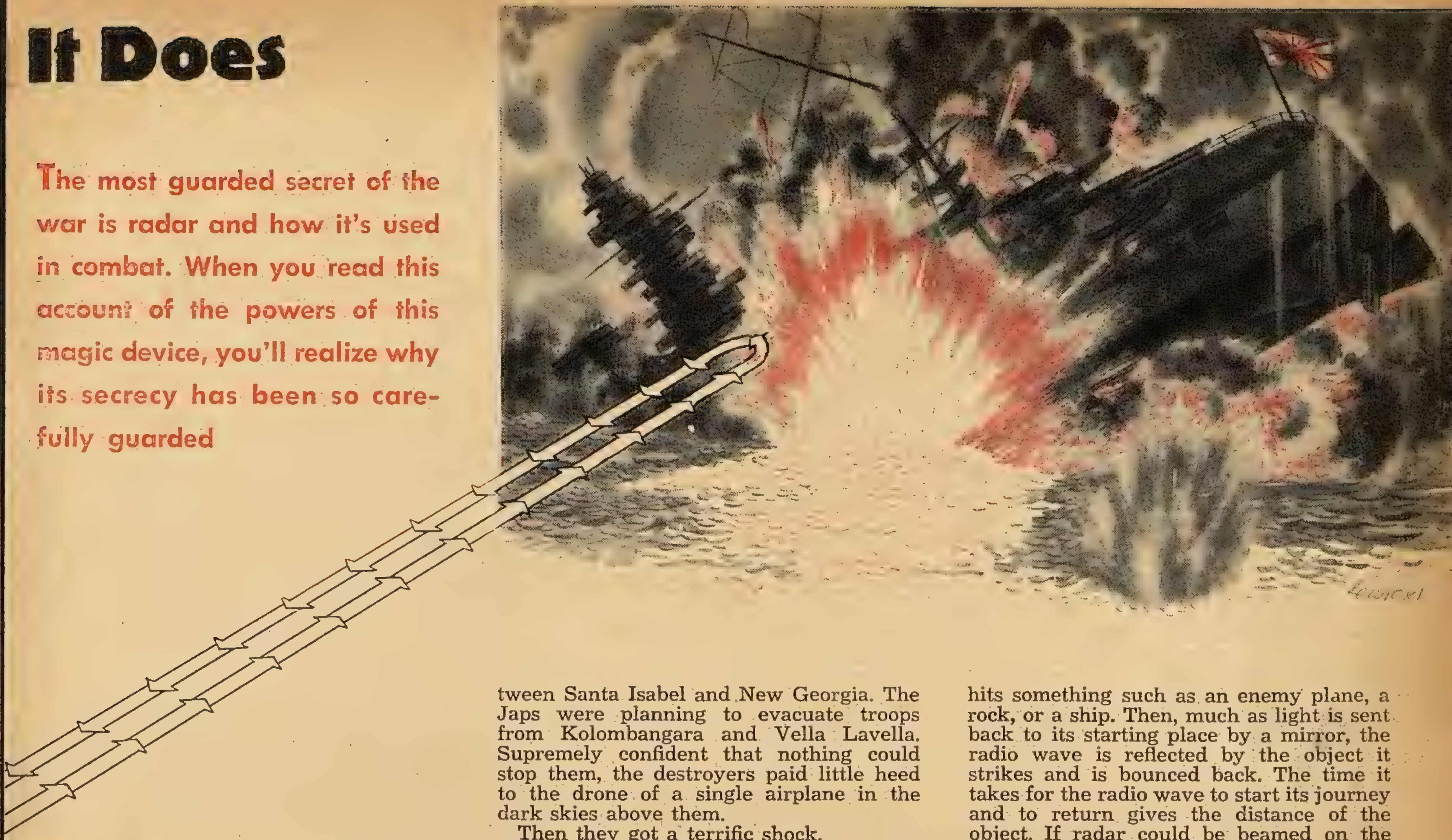


ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWICKI

On some of our Pacific islands radar operators get a ringside seat at sky battles. When the slant-eyed protectors of Tokyo fly in to attack one of our island strongholds, radar invariably picks them up in time to send U. S. planes aloft to meet them. Radar operators follow the fight on screens that are not unlike those in a television receiver. They can see every action that takes place in the heat of battle. They can even see bombs explode. They can follow the movements of enemy planes from the time they pick them up, can watch Nip fighters drop earthward like falling rocks.

It Does

The most guarded secret of the war is radar and how it's used in combat. When you read this account of the powers of this magic device, you'll realize why its secrecy has been so carefully guarded



Off Guadalcanal one night the radar beam of an American battle wagon picked up a Jap warship and our guns made the kill without an eye ever being set on her.

Radar is helping B-24 "Snoopers" in the Southwest Pacific raid Jap shipping and airfields. Airborne radar, similar to the so-called "Mickey" being used by bombers in Europe, enables planes to navigate unerringly across a thousand miles of open sea and weather, then to spot a blacked-out invisible airfield with the accuracy of a well trained pointer dog. Radar-equipped planes of the Fifth and Thirteenth Air Forces have pounced upon their Jap prey from New Ireland to the Netherlands East Indies, from Palau to the Philippines. They have bedeviled Truk, tormented Woleai, and walloped Borneo.

Snoopers out on their own at night can spot a large Nip transport, cruiser, or battleship from a distance of thirty or more miles, and can close in for the kill without assistance. Radar sees better in the dark than human eyes have ever seen in the daytime. And it enables the Snoopers to come in undetected by the enemy and strike from an altitude of 1,500 feet or less, an altitude that makes the crews who do visual daylight bombing shudder.

In August, 1943, the first squadron of Snoopers arrived in the Pacific and joined the Thirteenth Bomber Command. Those were the days when the Japs thought they could hold the Solomons for a long time. While our bombing prevented them from operating during the day, their surface vessels shifted men and supplies from one island to another under cover of darkness, undetected.

On the night of August 23, 1943, two Jap destroyers moved into the slot of water that runs all the way up the Solomons between Santa Isabel and New Georgia. The Japs were planning to evacuate troops from Kolombangara and Vella Lavella. Supremely confident that nothing could stop them, the destroyers paid little heed to the drone of a single airplane in the dark skies above them.

Then they got a terrific shock.

Bombs, released when radar gave the "go ahead," tumbled from the skies as if dropped down invisible chutes connecting the unseen plane with the destroyers. They hit squarely on the decks. The night was torn apart by flaming explosions. Two bomb runs were made; each time our plane scored direct hits. Then, its mission concluded successfully, the plane returned.

The Japs probably thought we were just lucky, for they continued sending ships by the same route. On the night of September 29, 1943, Snoopers destroyed most of a convoy of eleven Jap ships in almost the same spot.

Radar, which has enabled us to accomplish so many of these military miracles, is the code name for "radio detecting and ranging." The letters r-a-d-a-r spell the same word when read either forward or backward. And, coincidentally, this gives a clue to what radar is: a radio echo. It is an electronic instrument which projects a beam of radio impulses through space at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. In much the same way as the beam of an automobile's headlights discloses a road sign, these impulses reveal the presence of distant objects by rebounding from them to the observer. A cathode-ray tube acts as interpreter and makes the electronic echoes visible to the human eye.

When trained on enemy planes still so distant as to be beyond the reach of anti-aircraft or the radar-equipped Black Widow, P-61 night fighters, radar reports the three elements of their position that are necessary for exact plotting: (1) distance, (2) elevation, (3) deflection, *i.e.*, position to right or left.

If you have ever shouted toward a cliff and timed the echo's return to determine how far you were from the cliff, you have used a method similar to radar. However, radar uses ultra-high-frequency radio waves, only a few centimeters long, while your echo was made up of sound waves.

Electronic radar equipment sends out its wave with the speed of light. The wave goes forward in a straight line until it hits something such as an enemy plane, a rock, or a ship. Then, much as light is sent back to its starting place by a mirror, the radio wave is reflected by the object it strikes and is bounced back. The time it takes for the radio wave to start its journey and to return gives the distance of the object. If radar could be beamed on the moon, the waves would complete the round trip in two and a half seconds.

It would be of little value to know merely that an enemy plane was one mile or five miles or 100 miles away. We must also know its direction and its height. When we know all that, we can aim our guns and destroy it.

Since the days of Egyptian surveyors we have known how to calculate and determine the direction and the height of things by fixing the angle. In radar, the direction is established through the use of directional wave transmission. The height is established by applying radio direction finding and other radio principles. Thus the exact position of the enemy is plotted very accurately. Today this plotting is done automatically with the aid of a computer that performs the operation with split-second speed. The time required for a radar wave to travel to an object fifty feet away is one ten-millionth of a second, yet the computer can measure it.

The complete radar unit, which can be built small enough to fit into the palm of your hand, is a combination transmitter and receiver which rotate in unison, scanning the same area at the same time. The transmitter emits ultra-high-frequency radio waves over a broad arc in the general direction it is desired to explore. When this radiation strikes an object having appreciable conductivity, some of the energy is reflected or scattered back toward the receiver. From the receiver it is fed into a computer and to the six-inch screen of a cathode-ray tube. This tube is the guide which gunners and bombardiers use to spot their targets.

Any object, or group of objects, will show on the screen of the cathode tube, each as a separate speck of light moving in relation to the movement of the ship at sea or the plane in the air, and in relation to the movement of the ship or plane on which the radar is located. Water shows up on the screen as dull blue-white;

(*Continued on page 83*)

Kings of the Jingle

By Darrell Huff

Like them or not, singing radio commercials are here to stay. In fact, they're a new industry. Meet the men who rhymed nickel with trickle and started the whole blooming thing

GIVE Alan Bradley Kent and Austen Herbert Croom Croom-Johnson a gimmick and they'll haunt you with it. As masters of the singing radio commercial, haunting is their business, and the gimmick is the dingus that has put them on the top.

Kent and Johnson's most notable contribution to American folklore is the Pepsi-Cola jingle, whacked off in ten pregnant minutes in the spring of 1939. These lines, or variations on them, have assaulted listeners' ears more than a million times since then:

Pepsi-Cola hits the spot.
Twelve full ounces, that's a lot.
Twice as much for a nickel too.
Pepsi-Cola is the drink for you.

Kent and Johnson merged into Kent-Johnson, Incorporated, Jingle Masters, in a fashion as casual and haphazard as everything else that happens to them. NBC was putting on a show called The Band Goes to Town, of which it might as well be said right now that no trace remains. Kent, in his early twenties but already a radio veteran, was assigned to announce it. Johnson, almost as young, and fresh from London, was the producer. Being as uninhibited a pair as you'll find anywhere, they quickly swapped opinions of each other's technique.

Specifically, Johnson is recorded to have asked, after the first session, "Isn't that fellow a little uncouth, a bit, you know?" Kent declared that he wouldn't be responsible for what happened if he "had to work another show with that limpid British twit."

In short, Johnson didn't like the way Kent was aiming to announce the show, and Kent was convinced Johnson was lousing the whole thing up. They were still in this kind of agreement at air time.

Each handled his part of the performance in his own way, and the show came out terrific. Being men of savvy, they recognized a good combination when it smacked them in the face, and they went out together for a drink. They've been drinking together ever since.

It was over a bottle of whisky that, according to the story told in the trade, Kent waved a finger in front of Johnson's nose and said, "Spots stink!" Actually, since neither of them likes the term "spot announcement," it is likely that Kent used some other words in expressing his distaste for the lowly state of one-minute commercials. But, whatever he said, Ginger Johnson agreed. The trouble, the boys assured each other, was that soap and gasoline and insect spray were being taken too seriously. Why shouldn't a fifteen-second plug be amusing as well as convincing? Why couldn't it be rhymed and sung to a catchy tune?

The boys took Mother Goose into partnership for their first venture, parodying twenty familiar nursery rhymes into jingles designed to peddle bread. The sponsor came through with $600. K.-J. wouldn't make with a single note for that kind of money nowadays, but for a starter it looked pretty good and they began to wonder if they didn't have something. They tested this supposition on Esso gasoline, Flit, and a few other products, until the day they met for a history-making little confab with Edgar Kobak, an advertising-agency executive with a soft-drink account on his hands. Kobak asked for a jingle that would sell a twelve-ounce bottle of a cola beverage for five cents.

With that much suggestion, Kent and Johnson went into seclusion. Some good fairy put the old English hunting song, John Peel, into the Johnson mind. They swung old Peel till his mother wouldn't have known him, tucked in some sound bits of salesmanship, and came out of seclusion ten minutes later with it: Pepsi-Cola hits the spot. . . .

Since that jingle first smote the air in 1939 it has been aired more than a million times in assorted languages, and is given major credit for a $14,000,000 increase in sales of the product it plugs. It has been scored for boogie-woogie, swing, and baby talk. Today, six years later, it is being heard on 350 stations.

Periodically Kent and Johnson have introduced variations on the lyric, but have made only minor changes in the sacred last two lines. There's a deep-sea basso version in which a Popeye voice chants:

Pepsi-Cola hits the spot.
Nuts to spinach! Look what I've got. . . .

The anonymous but unmistakable voice of the Lone Ranger has contributed this:

As I ride the range, I sing this song:
When I like my drinks, I like 'em long. . . .

The ten minutes it took Kent and Johnson to wring out the Pepsi opus is still par for them. They usually spend an hour or so on a jingle before melody and basic lyric are up to standard. Sounds like quick money, but there is more to it than that.

THERE is the gimmick.

The gimmick is what makes you, the radio listener, wander about humming or crooning the sponsors' message. It's the trick, the catchiness, the little oddity that's part of all the good jingles—and missing in the dozens of bad ones. It's what carves the vital sales message on the mind.

It's the *clack-clack* interpolated in the soap-selling line, "Opportunity knocks" (*knock, knock!*) "in the Chipso box." It's Pepsi's "Nickel, nickel, nickel, nickel, trickle, trickle, trickle . . ." and the popping of bottles being opened. It's Elsie the Cow's seductive "Moo-OO to You-OO" for Borden's milk.

It's Kent and Johnson's headache.

Kent and Johnson catching a gimmick is a chase to watch. The chase, known to the boys as a blitzkrieg, usually comes off in Kent's Manhattan apartment. There, with shoes and inhibitions discarded, they throw themselves on bed or couch in utter dejection and mouth words or hum snatches of practically anything. A secretary, in a neutral corner, writes it down.

Kent gets an idea, jumps to his feet, screams it at Johnson, who meanwhile is trying to shush Kent long enough to get his own idea out. They bang along at this rate for a while, occasionally coming through with the germ of something that will eventually be dinned into a million ears. Getting a gimmick may take only a few minutes. Sometimes it takes weeks.

THE boys' screwball antics are well known in the radio trade, and they are often referred to as "those madmen." Nobody means anything by it, though, because the quality of the K.-J. product is famous. Kent and Johnson have put their own stamp on the business of writing radio jingles.

The success of the Pepsi number elevated K.-J. permanently out of the penny-ante class. Esso paid them $2,500 for an eight-line jingle and liked it well enough to come back a year later for another at $3,500. A thirty second recording for Lucky Strike (". . . two to one, two to one—and for men who know tobacco best, it's Luckys two to one") fetched $7,000. The effort that landed them in the big money, though, was the Chipso affair. By the time Procter and Gamble came around to do business, the boys had decided not to sell their productions. They dreamed up a stunner for Chipso and *rented* the ditty on a deal that brought in $20,000 a year.

Kent and Johnson's latest and most ambitious jingle is a miniature cantata for Pillsbury Flour Mills scored for twenty-three brass instruments, a Hammond organ, and one male voice. All this in sixty seconds. Lines include:

Colonel Wheat, Colonel Corn, Colonel
  Rice, Colonel Rye—
Pillsbury's Colonels on flavor parade.
The mixture is swell,
Rings the breakfast bell—
Pillsbury's Pancake Serenade.

Despite their position as corporate daddy of radio jingles, Kent and Johnson did not originate the things. Singing commercials have been going on in a small way for a long time, longer than radio. Johnson mentions the Calypso singers as an early example, and the flower vendors of London who have long sung their appeals to buyers of violets. Radio programs have had theme songs since crystal-set days, and advertising jingles have been used in a modest sort of way on radio all along. But they never amounted to much until Kent and Johnson took hold of them. Within a year this pair had business booming, and were personally doing 90 per cent of it.

As the craze began to sweep the dial, it soon got too big for any two men, even Kent and Johnson, to keep a corner on it. A lot of the jingles you hear these days come from mass-production agencies, and a lot more come from amateurs. Johnson

Men at work—Kent, right, and Johnson, the Gilbert and Sullivan of radio jingles, about to perpetrate another of those singing commercials.

mentions, as an example of the former, one outfit that turned out 300 singing commercials last year at $300 a turn. Phil Cook, Irene Beasley, and Andy Love, all radio performers as well, are among the better-known jinglers.

As to the amateurs, it is Johnson's conviction that many of today's worst jingles are being conceived by ad-agency office boys, written by sponsors' wives, and sung by daughters of corporation vice-presidents. Johnson is afraid these amateur efforts, and a good many of the allegedly professional ones, are so bad they'll eventually knock the whole business in the head. This is not mere professional jealousy; Johnson has only praise for Johnny Mercer's Miriam-Irium jingle for Pepsodent.

Vice-presidents, by the way, are one of the discouraging factors in the corporate life of Kent and Johnson. They sadly recall the day that one of their efforts was turned over to the sixteen (that's Johnson's figure) vice-presidents of a large national concern in conference assembled. These executives spent an entire day tearing the thing apart and rewriting it themselves. At the close of business the revised product was so bad that even the v.-p.s could smell it, and in the end Kent and Johnson had their own way.

Kent and Johnson incorporated a few years ago, more as a gag than anything else, and now refer to the collaboration as The Corporate Body, or simply as The Body. It is the closest of all possible collaborations. Although Johnson is supposed to provide the music and Kent the lyrics, it often comes out the other way around. This despite Johnson's habit of soberly confiding to interviewers that Kent is unfortunately tone deaf. Although they are occasionally referred to by friends as the Gilbert and Sullivan of radio jingles, they have respect for each other's talents, and none of the hostility that kept the light-opera pair from speaking to each other for years at a time.

THIS mutual esteem is solidly founded in the fact that both are getting along a lot better since they consolidated, although neither was strictly a bum before the merger took place.

Alan Bradley Kent, known as "The Beard" in honor of a now-defunct imperial he called Montague Ormsby de Beauvois Durand, comes from Chicago and used to be a salesman. Now in his middle thirties, he has been in radio fourteen years, mostly as announcer and script writer. He left NBC in 1938, joined up with Johnson a year later. Broad-shouldered, mustached Kent, who would be flattered to be described as balding, is known as one of the hepest of cats; in Harlem he used to be called the Hot Doctor Livingston. He's a happy guy who likes to sit on top of his desk with his legs crossed when talking to visitors.

Austen Herbert Croom Croom-Johnson is an Englishman (What else could he be with that name?) who was a musical director for the British Broadcasting Corporation before NBC brought him over here to do a similar job.

He is slender, dresses well, wears his ginger-colored hair long in back and, involuntarily, a little short in front. He was born in 1909. He is generally called "Ginger," and he knows his music so well that Downbeat once crowned him by saying he "not only knows hot jazz from the word go, but can play piano at anybody's rent party."

When circumstances permit Kent and Johnson to duck out of Manhattan at the same time, they delight in taking vacations together, invariably picking the most unlikely spot two wacky minds can dredge up. One such venture was a "week-end at Atlantic City"—Tuesday to Friday in the middle of January. Bundled up in a dozen or so bright blankets, they had themselves pushed up and down the icy boardwalk.

Commercial sponsors are not the only customers for Kent-Johnson jingles. The boys have put in a good deal of time in unpaid work for the government in the last few years. One of their efforts—it sings better than it reads—plugs war bonds to the mixed tunes of Yankee Doodle and Dixie:

> Uncle Sam says, In these times,
> Invest your dollars and your dimes.
> Americans must be free wherever we
> may roam,
> Let's keep America our Home, Sweet
> Home.

(Continued on page 68)

PHOTOS FROM INTERNATIONAL

Even while a bridgehead was being hacked out on the east bank, we were pushing troops and supplies across the bridge at Remagen.

THE BRIDGE

Our weary men rubbed their eyes, but there it stood — a bridge across the Rhine! It was one of those "breaks" that win battles. How we seized and used it during ten memorable days is a military episode that will live forever in the history books

By Morley Cassidy

Across the Rhine.

IN the west appeared a cloud hardly bigger than a man's hand—

It all began with just about a hundred men. They were probably the tiredest men in the whole world; they had been fighting for 149 hours. From the moment the Ninth Armored Division of the U. S. First Army stormed across the Roer River at 5.45 A. M. on March 1, not a man in "Able" Company of the Twenty-seventh Armored Infantry Battalion had had two hours of unbroken sleep.

They had driven the Germans back thirty-five miles, and every step of those thirty-five miles had been fight and march, fight and march, knock out tanks, pick up wounded, and march again.

But now it was Wednesday, March 7, and they had taken Remagen—taken it by storm—and now were mopping up the little railroad town on the Rhine's west bank. A few more BAR bursts, a few more grenades in the cellars, and they could fall on a floor and sleep.

Then Second Lieutenant Karl Timmerman, at the end of the crooked village street, got his first good look at the Ludendorff bridge. There it stood—a bridge, a bridge across the Rhine! The lanky lad from Westpoint, Nebraska, just blinked at it at first through weary dust-rimmed eyes, and then, he recalled afterward, he began telling himself over and over, as if he didn't quite believe it, "It's O. K. It's solid. We could go across."

That was the beginning of a battle unique in this war—the battle of the Remagen bridgehead. It was a battle that raged for ten flaming days and nights, with the German High Command frantically smashing at that one tiny pinprick with dive bombers, Panzer divisions, infantry, and railroad guns. In six days alone the Germans sent over 104 dive bombers.

No other battle will ever be quite like it. There have been other crossings of the Rhine since, of course, but they were made according to plans that had been shaped and studied and revised for months. This was different. This battle had to be played by ear. Until Caesar, no invader had ever succeeded in leading troops across the Rhine, and Napoleon had been the last to do it. But Lieutenant Timmerman wasn't thinking of history or generals when he looked across the Rhine. He was thinking as a company commander has to think: If we could get across the bridge, spread out around the hill, and get to the top—

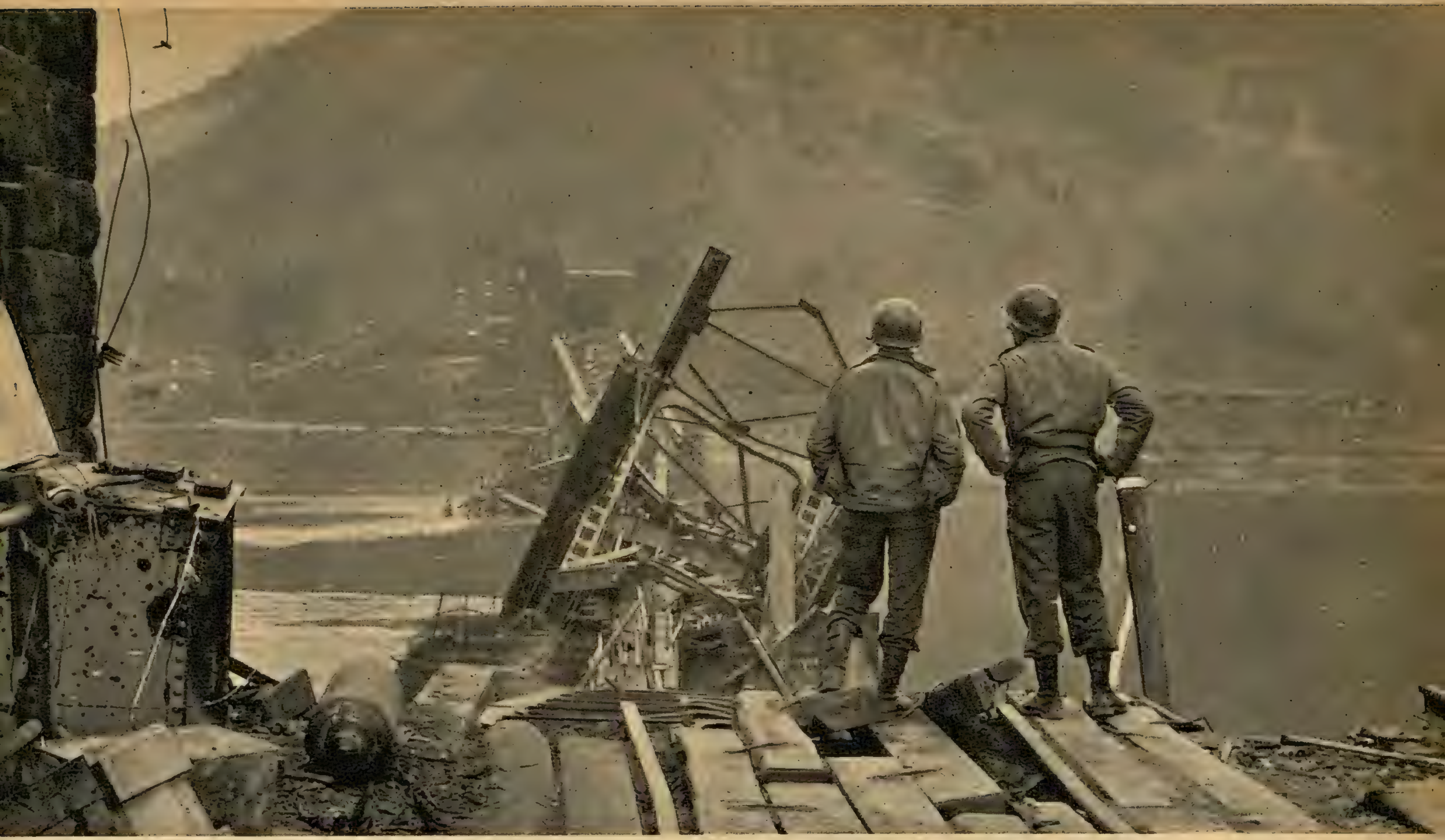
From company to battalion, to the command post of Brigadier General William M. Hoge's Combat Command B, and from him to the headquarters of Major General John W. Leonard, commanding the Ninth Armored Division, flashed the news that Company A had a bridge intact across the Rhine waiting to be taken. But no one had orders. Orders had directed the Ninth Armored to go to the Rhine—not across. A crossing here might commit the Army to staggering tasks.

While generals weighed the chances, a new call came from Lieutenant Timmerman's shell-battered command post in a Remagen cellar. One of his patrols had captured a prisoner of war who revealed that the Germans had orders to blow the bridge at four o'clock. It was then three forty—twenty minutes to go. At three forty-one Lieutenant Timmerman got his orders: Go ahead.

Ten minutes later Timmerman and his 100-odd red-eyed, hollow-cheeked fighting men were on the approach to the three-span bridge. The battle order was simple: the first platoon to lead, then the third, and then—the second.

The air rocked with an explosion and the great bridge shook.

"As you were!" shouted Timmerman. The Germans had set off one of the charges. But the smoke cleared and the bridge



Ten days after it was captured the bridge fell—but it had lasted long enough for us to pour our armored might into the inner Reich.

stood. "All right, she's still there," said Timmerman. "Let's go take it."

A moment later thirty-four men were sprinting up the dirt approaches and across the broken steel plates of the bridge flooring, with Joseph Delisio, a Bronx boy, and Sergeant Mark Chinchar from Plymouth, Pennsylvania, in the lead. Germans in the bridge towers cut loose with rifles. Across the river, machine guns and 20-mm. flak guns opened up. Red tracers hit and ricocheted on the bridge framework.

Delisio took the left bridge tower, cleaned it out singlehanded, and brought out a trembling machine gunner and a drunken lieutenant who babbled that he and the other man had been left behind to blow the bridge and had failed. In the other tower, Chinchar and two buddies were clearing out another machine-gun nest.

THREE engineers—First Lieutenant Hugh Mott of Nashville, Tennessee; Sergeant John A. Reynolds of Lincolton, North Carolina; and Sergeant Eugene Dorland of Chicago—were racing down the bridge with the riflemen, yanking out every wire they found. One wire led to a half ton of unexploded TNT. Mott yanked it out and followed it to a master switch, and smashed that with his rifle butt. The rest of the platoon sprinted on across. Some stopped to clean out infantry in the bridge towers at the farther end, and by that time Sergeant Alexander Drabik, thirty-four-year-old leader of the third platoon, had reached the farther end and leaped onto the soil of the inner Reich.

Drabik had ten men. They raced down a road to the left for 200 yards, leaped into bomb craters to form a line of skirmish and wait for the German counterattack. Then more men came and went to the right.

That was our first bridgehead—and what a bridgehead! The double-tracked railroad bridge aimed straight at the heart of a sugar-loaf conical hill, its tracks disappearing into a tunnel. Less than 100 feet from the bridge's end, to the right, a hairpin road fell steeply to the only road in the vicinity following the banks of the Rhine. On that single road our bridgehead had to be built.

Shells were already pounding the tiny bridgehead, but in the first few minutes Drabik's ten men grew to thirty, then to the whole strength of a company. Now it was time to expand.

Flak Hill had to be taken first, and the battle-weary men of the second platoon began the laborious climb. One jeep had crossed the bridge by now, threading its way cautiously in the midst of shellfire, past holes left in the steel plates by bombs and shells. In it were medics—Sergeant Rolin Epperson of Wahoo, Nebraska; Private First Class Alvin Unruh of Fort Cobb; and Private James Ducy of New England. Epperson joined the men of the second platoon in the ascent of Flak Hill. Unruh and Ducy had plenty to do below. Thirty-two men started up Flak Hill. Machine guns raked them and men fell from the sheer cliffs. Germans above rolled rocks on the others. Epperson, carrying a wounded boy, was knocked from a ledge and fell twenty feet, but got up and carried on.

At the end of an hour A Company was ordered to fall back to the west bank to reorganize; that is, all but the second platoon. The men on Flak Hill couldn't retreat. For three hours they held the bridgehead alone. At the end, seven men were still alive and shooting. They were Staff Sergeant Helmer Larson, Odin, Minnesota; Private George Kirk, Pottstown, Pennsylvania; Private First Class Forrest Miner, Sycamore, Kansas; Private Ralph Munch, Sioux City, Iowa; Sergeant Cecil Jarvis, Ransom, Kansas; Technician Fifth Grade John Azukas, Sheboygan, Wisconsin; and Technician Fifth Grade Gaccarino Mercadonte, Brooklyn.

There was an eighth man, unarmed, on the bridgehead—the medic, Sergeant Epperson. All the rest of the second platoon were dead or wounded. But then A Company reorganized and came back. Behind it came C Company, then B Company—the whole of the Twenty-seventh Armored Infantry. They began spreading—some south toward Kasbach, others to seize and clear the village of Erpal, a stone's throw north of the bridge, others up the rocky cliffs of Flak Hill.

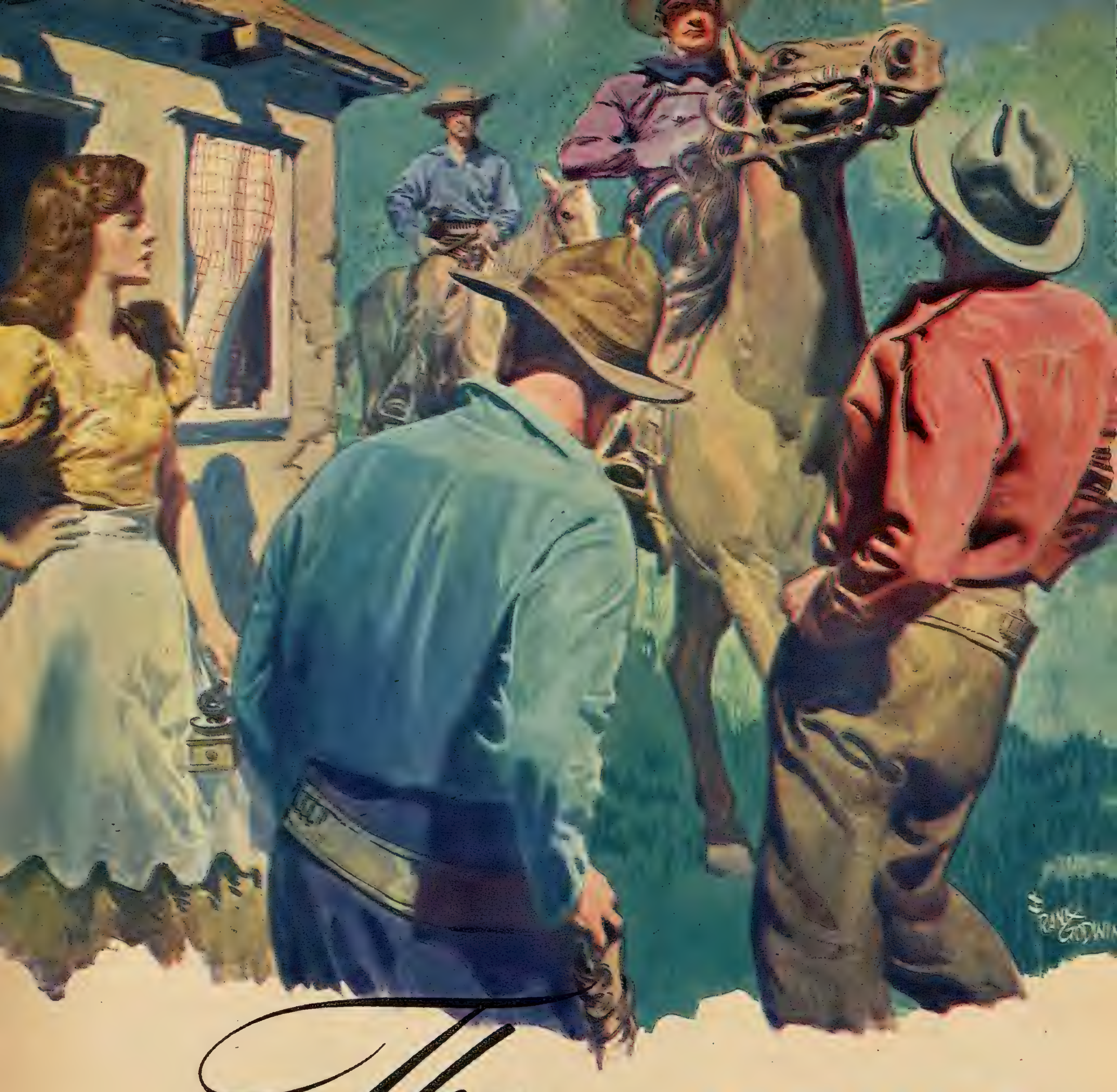
WE were in earnest now. With darkness, the tanks began rolling across the 1,200-foot bridge, following lanes of white tapes, weaving back and forth to avoid shell holes in the flooring. Inside the tapes two companies of engineers were working in pitch darkness to rivet braces in weakened trusses and lay plates over gaps in the flooring. After the tanks came the tank destroyers, inching their way through darkness, then spurting ahead briefly as shellfire lighted the way.

Then one of the thirty-two-ton monsters fell halfway through a shell hole. It was too heavy to pull out, too big to push through the hole into the Rhine. For two priceless hours traffic came to a stop, until a tank was brought up. It yanked the TD out and traffic began flowing east again. At midnight came another armored infantry battalion, the Fifty-second.

Everybody was scared, and admitted it. When I reached the bridgehead next day I was greeted with the same question asked of every newcomer: "Can you swim, or did you bring an outboard motor?"

General Hoge's headquarters was a wine cellar in a far-from-shellproof home. No one had thought of tapping the wine. Sitting before a candle-lit map set on an old sewing table, the tall hard-jawed general grimly studied the goose eggs marking positions he hoped some unit could take

(Continued on page 74)



She stood blocking the door with one hand on her hip. "These men," she told Cole, "think that they're going to set fire to our cabin."

The Seventh Desert

WHEN they had put the fifth desert behind them, Cole Allan began to imagine he could smell California in the wind coming out of the west. Old-timers called the southern route to California the Trail of the Seven Deserts. Some turned back at the first desert, in Texas; some struggled on to succumb to the hot sands of New Mexico. And some reached California, but they were not many.

Cole Allan was traveling what you might call heavy. He had four hundred Texas steers, an aged cowpuncher, a spring wagon, and a new bride. Between the bride and the wagon it was a toss-up as to which had lost more of its look of shining new-

"I could live here forever," Elly said. "The trees, the water, the mountains!" But Cole's mind was set on California. Being a Texan, he changed it only when another man ordered him to get out

BY FRANK BONHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

ness on that last scrape across New Mexico.

Partly on Elly's account, Cole had swung northwest across the mountains, instead of southwest, and around them; and partly for himself, because no man hated heat and thirst much worse than Cole Allan, and there was nothing between Lordsburg and Tucson but sand and heat and whirlwinds.

Tonight they bedded the cattle on a little stream that ran through a pocket of rocky hills.

After the plains, this Arizona high-rolls country was cool and pleasant. The sunset was a glory of gold and purple. Elly stood a long time looking at it; Cole could see the tranquillity of the scene reflected in her face. It relieved him; he had worried about her lately. Only eighteen she was, still a girl in so many ways, and yet with a woman's quiet strength in her.

Elly said softly, "I could live here forever, Cole. The trees, and the water—the mountains . . ."

Cole's arm was about her waist. "It's nice," he admitted. "Of course it ain't California, but it looks good after the desert. You wait till we hit the coast!"

Elly had heard it all before, but he knew she was not listening to him now. Her eyes were dreaming. "Right in those trees I'd want the cabin."

Cole glanced at her. She had never talked of quitting; he hoped she was not going to do it now.

"I'd better drive the cattle out of the creek before they founder," he told her.

Elly said hesitantly, "Cole," and he turned back.

"Cole dear, I think we're going to have to stop before we reach California. You see, we—we're going to have a family."

It hit Cole Allan between the eyes.

"I've known for quite a while," Elly told him. "I hated to tell you. I know how set you are on getting to California."

A mixture of gladness and disappointment filled Cole Allan. He said slowly, thinking his way, "Why, that's fine, Elly. Maybe it ain't like I'd have planned it, but we'll do the only thing we can. We'll throw up something temporary. In a year you and the baby will be fit to travel." He scanned her critically. "First thing," he said efficiently, "is to get you built up. I'll start weanin' Sudy's calf tomorrow. You'll need lots of milk."

Elly's eyes filled. "You're so kind, Cole," she said, "so understanding."

"No such thing," Cole declared. "You set yonder by the creek now, while I get the dishes washed up."

COLE cut wild hay to blend with the adobe mud he and Shorty mixed for bricks. They built a one-room cabin with an adjoining lean-to. They laid out a stone corral. Looking the place over, Cole thought it wasn't so bad.

He tried to picture what it would be like around Los Angeles now. Cool, he bet; a refreshing shower every day that kept the grass green at all times. That was how the railroad pamphlets put it. Thousands of other folks were heading for California this summer of 1870. Cole didn't know how much land would be left after a year lost on the trail, but this California was a pretty big place.

One day, two weeks after they finished the cabin, four cowboys came through. They were pushing a bunch of steers down the ridge behind the cabin. Three of them stayed with the cattle, while the fourth jogged down to where Cole was milking.

The stranger stood down beside his horse and looked the layout over with a slow appraising eye. He said to Cole, offering his hand, "Pete Hubbell. Figure to stay on here, friend?"

"Might," Cole said. He reckoned the man's age at about forty-five. He was thick-limbed. He had black hair which curled up under his hatbrim. In a reckless sort of way he was pleasant-looking.

"It's a good country," Hubbell said. "How much of it you claiming?"

COLE thought there was amusement in his eyes. He said, "Why, about all I can cover with my hat—in a day's riding."

Smiling, Hubbell began to tap the palm of his hand with two thick fingers. "There's just two things wrong with your plans," he told Cole. "In the first place, the Apaches like this stretch too. They ain't always nice-mannered people. In the second place," he concluded, "this here range happens to belong to me—about sixty thousand acres of it."

Cole did not blink. "I thought it was government range," he said. "Appears to me there's enough room out here for all the cattlemen in Texas."

"It's the water, friend," said Hubbell. His eyes could grow unfriendly without seeming to affect the rest of his features. "I've filed on Peach Creek, do you see? You're welcome to stop here four-five days and rest your stock; but I don't allow no squatters."

Cole said, "My missus is expecting, Hubbell. I'm not taking her over the mountains until she and the baby are fit to travel. But I'll gladly pay you range lease. I don't see that you're running many cows hereabouts. Haven't passed ten head in a week."

Pete Hubbell said, "I'm mighty careful about overstocking." He turned the stirrup to his toe and mounted. He moistened a forefinger to register the direction of the wind. "Southwest," he said. "Means the desert is a-frying. Means the Apaches may visit you. But they won't misput you any, because you'll have moved on by then. I'll be back from Tucson in a few days; it'll be best if you ain't around."

Elly heard it all from the window of the cabin. When Cole turned, she was standing in the doorway.

"It was my fault, Cole," she said. "I shouldn't have made you stop. We'll go on a ways. I'll be all right."

Cole held her by the shoulders. "We'll stay right here," he declared. "Hubbell was just testing his wind. Two Texans are equal to a parcel of Arizonians any day of the week." He said, "You get back inside and rest. You look peaked."

Pete Hubbell did not reappear that week, nor the week thereafter. Cole Allan spaced his cattle around so that the graze would not be cut back in any one section. He meant to play square with Hubbell so that he would have no possible grievance.

He saw the cattle begin to put on tallow. Elly seemed pathetically eager to make him like the country. She picked berries and made jellies for him; she planted things around the cabin to give it a look of permanence.

Cole and Shorty were range-branding some late calves the day the man called California appeared.

He was a leathery little cowpuncher in his forties, riding a white-stockinged bay, with a pack animal in tow. He watched the Texans wrestle a big coming-yearling.

AT the moment Cole Allan was too engrossed in trying to flank the brute to pay much attention to the visitor. Suddenly the animal began to hump. Cole was deposited on his hunkers, while old Shorty, who was always more or less crippled up with rheumatism, swore ineffectively and threw a rock at the departing rump.

The stranger slipped his catch rope from the saddle, shook out a loop, and spilled the calf without running ten feet. This time Cole was sitting on the animal before it could rise.

Afterward, Cole said to the stranger, "You've worked cattle before, mister. Like to work them some more? Me and Shorty can't seem to be enough places at once."

The man looked up at the sky, as if the answer might be written in the weather. "I've got a little time," he said. "I'll see if I like it. You can call me California."

Cole's smile was as warm as his handshake. "There's nothing I'd rather call you," he said. "Matter of fact, I'm a-heading for the coast myself. But we're taking time out to have a family."

California shrugged. "Hope you like it," he said. "Some do." It wasn't quite clear to Cole whether he meant California or having a family.

As they rode in that night, Cole's conscience began to scrape. "Something I ought to tell you," he said. "I'm what you might call poaching here. The land belongs to a man named Hubbell. Until this baby is born I don't aim to travel. There may be bad blood between us."

California gave a short hard laugh. "Pete Hubbell owns all of Arizona, to hear him tell it. If you weren't new here, you'd know about him. He steals cattle in the States and sells 'em in Mexico. Then he brings back a herd of wet cattle to sell here. Thing of it is, he don't want anybody on his favorite holding grounds to check up on him."

Cole Allan nodded. "I figured it might be like that," he remarked. "He mentioned Indians, too. What about them?"

"That's another story," said California. "Some tribes will bother you. Some won't. Mostly they keep to the reservations. Just assume that they're all after your scalp and you'll get along best."

In his close-mouthed cynical way, California soon made himself indispensable around the ranch. A month after he ar-

(Continued on page 60)

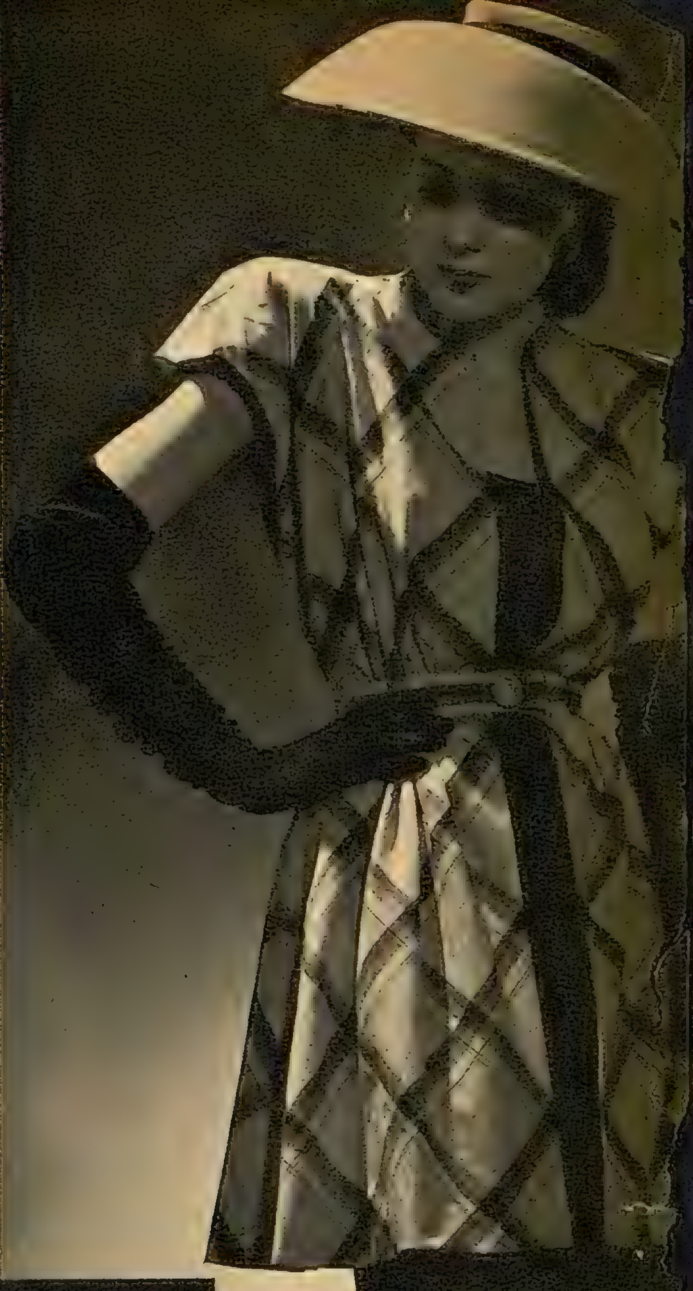
Glamor in Cotton

BY HELEN FAITH KEANE

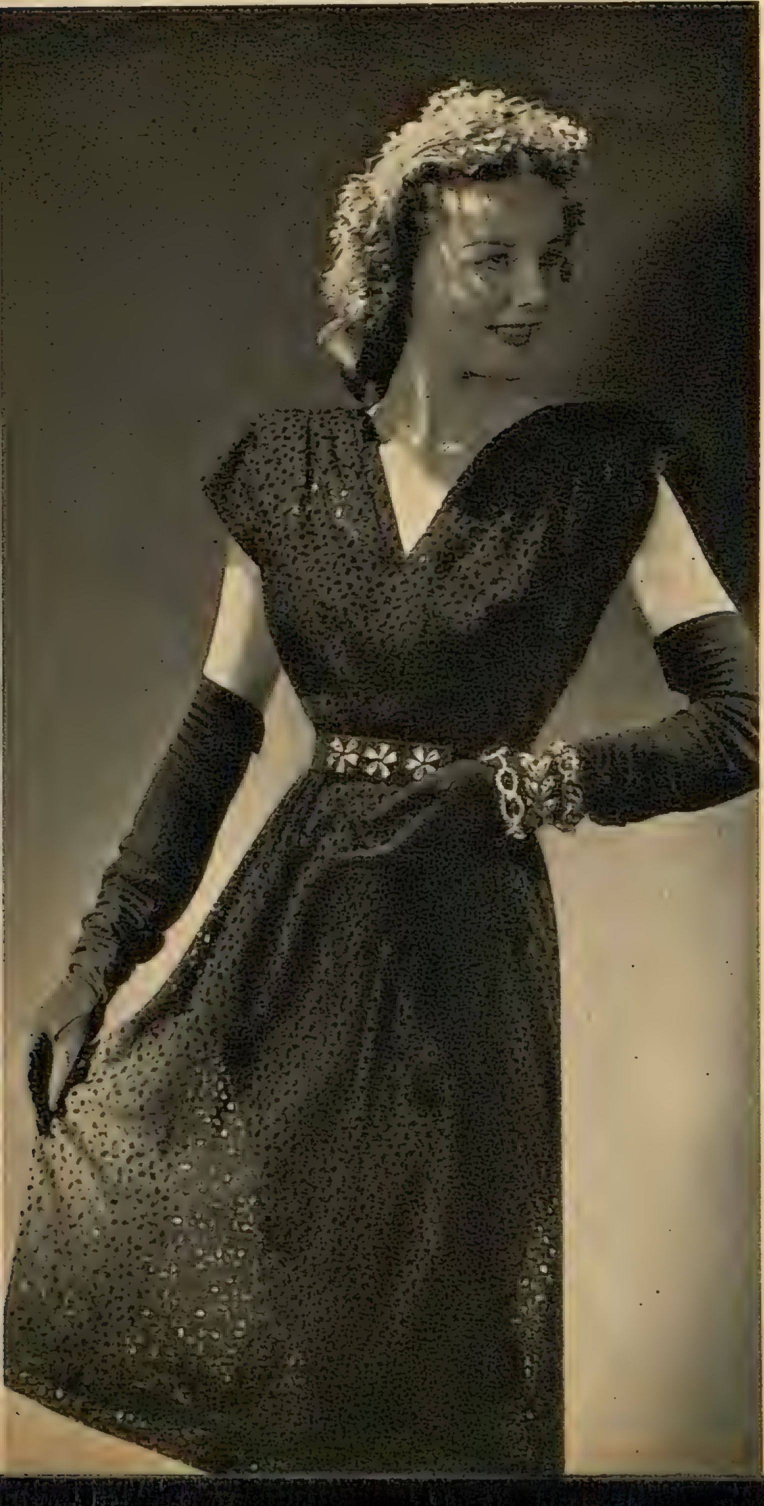
IF YOU want to look glamorous this summer, look what a job cotton can do! Cotton dresses used to be simple, casual, and that's all. But this season most of the great New York designers are using cotton fabrics in their headline styles—and some of the dramatic results are pictured here. These are expensive examples of the leading style trends, but they show you what to expect in popular-priced dresses to keep you cool and smart-looking during the long hot spell ahead.

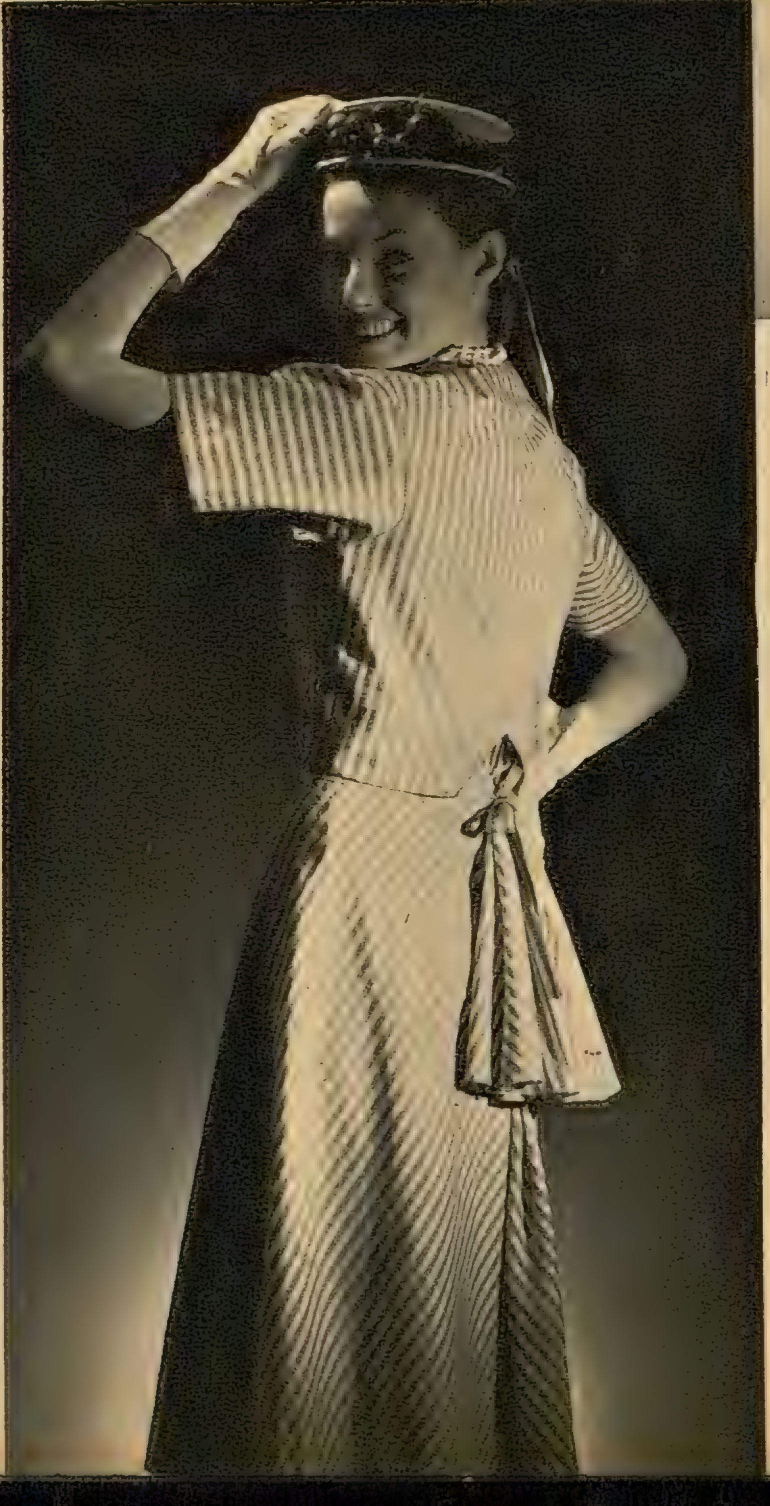
HOPE SKILLMAN'S coconut chambray shows up in two of the season's most spirited styles. The scalloped peplum is designed by Ben Reig; the side drape by Adele Simpson. Both of the straw-and-flower halo hats shown are by Sally Victor.

Fashions from Lord & Taylor
Photos by Edelmann-Murray Studios



THE TUNIC . . . a dramatic fashion borrowed from our new woolen suits. It's made in a vivid plaid, woven in Mexico, and comes with a zephyr-weight full slip. This original style is a Martini creation.





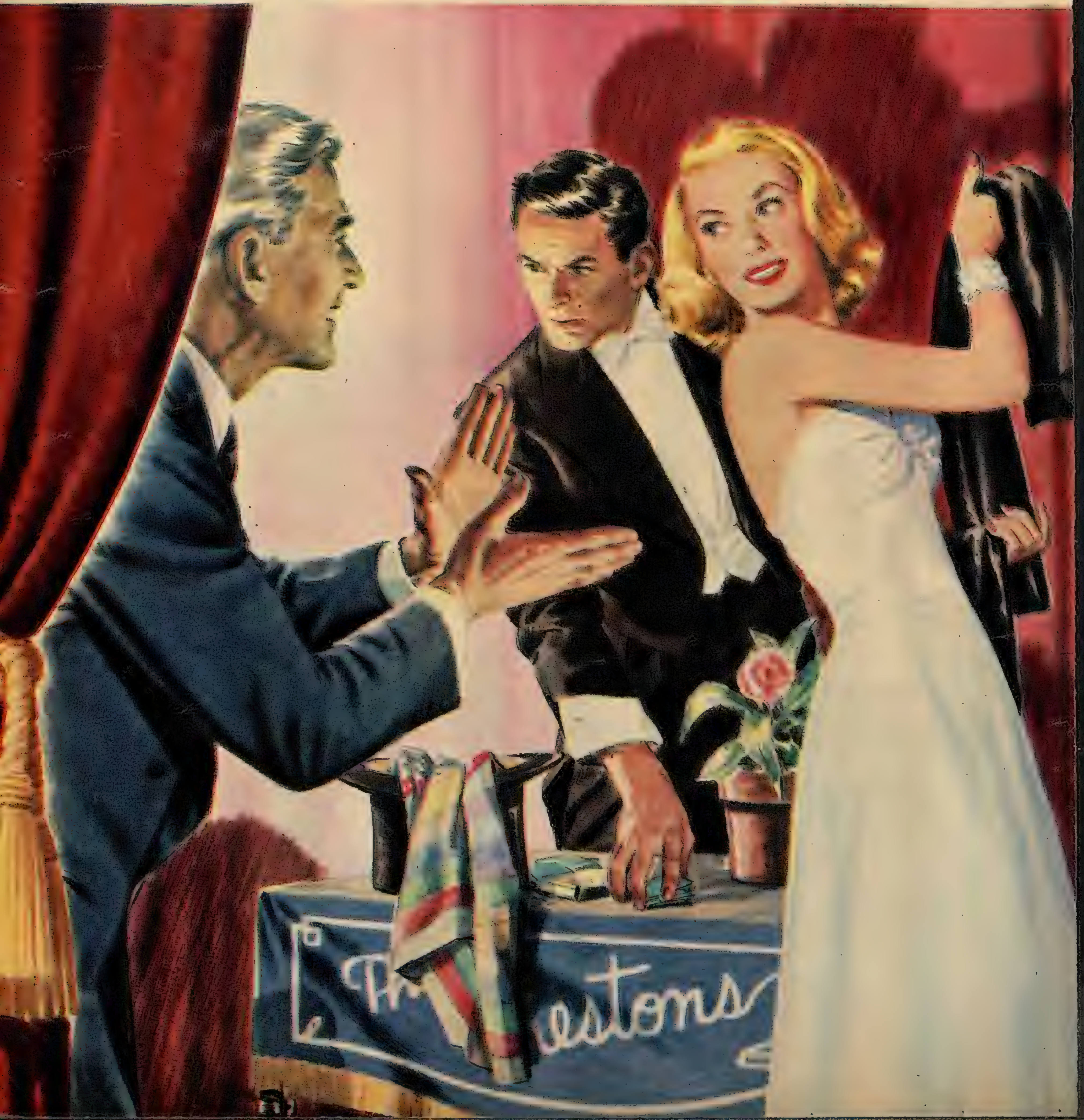
THE BUSTLE . . . on a No Fade striped percale. Joset Walker whipped up this original number. In spite of its drama, it's washable too. The bolero, with square armholes, covers a sunback dress.

BLACK EYELET . . . the most sophisticated of summer colors, is set off by the radiant sparkle of a jeweled belt. Mollie Parnis designed it—and wherever it goes, it's going to knock their eyes out.

4-F they labeled him. O. K.! If he couldn't fight, he'd forget the war. But he found there was more magic than he dreamed in helping men to laugh again when a little boy begged for • • •

A Trick to Make

Wilton came back to them. "You were swell, kids." He laughed. "You really had them believing in miracles."



BY BILL SEVERN

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

My Daddy Well

IT was different, that casual way Howard Preston and Jan Abbott had of doing magic while they pulled their gags, as if they didn't even know the minor miracles with cards and coins and silk handkerchiefs were going off in their hands. Just a fresh-looking pair of youngsters kidding around. And it wasn't all an act, not even then.

Morty Hines, the agent, said when the curtain went down on the try-out, that it was pretty good. The act needed more polish and new comedy material, but he thought that if they wanted to work on it . . .

How they worked! Ten hours a day for a week in that closet of a rehearsal hall in the Strand Building in New York, the summer heat shut in with them. Howard even worked the act in his dreams. Jan was in it then, too, of course.

So it was bound to happen, being together that much. That night in the Automat at Forty-seventh Street was bound to happen.

They went to drop nickels for coffee and pie and to talk about the act, but the talk sort of died after awhile and they just sat there and let love strike them full in the heart.

The coffee was too hot to drink. The steam from it curled around her face and then cleared away and he saw her as if she had just stepped from a cloud. He looked up and she smiled. And then they both laughed. He reached across the table and put his hand over hers and Jan's fingers tightened. She held on like she was afraid he might disappear.

They didn't say anything. There was nothing to say that hadn't been said for him by the way Jan told him with her eyes: Yes, Howie. It's got me, too.

Dimly he was conscious of the way the earth-bound people around them were smiling; good smiles. Because people were staring, and because a girl has to observe the conventions and be modest and not stand up on a chair and shout, "I love you!" Jan said, "We ought to decide on a name for the act. Something special that—"

"How about just—The Prestons?"

She got the idea. Maybe she even whispered "Darling." They didn't finish the coffee.

They went out and floated down the street, and, after awhile, Howard took her into his arms and kissed her.

The name went on the billing when Hines booked the act into the Club Algiers. But they didn't get married right away.

Each day brought some little discovery that deepened their knowledge of what they meant to each other. But it brought its moody interruptions for Howard, too. And he sensed the way Jan felt the loss of him for those silent minutes that would strike suddenly into their laughter. The war was in the headlines and on the radio and in the uniforms—uniforms everywhere. It crowded in on Howard, crowded between him and Jan.

And his refusal to admit there was a war grew between them, nourished by what Jan gradually learned not to say, suckled in secrecy where no secret belonged. It grew to a leprous monster they had to climb hills of conversation to avoid.

So Howard had to tell Jan. He had to tell her how his brother, Terry, had been knifed dead by a Jap when the Seventy-seventh fought in the Ormoc corridor on Leyte.

They were sitting at the same table, their usual table now, in the Automat. Howard told her about his leg, how sometimes it throbbed in pain even now, eight years since he had crushed it doing the strait-jacket escape act in the side show at Coney Island.

"It never bothered me too much, though," he said. "I never thought about the leg much until after they got Terry. He was just a kid. I was supposed to be the man of the family ever since pa died."

"You must have loved him a lot, Howie."

"Yeah. A lot." He shut his eyes but he kept the words going. "Until they got Terry, I thought I was lucky to be out of the war. But then I had to get in and get those Japs, for him—and for me." Howard's smile was tight as he shook his head. "I tried everything, even an operation. It was always the same. Four-F. So that's how it is. Terry's out of it because they got him. And me—they don't want me in it."

"But there are other things you could do. You could—"

"Yeah. I know. Entertain the troops. Fight the lousy Japs with a red silk handkerchief and a pack of cards. No. There is no damn war—for me."

"Don't, darling." It was a whisper. She covered both his hands with hers. "It will be easier now," she said softly—"now that I know." She smiled and tried to make it into a joke. "When you said you'd been keeping something from me, you know what, Howie? I thought you were going to tell me about another girl."

Howard made a laugh, too. "Another girl?" He teased her about it. And outside, holding hands, swinging their hands between them like a couple of kids, he kissed her, kissed her hard. "Still think there's another girl?"

JAN'S laugh was a bit too loud, too quick. She took his lips. "I wouldn't care. You're all mine now—all mine."

But having her know didn't help. It was still there. It was even worse, because Jan tried so hard; she tried to see it his way—that for him there was no war. But her feeling was because of him. They didn't share it.

They talked again about making The Prestons more than the name of their act. They talked all around the plans they made, elaborate, detailed plans of the apartment they would have when they were married. A blueprint for Some Day.

And then the mailman brought the words of a prayer Howard hadn't dared to pray.

The clerk at the hotel pulled the brown card from the box that Tuesday morning and handed it to Howard, and Howard just stood there, looking down at it. Stunned.

He read it twice, the formal words: An order to report at the induction center for a re-examination.

He dared to hope and he dared to pray.

He ran to the elevator and raced along the green-carpeted corridor to Jan's room, pounded on the door. "They do want me, Jan! On the radio, it said they were taking a lot of guys turned down before. They need me now—to take Terry's place."

When she held him close and put her arms around him, he cried. His cheek against hers, he cried, unashamed.

HOWARD laughed and kidded the others who had been called, as he stripped off his clothes Saturday morning and waited in line in that sweaty, man-choked room.

The doctors stood and watched and examined, shook their heads over some of the men and let others pass. The line was moving fast, moving Howard along with it.

"You, fellow—step out!"

Howard jumped.

He saw the suspicion in the doctor's eyes, the quick professional appraisal. Numbly he moved forward. The expert hands flexed his leg, felt the bones.

The doctor straightened, wrote a hurried final scrawl on the report sheet. An inspector checking off a faulty piece of equipment on an assembly line. "You're out of it, fellow. Can't use you for anything with a leg like that."

"But—"

The doctor shook his head, waved the line forward. Howard felt his hands clench with physical hatred of the man.

Then the anger went cold, dead. He went through the rest of the motions and fumbled into his clothes.

Howard stood on the outside steps, watching the crowd on Lexington Avenue, all of them going some place as if they had something to do that couldn't wait. He watched Jan cross the avenue from the drugstore where she had waited for him all of the morning and part of the afternoon.

By the time she got to him, Howard had the smile pinned on tight, like when he held up his hands so the audience could see there was nothing up his sleeves. *Empty, see? Perfectly empty.*

But Jan knew. She pressed herself against him and Howard held his arms around her. "They turned you down again."

"Yeah." He dropped his arms and stepped away so he wouldn't break up. He fixed his look on the street sign at the corner. "I should have known, I guess." He even made a tiny shrug. "It's done now. Done for good."

"I'm—sorry."

"Sorry?" He heard his own laugh over the noise of the traffic. "Who's grinning? It's a break. Now we can really go places with the act. We can forget the war, both of us. They don't want me. O. K." He gripped her shoulders, looked down at her, hard. "There is no war, Jan. We've got things to do and fun to have—"

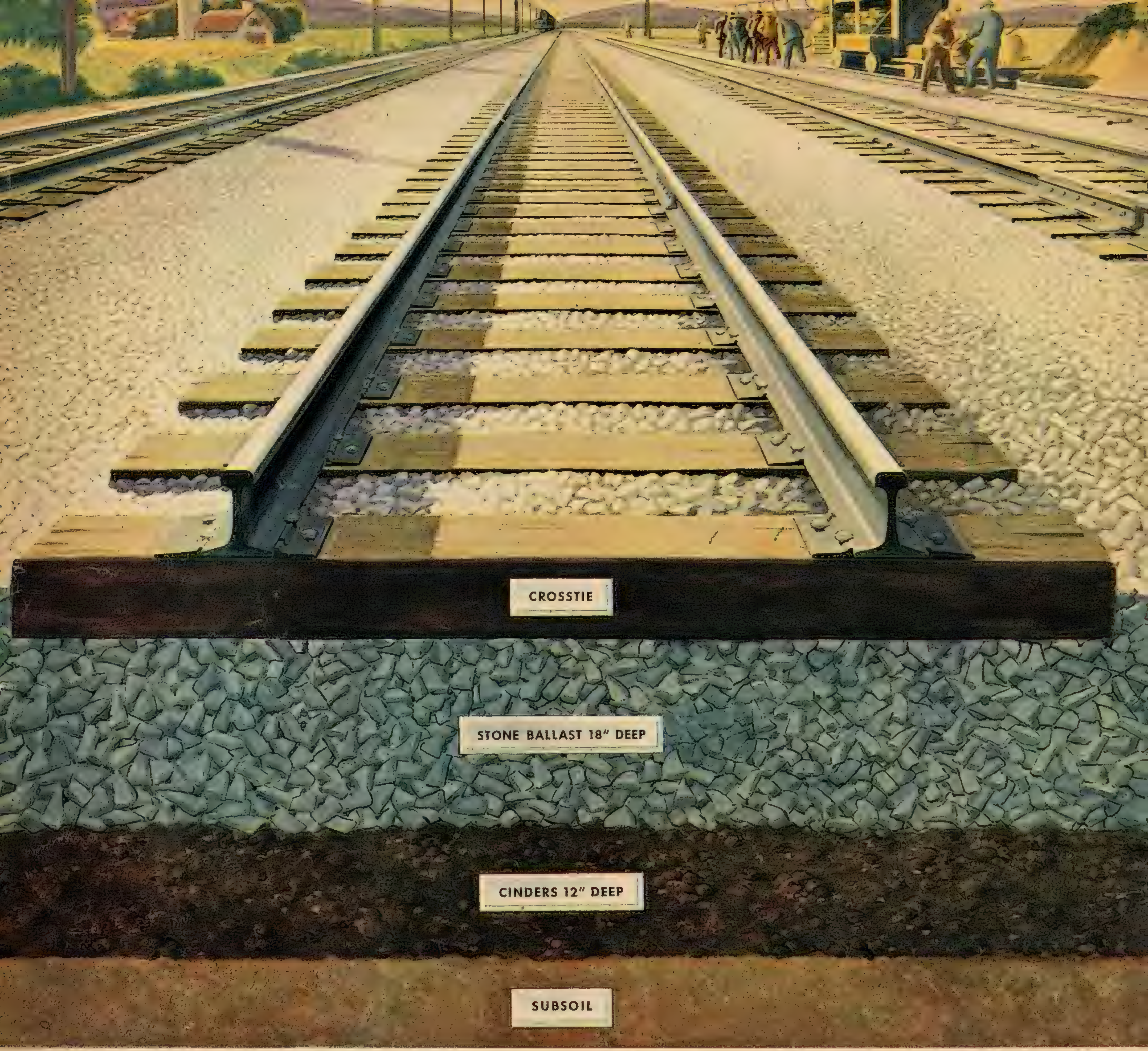
"Please." She started walking. "There are still the other things. Hines was talking to me about a camp-show tour. And there are shows at hospitals. There's so much we could do, Howie."

"Yeah—everything but fight."

Jan's eyes went angry. "There's more than killing. There's helping to bring the men back so they can live again." The look softened, almost to pleading, but the hurt was still in it. "We could try. We could find something that—"

"Cut it, Jan!"

(*Continued on page 56*)



Groundwork

Millions will be needed for "Deferred Maintenance"

TODAY'S mighty war loads are riding on foundations like that pictured . . ."highways" into which the railroads have put more than 4 billion dollars for improvements since the last war. This groundwork is the necessary basis for carrying the greatest load in history.

Wear and tear on roadway, bridges, locomotives, cars and equipment have been terrific. And material and labor for needed maintenance are not obtainable now beyond the minimum necessary for safe, continued operation. As a result, much work that should be done has had to be deferred. So the railroads are wearing out 25 per cent faster than they can be restored.

If permitted, railroads would put aside money from current revenues for postwar replacement of things that are worn out in earning that revenue. But the tax law forbids. If money for needed repairs cannot be spent for those repairs as it is earned, it is considered "profit" and practically taxed away.

Money that should be spent for maintenance isn't profit. Actually it is "repair money" that ordinarily would be spent for that purpose. As such, it is the lifeblood of the railroads. To tax it away, simply because it cannot be spent now because of war conditions, threatens the backbone of American transportation.

Congressional amendment of the tax law to permit this money to be put aside for repairs and replacement would mean strong postwar railroads and thousands of jobs for returning fighting men in furnishing materials and restoring the railroads for the needs of tomorrow.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

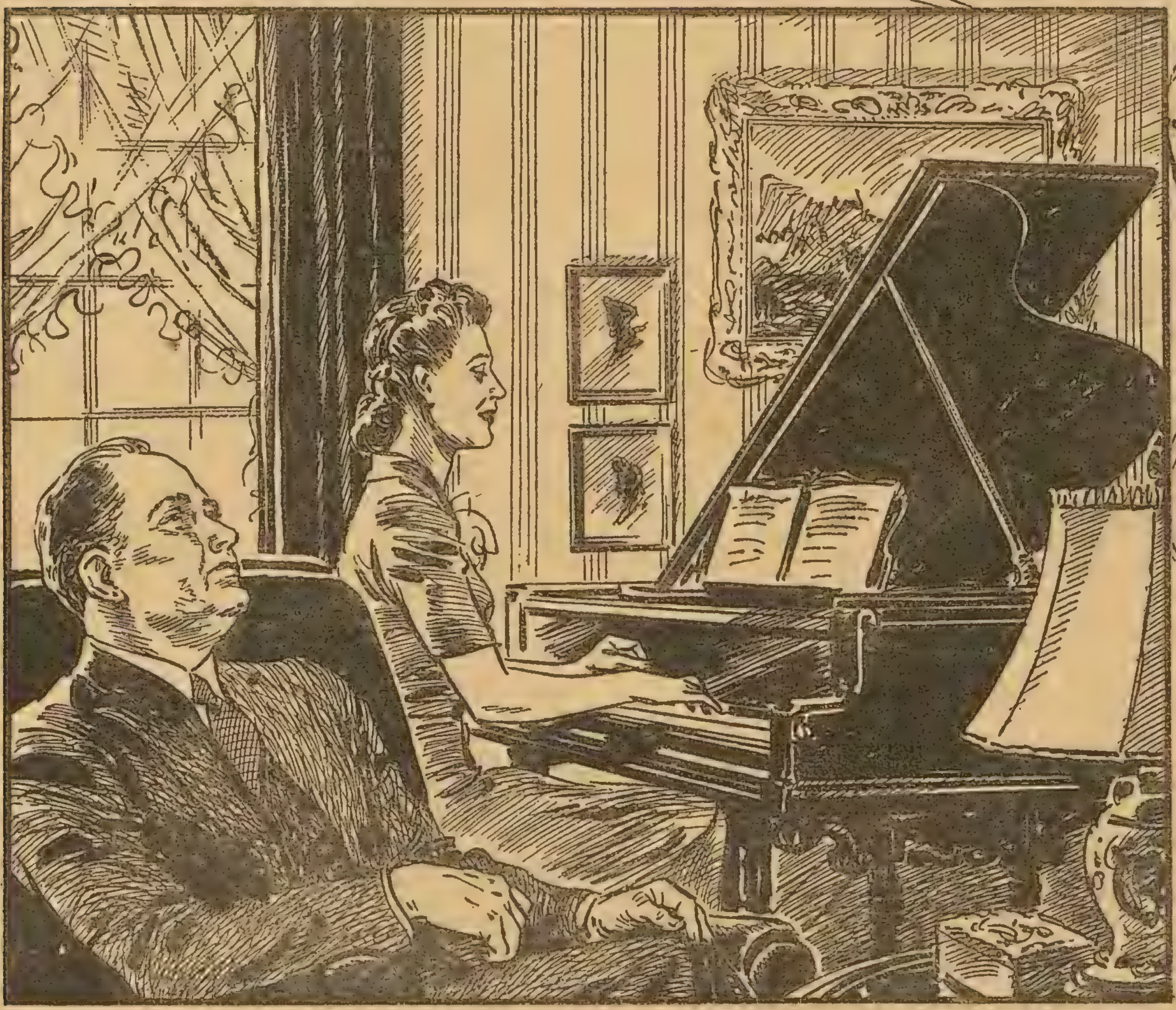
★ *51,779 entered the Armed Forces* · *647 have given their lives for their Country*

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

WEDDING DAY

BY EDWA MOSER

Andrew and Eugenia Fersen were kind, intelligent people—yet they had done cruel and foolish things to each other. As the hour of their daughter's wedding approached, the long-postponed questions of their own muddled marriage made a dramatic demand to be answered. This story of the Fersens' big day is told with refreshing insight and humor.



A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

THE early morning wind had died and immediately the late spring fog began to settle. Already the view of St. Louis was obscured.

Alone in the sewing room, Cubby woke up. He woke up on his knees with his fists doubled under his chin, for he still forgot in his dreams that he had ever been born. In that instant he became aware that the familiarities of his ten months were gone. This was a strange room in which he found himself. A strange bed.

He sat up and looked about him, incredulous and blinking.

Grasping the bedrail, he pulled himself to his feet. By all the laws that bound his universe, his mother and his father should have been sleeping in the big bed next his own. They were not there. There was no big bed. Stunned, he let go one hand and swung one foot, and as he did, the mattress gave and jerked his other hand free. Panic surged over him. He could steady his swaying body only by thrusting one foot forward, then the other, so that he made a step.

He did not know what it was he had done, but he felt sure he had accomplished something. He was about to try it again, when the sunlight, breaking momentarily through the fog, shot a long beam in at the window. Cubby was fascinated. He reached out a plump hand to seize the myriad darting specks and his fingers closed upon nothing whatsoever. This threw him completely off balance, and he clutched at the bedrail to keep from falling, and missed, and bumped his head. Unnerved wholly, he flung himself down on his face and howled. Experience had been his portion. He had made a step alone and desired the unattainable. He was a man.

Footsteps sounded beyond the door. Cubby howled louder. The door opened and a woman came to lean over him. She was not his mother. She had small green eyes and a long thin nose, pink at the tip, and she wore a white

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apron over a maid's uniform. But she was a woman and Cubby knew she would pick him up.

"Well, if this ain't sumpin!" she remarked. "This morning the Philippines surrenders to them slit-eye Japs. This afternoon we got a weddin' on. Is that trouble? Not compared to having you around, it ain't."

Her shoulder was bony, but she had a wide flat chest for him to lie against. Cubby stopped shuddering and forgot to be afraid. He began to smile as she wiped his tears.

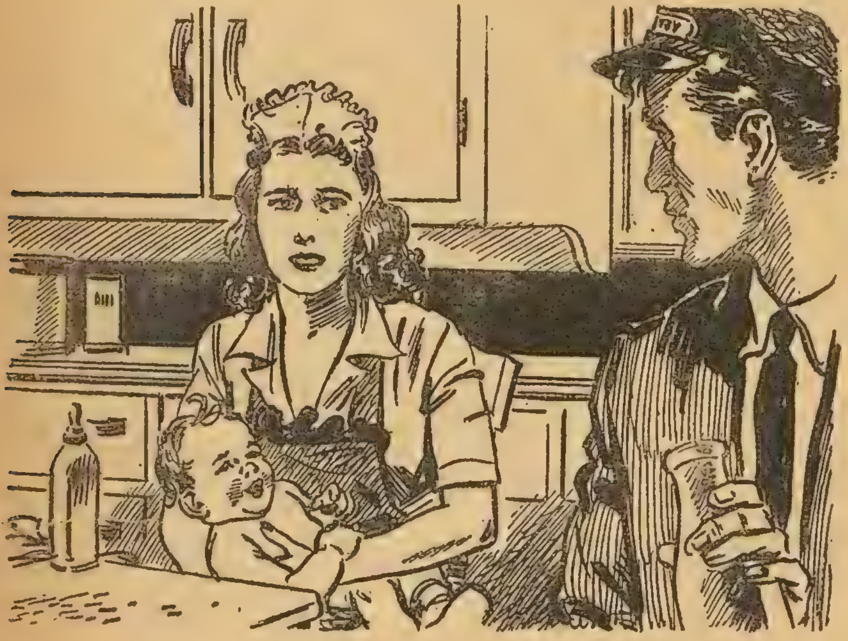
"That's right," she told him, "smile. We'll beat them Japs. And you mustn't go bellerin' down the hall. Everybody is asleep except us."

In the high, tiled kitchen Cubby began to whimper again. The door opened and a lean stooped man walked in.

"That's right!" Anna greeted him. "Come right in. If there's anything I admire in a man, it's manners!"

"Well," he answered, swinging the container in such a swathe that all the bottles clanked, "who've you got there? Sort of a surprise, ain't he? Seems like you might have told a fella."

"Get along," Anna retorted. "He's Miss Phyllis's." Her cheeks were red and she knew that soon her nose would be redder, with Danny looking at her with a baby on her lap. "As if a weddin' ain't enough, here's *this!*"



"I know you got a lot to do today," he said, "but the weddin's at six, ain't it? And when it's over, you can get off, can't you?"

"I donno for sure. Maybe I can."

"Maybe you don't want to," Danny replied.

She was not looking at Danny, but Anna knew when his voice went thin and the little muscles moved up and down along the edge of his jawbone that his feelings were hurt.

"I ain't said it," she answered.

"You don't have to," he said. He was taking a long time to record the order in his book. "I wasn't aimin' to tell you," he said at last, "till we was together in some nice quiet place, but my orders has come, Anna. I got to report to the barracks tomorrow."

Incredulous, Anna could feel her lips moving, though no sound came through them. Immobile, as if his words had turned her into stone, she watched him gather up yesterday's empty bottles and put them in the rack. Watched him march away, closing the door soundlessly behind him. She could stifle her crying only by burying her face against the dimpled shoulder of the baby, by pressing her lips into the nape of his cherub neck.

"Gosh, kid!" Anna told the baby. "I gotta get off tonight!"

Then she gulped and was silent.

Mrs. Fersen was standing in the pantry doorway.

Eugenia Fersen was a beautiful woman. She was beautiful now, in early morning, with her fair braids mussed and her blue satin bathrobe tied carelessly about her narrow waist. Hers was a beauty that began in her bones, that showed in the structure of her profile, in the modeling of her wrists.

Eugenia bent over the baby and lifted him from Anna's lap. He bubbled and laughed as she held him up as if he were something too wonderful to be true.

"Aren't I the lucky woman?" she asked Anna. "Imagine! A grandmother!"

"Yes'm," Anna answered. Her arms felt long and empty without the baby in them. "He's mighty cute," she added.

"He's lovely," Eugenia murmured.

"Miz Fersen—" Anna tried to begin.

Eugenia paid her no attention. She turned toward Anna that flawless classic profile that was as beautiful, as perfectly proportioned as a marble figure's—and as unapproachable. When she moved toward the door and paused, she did not look up from the child in her arms.

"I know we all want this day to pass as quietly, as happily as a wedding day should. Just as if it were your wedding day, or mine. There's really very little still to do—except one thing: this letter from Mr. Jack. Anna, I want you to put it at Mr. Fersen's place at breakfast. And then, Anna, if a cablegram comes—no matter where it's from or who it's for—don't say a word to anyone but me, will you? But tell me right away!"

ALONE in her room, Eugenia plumped the baby on the bed and raised the blind to look up at the sky. Like giant wraiths, the strands of fog stalked between her and the sun. She watched with pleasure. She loved the fogs that blew west off the Mississippi River. They lent familiar scenes an air of mystery, confirmed the suspicion that nothing ever is what it appears to be.

Smiling, Eugenia turned on the radio on the bookshelf by her bed. Faintly, so faintly the baby did not stir, the grave words were pronounced. Distinctly. Unmistakably. Corregidor had surrendered. She turned the radio off quickly and, with the same motion of her hand, caught up a volume of Proust. She took a letter from the book and reread it. Jack's letter, in answer to the one she had sent to his wild-animal camp in Africa asking him to be sure to come home for Mary's wedding.

Jack's scrawl, dated three weeks back, looked just as it had in his schoolboy days. "I meant to come home, Mums, and I'm sorry if my not coming disappoints you. It's really better for Mary that I don't show up, considering how I bawled her out for blaming Max when he disappeared. I still think he had something so big on the ball he couldn't tell even Mary. Still, I guess from what you tell me, this Ellis feller is the steady type who'll be all a husband orter.

"But boy, oh boy! wait till you see these last shots I got! Close in and tricky as the devil to contrive. Nothing private left for the family Rhinocerotidae to put in its memoirs.

"On the way home, when I docked here at Darwin, I heard Bataan had fallen. So I shipped the pictures on to Frisco, girded on the faithful old camera, and offered my services to the Air Corps. And was accepted! You might tell the dad I'm a useful member of society (at last). So here I sit until [censored] when a plane's to take me to Corregidor. Don't worry! You know I always come out on top. Remember the time I was held for ransom in Tibet and the lousy old chief wanted me to marry his daughter? (She was lousy, too. So was I.) Remember the time the snake bit me in Venezuela and a new serum got invented? You know me, Mums. And I promise to cable when I push off. I just wish there was some way I could have fun without worrying you.

"Always,

"JACK.

"P.S.: I hope that censor lets this through as I have written it. And I hope they let me cable when I leave. And don't worry. J."

"Worry," Eugenia repeated.

She wished, since the censor had left in "Corregidor," he had left in the date of Jack's expected departure. She wished now she had told someone when the letter came. It had come last night, by special delivery, when Mary had been with Ellis at a last party, and Andrew, her husband, was out with—whoever it was Andrew was out with. She had meant to produce it this morning when everyone would be in so gay a mood there'd be no occasion to argue over anything Jack did. But in the meantime Phyllis had burst in unannounced with the baby; and now came this news of surrender.

Yet Mary's married life must begin with no shadows. And I haven't heard that Jack actually ever got there in time to be captured, Eugenia thought.

If only he could have fun without always doing the extraordinary, she reflected wistfully. If only he would get over this thirst for adventure. If only he'd settle down.

Soon Andrew would read the note Anna had put at his place at the breakfast table. The note Eugenia had forged, copying Jack's irregular scrawl, explaining suitably why the son of the house was not to be present at his sister's wedding. . . . Mary must not be unhappy that her brother was in danger. Andrew must have no cause to lose his temper, today of all days.

I hope I know how to lie well enough to fool my own husband, Eugenia reassured herself.

She slipped her son's disquieting letter back into The Guermantes Way. It was time to dress. She had made it a habit to dress slowly, for she enjoyed the texture of her clothes, just as she enjoyed the furnishings of her house. She knew when a stranger came into her house that he was not struck by anything remarkable. That, Eugenia felt, was as it should be. The ordered perfection should sink slowly in.

"You lack only one thing, Eugenia," Andrew had said in one of those bitter, desperate talks they had had after he had come back from the war. "You never know when to laugh."

She had not understood what he meant. She had not understood Andrew in anything then. The man who had come back from the war was different from the man who had gone. She did not understand that even today.

Mary was getting married today.

I wonder if Mary does love Ellis, Eugenia pondered. I wonder if I've talked to her enough. . . .

"The secret of a happy marriage, chérie," she could hear her spinster aunts instructing her for her wedding, "lies in always letting the husband speak."

An infallible maxim. She had always been able to count on Andrew to do the speaking. Except once that terrible afternoon when she and Andrew got home after Jeremy's funeral. Andrew had not said a word as he closed the door, but she had pushed him away, opened the door to her dead son's room and gone in. She had known, when she closed the door after her, that she had left Andrew outside in the empty hall. She had known, when she heard his footsteps growing fainter and fainter down the stairs, that he would never open that door and follow her in. Jeremy's room had become her own. Alone.

Noises from without the door told her now that others besides herself were stirring. She could hear water running, doors opened and shut, footsteps along the halls. Eugenia slipped on a rose linen frock that let her look (she hoped) very confident, when Anna entered.

"YOU been up so long," Anna volunteered, "I thought you better have more'n juice and coffee. I brought you some blueberry muffins and an egg."

Glancing up, she saw the girl's eyes were red.

"Anna, have you a bright enough light in your room?"

"Why, yes'm!"

"Reading a book in a bad light?"

"Oh, nome! I never read books."

"Well, watch about it."

Eugenia's voice trailed off.

"I put that letter by Mr. Fersen's place," Anna burst out. "He said to say 'Thank you.'"

Ardently Anna wished Eugenia would sit down and begin to eat. There was nothing like food, Anna knew, to make some people stop noticing when other people's eyes were red.

"He told me to tell you he's staying home from the office today. He says," Anna went on, "he says he's got to clean out his study."

"I can't believe it! Today!" Eugenia moved swiftly toward the door.

"Nome," Anna stopped her. "He told me to tell you pertickler not to come down. He said it was sumpin he wanted to do by himself."

"Well!" Eugenia said. "Imagine!"

Had he taken that slip of paper into his study to compare it with other letters in Jack's handwriting?

She sat down on the edge of the bed beside Cubby, sleeping with his thumb in his mouth. Phyllis' son, who was safe.

Why on earth, Eugenia asked the cheerful silver coffeepot, should Andrew stay home from his newspaper today, when they would be printing extras every few hours? Why must he choose this day to clean out his study? If only he accepted her writing as Jack's, it wouldn't matter what he did, if he just believed her and did the talking for her. How could she smile, even for Mary, if she must admit she did not know where Jack was?

The coffee was strong and hot. She spilled a little when she poured a second cup, for her fingers shook when they were cold, but she drank it gratefully. Mary was going to look charming in the copy of her great-grandmother's wedding gown.

If only Mary had seen Max since she had been engaged to Ellis, just to be sure. . . .

The door opened, so quietly that Eugenia was not aware anyone had come in until Phyllis stood beside her.

"Well!" Eugenia exclaimed. "How nice to see you! Ring for Anna, darling, and we'll have breakfast together."

"No," Phyllis said. "Don't let anyone in."

WITH her nightgown slipping over one shoulder, her short auburn hair on end, Phyllis looked like a little girl who was frightened at playing grown-up.

Maybe I'm not used to seeing her without make-up, Eugenia considered. No, she decided, make-up wouldn't hide those circles under her eyes. That's Victor . . .

"All right, I'll rinse my cup."

From the bathroom, while she washed the cup, Eugenia watched Phyllis fling herself on the bed and crouch above the baby.

"Darling," Eugenia said as she sat down on the opposite side of the bed, "I can't tell you how glad I am you came! I was desolate when you wrote you couldn't. You should be matron of honor!"

"Can't possibly."

"Why not, Phyllis?"

"No clothes, for one thing."

"Get some this morning."

The baby rolled over and opened his mouth in a tremendous pigmy yawn, then sighed luxuriously and went back to sleep.

"You do love them so," Phyllis said. "Damn it all!"

What was she being defiant about now? Eugenia asked herself. Why had she first said she could not come to the wedding and then come without saying she could? Why hadn't Victor come too?

"Yes," Eugenia agreed. "You do love them so."

"You always love them, don't you, mother? I mean, the way you do when they're little. I can't imagine not loving Cubby, no matter what he does."

"Why shouldn't you love him, no matter what he does?"

The girl raised her head, and for a moment mother and daughter looked each other in the eyes without speaking. Phyllis was like her father. She had the same unruly auburn hair, the same dark eyes that seemed to smolder within the frame of their short thick lashes, the same square jaw. But she was also the smallest of the children, and it seemed absurd that so small a jaw as hers could look so stubborn.

Eugenia laid her hand across the girl's fingers that had always been as hard as Andrew's too, and waited.

That was all you could do sometimes. Wait. Sometime Phyllis would tell what was wrong, a cablegram from somewhere would say something about Jack. But if you'd lived fifty-one years, you had learned you must wait.

"You never stop loving them," Eugenia said.

"Funny," Phyllis answered, "being a mother. Everything gets to be different, doesn't it? I mean, everything you do—or don't do—seems so much more important. Because you aren't just you any more. You're somebody's mother! Yet you can't believe anybody ever felt that way about yourself."

"Can't you?"

"No. How old was I when Jeremy died? Eleven?"

"They never seem dead to you, Phyllis. Jeremy's not dead to me. I miss him just as if he were away somewhere."

Like Jack, she thought, but she dared not say it.

"But you love the rest of us, too, don't you, mums? Maybe not the way I love Cubby—"

"Of course I love all of you, Phyllis!"

"Enough to forgive us—forgive me? It's terrible of me, coming home like this when Mary's getting married. . . . At first I thought I couldn't face it, and then I got afraid that you'd suspect."

"Suspect what?"

"I had to ask sometime. I thought maybe it would be easier if I came and asked you now."

The girl got up and stood by the window, with her back to Eugenia. The fog was no longer marching down the sky, but hung steadfast, bulging like a moored balloon.

"Now?" Eugenia queried.

"I've left Victor," Phyllis answered.

"My dear!"

"Left him forever. But that isn't all—"

"You mean—you love someone else?"

"Mother! How can you say that to me? I'm not that sort of woman! Is that what you think of me?"

"I can't think anything until you tell me."

"Mums, I never was married to Victor."

"DARLING!" Eugenia heard her voice as if it came out of the fog, came from a very long way away. "I don't think I could have heard what you said."

"I never was married to Victor!"

Eugenia heard her daughter's words, heard the telephone ring, the doorbell, Anna's footsteps.

"You never were married to Victor," she repeated.

"And now I don't know what to do," Phyllis went on. "It seems so silly for me to marry Victor just so I can divorce him, but if I don't, Cubby—"

She was on her knees, with her head in Eugenia's lap, weeping as Eugenia knew she had wept in those first days after Jeremy died, as she had never allowed herself to weep since; as she must not allow herself now, regardless of what she heard of Jack.

"Wait," she said, conscious that her voice to be controlled must also sound quite cold. "We'll straighten this out. You go in the bathroom and put some water on your eyes. Then you must tell me everything."

She pulled Phyllis to her feet. The girl lay limp against her, as if her backbone had turned to water. To hold her up, she had to hug her. Eugenia hugged her tightly. It came to her with a startling clarity that made her ashamed, that she was relieved that something should be wrong with Phyllis, for as she hugged Phyllis, she could ease the pain she felt for Jack. Phyllis' body was whole and she could take it in her arms.

Phyllis looked more composed when she came back. More composed and more willful.

"Now tell me about yourself," Eugenia said brusquely, while she rubbed her fingers together. "Tell me everything. But first tell me what Victor's done to you."

"Vic hasn't *done* anything, mother! I mean, he hasn't beat me up or run around with other women."

"Then what—"

"It's—just everything's been so different since he stopped teaching."

"Stopped teaching? Left the university?"

"Four months ago."

"With a wife and child!"

"We're why he did it. We talked it over. We always talked everything over. Vic simply couldn't go on teaching history the way it's written. And of course the Board wouldn't let him do it any other way, so he quit and got a job in a factory."

"In a factory!"

"As a laborer. Making asphalt."

"I never heard of such a thing!"

"That's what makes it so hard to explain to you, mother. You've never heard about so many things. You're so beautiful and sheltered and decadent."

"Oh?"

"But I'll make it as easy for you as I can!"

"Thank you, dear."

"Mother," Phyllis insisted with terrible intensity, "have you ever read Shridharani's War Without Violence?"

"No."

"Mother, have you ever tried to grasp the full significance of *Satyagraha?*"

"Of what? I never heard of such a thing! I—"

For a moment neither of them said anything.

"But if you agree with Victor in all of *this,*" Eugenia finally demanded, "why have you left him?"

"Because he's away so much. And when he's home he doesn't seem at all like the same man."

"Darling," Eugenia said. She did not want to be cruel, but she knew that as it took two to make a marriage, it usually took two to break one. "If Victor were ill, would you go to him?"

"He couldn't be," Phyllis answered. "We've been—together—two years and he hasn't even sneezed."

"If he were hurt?"

"If he were hurt enough," Phyllis replied reluctantly, "I'd go, I guess."

"Then you'd better wait a bit before you try to decide what to do. I think you'll be sorry if you leave him now."

"How can you know?"

"I don't know how I know," Eugenia responded carefully, "but I have found out, in the course of my 'sheltered' existence, that no one remains the same. A man and a woman may go separate ways for years, and they can come together again if they remember love's less important than loyalty."

"But loyalty's such a cold, calculated—"

"That's why it lasts. Phyllis, I don't know Victor very well, and I don't like what I know of him, but if you're any kind of woman, you owe some loyalty to the father of your child. Why did you ever tell me you were married if you weren't?"

"If I told you, what would you have done?"

"Insisted you be married, of course!"

"That's why I didn't. I knew you'd be like that."

"Oh, you knew I'd be like that?"

"Mother, please don't use that awful tone of voice! It's so—polite—"

"We were taught to be, among other things, polite in my day, Phyllis."

"But it makes it harder to explain! Mother, look at me. I didn't mean to be what's called wicked. Victor and I were awfully in love and we talked about it and talked about it, and somehow it never seemed right."

"Politeness?"

"No, mother! Marriage!"

"Marriage didn't seem right?"

"What is it anyway but a stupid little ceremony that gives you the right to do awful things to each other. Ruin each other's lives. Like you and dad."

"Your father," Eugenia forced herself to speak slowly, "scarcely looks, or acts, like a ruined man, my dear. Let's try not to let ourselves go too far. We're not likely to forget this talk, you know."

"I know, mother," Phyllis answered with a quick rush of words hardly louder than a whisper. "I know dad doesn't look it. But think about him objectively. Dad came back from the last war a hero, didn't he? Does he ever do anything on a heroic scale at home, except lose his temper?"

"Do you think that's my fault?" Eugenia asked.

NOW that she had asked, she was suddenly aware that this was a question she'd been wanting to ask of someone for years and years.

"Well, you aren't exactly companionable to dad, are you, mums?"

Eugenia was speechless.

"Are you?" Phyllis persisted. "I've never heard you talk to him about any of the things that interest him."

"Have you ever heard him mention them to me?"

"No, never! Nor to any of us! All we know about dad, really, is that he writes in the paper. But the whole city reflects his fight for decency and law and justice. Dad's wonderful, but I don't believe, half the time, you even read his editorials."

"Yes, I do!" Eugenia countered quickly. "Half the time."

"Well, you ought to read them all the time! You ought to suggest—"

"Wait a minute, Phyllis," Eugenia interrupted. "Your father never needs any suggestions from anyone. And let me tell you something else, my little girl. A man doesn't come home from work to go on working. He comes home to rest. There's a mirror over the piano, you know. I can see in it when your father's rested. I can watch fatigue drop from him like an old coat when I play Bach."

"But dad says he hates Bach!"

"Phyllis, your father doesn't know Brahms from Chopin but I know Bach rests him."

"Maybe," Phyllis admitted. "But is that all a wife's for? To rest a man? Suppose he wanted to talk to someone. You don't know a child-labor law from a housing bill."

"No, dear," Eugenia agreed. "But I thought we were discussing your not being married; not my being."

"I'm coming to that. I'm just trying to explain the way things always looked to me: you and dad never having anything in common. It seems to me like this: Dad came home from the war a hero and—well—you just weren't up to him."

"Oh?"

"And you used to quarrel horribly, mother! It used to wake me up and scare me half to death! I never knew what it was all about. I just know, when you and dad had that room next to mine, you quarreled and quarreled after he got back from the war."

"Phyllis, your father and I haven't had so much as an argument since—since Jeremy died," Eugenia said incredulously, as if the date were one she had long sought to establish in her mind.

"Well," Phyllis mumbled, "I didn't intend to be unjust."

"You thought you'd avoid the ruin of your father's life and mine if you weren't tied up to Victor?"

"That was it. We figured that if anything happened so that one of us outgrew the other, we'd be free to leave. Just as if dad had left you for Miss Perkins and you were living with Stokowski."

"Oh, poor Stokowski!"

What had Andrew said about her not knowing when to laugh? With her fingers over her face, Eugenia was laughing so hard it scarcely mattered that a few tears trickled through.

"Darling," she said, "you're no older than Cubby!"

"Please, mother! It isn't funny! It's serious. We're serious. Jack and Mary and me. We can't help it if we weren't as wonderful as Jeremy was, but our lives are ours now, even if, some day, we'll all be dead, too."

"Hush!" Eugenia told her sternly. "Don't say stupid things! Stop talking nonsense and tell me what you thought you'd do when you left Victor."

"That," Phyllis said with a helpless little gesture that made her nightgown slip over her shoulder again, "is what I came to ask you."

For a moment Eugenia could not think of anything to say that she would not regret.

"Very well," she said at last. "You are to promise me not to say one word of all this to anyone! Remember, this is Mary's wedding day! No matter how you or I may feel —for Mary, it's got to be lovely."

"Oh, gee!" Phyllis sighed. "How'll I ever tell dad the truth?"

"Don't."

"Mother! Do you lie to dad? Mother, don't you love dad at all?"

"Yes, you ridiculous, muddle-headed infant," Eugenia retorted. "I do love my husband!"

She kissed her daughter quickly on the forehead and left the room, Jeremy's room, which had been her citadel, before Phyllis could ask her any more questions.

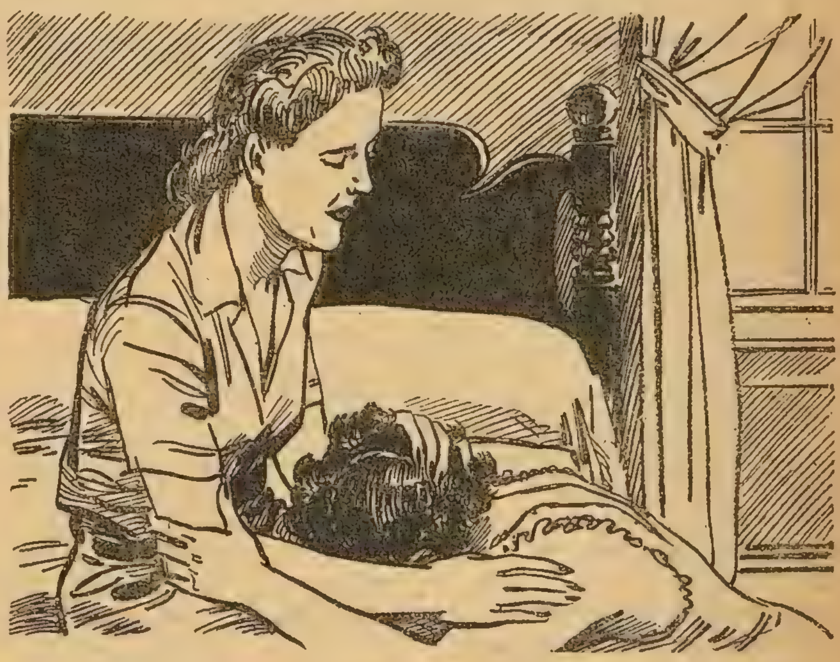
THE semicircular hall welcomed Eugenia with cool impersonality, banister shadowed upon polished floor, doors discreetly closed. She could hear Phyllis' footsteps following her. Quickly and because it was the nearest, Eugenia went into Andrew's room.

The first thing she noticed was that the picture over the mantelpiece was crooked. She walked toward it to straighten it, but she did not straighten it. This was not the painting of the Norman peasant girl that usually hung there. It was the pastel head of a woman by Toulouse-Lautrec that belonged in Andrew's study. Resentment flooded over her. Surely Andrew, making things difficult enough by staying home and messing up the study, was not going to choose today of all days to change pictures?

This was not the first time this particular picture had been moved. As if it were yesterday, Eugenia remembered her wrath when Andrew had first bought the pastel and hung it by her piano, and how she had taken it down and hung it in his study. Eugenia looked into the mocking eyes, looked at the wry twist to the smiling lips that seemed to hold back so much more than they would say, and she wondered again why Andrew should ever have wanted such a picture.

But it wasn't worth quarreling over, she told herself.

Who could ever have imagined that Phyllis knew of their quarrels. Eugenia remembered them with horror. Quarrels about everything. About nothing. It was all Andrew's fault. He wasn't the same man who had gone away to the war. After all her fear, her faith, her waiting, the Andrew who had come home had been a stranger. But not more mature, more sensitive, more understanding. Simply, he was no longer, in any way, companionable.



Tonight, after the wedding, she thought suddenly, Andrew and I shall be alone. Andrew and I. Imagine!

The pastel lady was smiling her cryptic smile.

This was the only woman she had ever hated.

Those women of Andrew's she had been grateful to rather than jealous of. He had simply withdrawn into his own life as politely, as resolutely as Eugenia had withdrawn into Jeremy's room. Intimacy removed, serenity had been restored.

"Loyalty," she repeated, looking around at the room, "is more important than love."

She sat down at the dressing table, took up the comb and brush. There was something, Eugenia knew from experience, very soothing about being a woman and having long hair to brush.

Andrew and I. Alone, she admonished her profile. With the hand glass she could see it as satisfactory, as irreproachable as ever. What on earth will we . . .

She did not hear Anna at the door until the girl had knocked twice.

"Come in!" she called, without moving.

Anna's nose was very red and her face was very pale.

"Well?" Eugenia demanded. "Has Miss Mary had her breakfast?"

No matter what else might go wrong with anyone today —Jack, Phyllis, Andrew, Anna, herself—Eugenia knew there was one person she could depend upon. Indefinitely. Mary.

"It's about Miss Mary," Anna managed. "She's gone!"

"Gone! Gone where?"

Eugenia hurried down the hall and went into Mary's room.

In one corner stood the cream-and-blue leather trunk, packed but still open. Matching suitcases occupied the two armchairs. Everything else was exactly as it always was after Mary had got up to dress.

Mary's engagement pad lay on the desk under the casement window. Eugenia opened it. The only date in the month for which half a dozen things were not written down was this date. There it was, May 6, a blank white square, waiting for someone to take the slim gold pencil from the holder and write—what?

"I can always depend on Mary," Eugenia said. "How do you know she isn't downstairs or in the garden?"

"Because we looked," Anna quavered. "Maybe—"

Eugenia did not wait to let her finish. Halfway down the stairs, she stopped just in time to avoid bumping into the florist, busily instructing his helpers.

"Maybe," Anna ventured, following after, for she felt she must make Eugenia listen, "she ain't coming back."

"Why shouldn't she come back?" Eugenia asked impatiently.

SHE could see the door of Andrew's study opening; could see him come into the hall; could see, in fact, that he did have another picture in his hands.

"Who'll come back?" he asked, his eyes twinkling.

"Our bride. She seems to have vanished for the moment," Eugenia explained. "Good morning, Andrew."

"Good morning, Eugenia. What'd she vanish for?"

"I don't even know that she has. Anna tells me she's not in the house."

"We'll have to get Anna married instead," Andrew chuckled. "I'm bound I'm going to give someone away today!"

"Oh, Mr. Fersen!" Anna choked.

She knew Mr. Fersen had never heard of Danny, had no idea how desperately she longed for a wedding; and here with Danny drafted she was first scolded and then teased. And with that dratted baby to mind, she couldn't get her nerve up to ask to have the evening off. A deep unconquerable sob escaped her. She cupped her hand across her mouth and ran down the hall.

"What do you suppose is the matter?"

"With Anna? Really, Andrew, you know she doesn't improve."

"Anna doesn't need to improve. I mean our monkey."

"She'll be back."

"I don't know what for," Andrew murmured. "Ellis won't drink, doesn't smoke, limps—"

"Andrew, he's a very worthy young man!"

"No wonder she's gone!"

"She does seem to have left the house," Eugenia admitted. "Do you suppose something has happened to her?"

"You'd be sure to hear. If there's one thing you can be sure of in this world, it's getting bad news."

"I hope you're right," Eugenia told him.

"I hope I am," he replied with fervor.

He was still holding the picture, that of a peasant girl with tender, compassionate eyes for the hurt sea gull in her hands.

"I can't help loving those hands," he burst out.

"Andrew," Eugenia urged, "please don't start changing pictures today. We'd given up expecting Phyllis, and then she came and brought the baby. And now Mary's—"

"But a letter came from Jack," he put in quickly.

She could hear the deep intake of his breath.

"Yes," she replied, not looking at him, turning from him, in fact, to let him look at her.

"Wonderful hearing from the boy, isn't it?"

"I'd have showed it to you last night if you'd been home."

"Yes," he said.

She was beginning to fear she might cry if they didn't stop this kind of talking.

"Yes," Andrew repeated as though he had not used that small and noncommittal word a half second ago. "All right, my dear," he added, "I won't change any more pictures. I'll take this one back." Andrew, for some reason, was looking at her closely.

She was glad now that he had changed the pictures, for it gave them something safe and casual to talk about.

Eugenia felt more assured Andrew would give the right answers at the reception if she continued talking to him.

"Have you ever noticed that the girl's eyes are a little crossed?" she went on. "Sometimes you almost like people's imperfections."

"What are people without imperfections?" he replied. "Isn't it our limitations that define us?"

"I suppose it is," she agreed.

She had never thought of that before.

She looked away from him abruptly so that she could not see the angle of his shoulder and neck where she knew how snugly her head had once fitted.

"It's hell," he whispered, "kids growing up, getting married, going off. But we did it, too."

"I know," she whispered back.

She knew he must be unhappy about something, although she felt it beyond her province to know what. She would have liked to put her hand on his forehead and smooth it, but the chill of her fingers was there to prevent her, had there been nothing else.

He's handsomer still, Eugenia thought, than any of them, except Jeremy. . . .

"Andrew," Eugenia said, "do you mind if I ask you something exceedingly silly? Do you think people should have exactly the same tastes to make a successful marriage? Ought a professor, say, to marry a schoolteacher, or—"

"No," he interrupted, "nobody ought to marry a schoolteacher."

"Or a musician a musician?"

"They'd get their hair tangled up!"

"Can't you ever be serious?" she rebuked him.

Miss Perkins—she could hear Phyllis' hard young voice —Miss Perkins would have made father a better wife.

She wished she could remember what it was Miss Perkins did.

"Oh, I've got such a lot to do!" she said. "I must go."

"Don't!" he broke in suddenly, so sharply it was a command. "Don't go away! I don't know what to do with myself at home in the daytime. There was some work I thought I'd do, but it's no use."

"But, Andrew, I've got to see the flowers are right!"

"Women!" he burst out. "I leave a newspaper for a whole day, but you can't leave a kitchen."

"I'll come back," she promised.

Would Miss Perkins have promised more quickly?

"Please do," he asked. "Come back and play to me!"

"Play to you?"

"You know, Eugenia. One of those fugue things."

"But, Andrew," she heard herself objecting, "you don't like Bach."

"No, but I like to watch you while you play him."

"Do you really? I'll come, Andrew."

ANNA did not look up from selecting a nipple for Cubby's bottle when Eugenia came through the pantry on her way to the garden.

I got to get off somehow, she thought wildly.

Suddenly, while Cubby lay warm on her bosom, filling her arms with a burden unaccountably sweet, Anna felt herself blaze with hope.

Suppose there wasn't any wedding!

Suppose Miss Mary remembered, just before it was too late, how much better-looking that aviator used to be than poor lame Mr. Ellis! Suppose she had eloped with the aviator! What other explanation could there be for a bride's disappearing on her wedding day?

Then Anna knew exactly what to do and how to do it.

With Cubby on her shoulder, she hurried into Mary's room. If she could find some bit of evidence that Mary was gone with that aviator, then she would be rendering such a service that Mrs. Fersen would have to turn around and look at her; *then*, when she turned around and acted friendly, Anna would be able to ask, please, could she have the evening out, because Danny . . .

She put the baby on the floor and began her search. She'd been to the movies. Miss Mary was bound to have left some sign somewhere.

Cubby was crawling delightedly over the floor while Anna looked through all the dresser drawers.

Suddenly, under the bed, Cubby began to choke.

She flopped to her knees and pulled him out and snatched a piece of paper from his mouth. It was typewritten in red ink and some of the ink had dissolved and stained his chin. Anna wiped his face off with her apron when her eye fell on the paper. It was a part of a letter:

". . . considering how much we meant to each other, little darling"—the ink had faded, from Cubby's spit, and a piece was missing where his two front teeth had bitten through—". . . like to see you before I take off again. So if I accidentally on purpose reroute my crate via St. Louis, couldn't you meet me? . . ."

Whatever else there had been on the paper, Cubby had swallowed.

"Gee, kid!" Anna gasped.

She kissed Cubby gratefully as she laid him in his crib, and with the irrefutable evidence, Anna ran as fast as her heron legs could take her to the garden.

She stopped running when she saw Eugenia.

There *she* was, Miz Fersen, picking flowers.

Eugenia turned around. "Has it come?"

"Ma'am?"

"Anna! I told you I was expecting a cable!"

"Yes'm. Nome, that ain't come. But this here letter has."

"For whom?"

"For Miss Mary," Anna stammered.

"Then put it on her desk!"

Anna gulped. "It ain't that kind of a letter! It's—it's been read."

"Read by whom?" Eugenia's voice was a needle of ice.

"By me."

"Anna!" Eugenia exclaimed. "How dishonorable!"

"I never found it in a drawer or a book," Anna gulped. "Honest, it was on the floor, under the bed."

EUGENIA took the faded scrap and gave a little gasp as, apparently with no dishonor, she read it through. "Look!" Eugenia had jumped to her feet. "Can you make out that last part?" She ran her finger across the corner Cubby had chewed. "What do you suppose happened to it?"

"I can't imagine," Anna mouthed with subtle innocence.

"That was the part that told her where to meet him!" Eugenia cried.

Anna's heart beat faster.

"There won't be any wedding now, will there?"

"What?" Eugenia ejaculated. "Of course there'll be a wedding. How perfectly ridiculous! Besides," she said, and the chill of her voice seemed to take form and erect itself, a barrier of ice, between them, "there is no date on it. And even if it had just come yesterday, that's no sign she'd meet him. And, what's more," Eugenia went on, while the barrier grew colder and higher with every syllable, "you've no business concerning yourself with any letters. And to keep yourself from getting into any more mischief, go back to the house and stay with Cubby every minute."

"Yes'm," Anna answered.

"And within sound of the telephone!"

Nobody can't be two places at once, Anna rebelled at Eugenia's contradictory orders. She rebelled in silence. And obeyed.

HIS eyes half closed, Andrew lay back so he could watch his wife's face in the mirror, that he might share a little the peace she found in music. He could not share by listening. He always had to see. Pictures, words, these were intelligible. These, and that rapt look on Eugenia's face when she played to him and forgot him, played herself into a state so detached from everything that troubled her or him.

Where was that young fool, Jack?

He must be in danger greater than usual. Probably the war. Andrew felt sure of it and ashamed. But whatever the boy had done, Eugenia knew. Eugenia was hiding the ache of the knowledge so the rest of them might be happy. Andrew felt humble before his wife. He felt he could never make up to her for her kindness in sending him that lying scrap of paper.

I haven't appreciated Eugenia, he chided himself.

How Andrew had hated Eugenia when he got back from the war! He had hated her damned detachment, her ice-cold, unassailable assurance, her what-was-right-had-to-be-right, what-was-wrong-wrong.

Admiring the knot of fair hair that completed the classic line of the nape of her neck, Andrew still wished Eugenia had let him tell her what that war was like. Not the noise, or the blood, or the look on your enemy's face when you got your bayonet into him before he got his into you. But the demoniac humor that grew and grew and grew as the war went on, that devil of self-discernment that let you look at yourself, and laugh.

If I'd known as much then as I do now, Andrew told himself while Eugenia played Bach to him, I'd have let her put me on a pedestal.

But if any woman was as beautiful as his wife, she shouldn't be expected to be anything else. That beauty set a standard that made a man, being mortal, uncomfortable, knowing he could never measure up to its perfection.

Anyway, he thought, shutting his eyes again, when Eugenia plays this fugue thing, she gets Jeremy back.

Your kid. The boy you couldn't help being jealous of while he lived, knowing he had claimed Eugenia as you could never claim her; and more jealous of after he had died, knowing he could never disappoint her as you had disappointed her. And the kid had broken his neck playing football after you'd lived through a war. It wasn't just. It wasn't—well, it made you ashamed of the things you'd done to hurt Eugenia, like buying that Toulouse-Lautrec caricature that was scarcely like her, after all. You wanted to take her again in your arms and tell her that if it were possible, you'd be glad to change places with the kid; but the words wouldn't come. All the way home from the cemetery, they wouldn't come. Then at the house, with the sooty fog closing in when you ran up the stairs ahead of her to shut the boy's door so she couldn't, so soon, see his smooth empty bed and his mute violin, she had pushed you away. She had wrenched the knob out of your hand and gone in and shut the door. You knew you could force her to open that door. But what comfort could you bring? . . .

His lips moved, and Eugenia, in the mirror, raised her eyebrows. She struck the last notes of the fugue with fingers none too steady. Jeremy was no longer close beside her. Hastily Andrew crossed the room so he might catch her hand. Her fingers were icy in his palm.

"It seems to me," he said, "we've been seeing each other a very long time in mirrors. What sort of way is that for a man and his wife to be—reflections in a looking glass?"

The front door was flung wide and footsteps scurried across the hall.

"That's Mary! Play the wedding march," Andrew urged. Eugenia struck the first emphatic chords.

Laden with packages, a breathless Phyllis burst into the drawing room and halted on the threshold.

"Well!" she exclaimed, as the notes died, "I guess that music wasn't meant for me!"

Eugenia got up from the piano bench quickly and put her arm about the girl's taut shoulders.

"We thought you were Mary," she explained.

"Why Mary?" Phyllis' voice was husky with anxiety. "Isn't she having enough la-de-da this afternoon?"

She slipped away from Eugenia and ran to Andrew and cuddled into his arms, burrowing her head into the hollow of his shoulder and neck as she used to do to shut out the dark when she was small.

If only, she was thinking, dad could understand! Of course mother couldn't be expected to. If only they had really lived, so they'd know what it was to be in an utterly desperate situation!

Eugenia watched Andrew's arms tighten about the girl's body, his strength a bulwark for this wayward, this unruly daughter. Eugenia's throat felt tight and dry as she went on explaining, "Mary's gone out and we don't know where."

"Gone out?" Phyllis cried from Andrew's arms. "On her wedding day?"

There was no earthly reason for the girl to go on indefinitely hugging Andrew.

"What did you buy?" Eugenia demanded.

"It's all there. Dress. Hat. Shoes."

"Stop mauling your father and let me see how they fit!"

"Perfectly," Phyllis replied between kisses. "Schiaparelli chartreuse. It'll be becoming to me—whether I become the bridesmaids—or not."

"If there are any," Andrew chuckled.

Why, Eugenia wondered in exasperation, need he become difficult? He had been about to say something particularly interesting, too, when Phyllis had bounded in.

Phyllis finally broke away. Her voice had steadied since she knew Mary had done something she shouldn't have. "No fooling!" she said. "You can't mean nobody knows where Mary's gone? When did she go?"

"Probably while you and I were in conference." Eugenia looked determinedly into her elder daughter's eyes, and just as determinedly she smiled. "Remember?"

"But aren't you worried?" Phyllis asked.

"About Mary? Yes, a little."

Andrew gave his wife and daughter a quick glance of appraisal.

"Your mother," he put in, "never admits anything worries her. It spares others. Perfect lady!"

EUGENIA turned her back on them and began to untie the packages. The chill in her fingers made them awkward with knots.

"But, mother," Phyllis was saying, "it's almost lunchtime and the wedding's at six."

"Phyllis is right," Andrew interposed. "We ought to do something. Hunt—"

"Where?" Eugenia interrupted him.

She wished she could tell him how much, how very much she had been interested in what he'd been saying when Phyllis came in.

"But Ellis ought to be considered," Andrew protested.

"It's Ellis I am considering," Eugenia told them. "Ellis knows he isn't Mary's big romance. But he must have no cause for doubts on their wedding day."

"Do you mean Mary's heard from Max again?" Phyllis exclaimed.

"Not that I actually know of." Eugenia's profile was all they could see of her as she bent over the parcels.

Phyllis commented, "How she could ever accept Ellis after—"

"Doesn't smoke," Andrew said, "doesn't drink."

"I won't have Ellis talked about," Eugenia said. "After all, in a few hours he'll be my son."

My only son, maybe, she thought.

"Then what had we better do?" Andrew asked.

"About what?" Eugenia inquired.

"About Mary, damn it!" Andrew exploded.

He was shouting. Heroic, Phyllis had called him. Miss Perkins, Phyllis had said, would make him a more suitable wife. Would Miss Perkins do more than let Andrew roar himself out?

"Come here!" Eugenia ordered Phyllis.

A deep red spread across the girl's cheekbones. She would not look at her mother. This was home as far back as she could remember it: Dad losing his temper; mother first provoking him and then ignoring him in that ladyfied-iceberg way of hers.

"Come here!" Eugenia repeated. "Now, let's see what you've got yourself in for."

Eugenia placed the plumed hat on her daughter's head. It was like dressing her when she had been a little girl. She had been a willful little girl.

"Not bad," Eugenia was saying to her daughter. Her fingers rested lightly on Phyllis' shoulder. She kept her face averted from Andrew, for it never seemed quite fair to look at him when he had misbehaved. "Mary planned to marry Ellis this afternoon," she went on, "and she'll be here and marry Ellis."

"You take a lot for granted, don't you, mother," Phyllis mumbled, "about your children?"

"Yes, dear," Eugenia answered, "I do." There was no longer anger, but neither was there any yielding in her heart. Phyllis must marry Victor before she left the house. "Stand up and hold the dress in front of you."

THE folds of the chartreuse frock fell like sea waves about her feet as Phyllis rose. "You love me, don't you, dad?" Phyllis pleaded.

"Of course I do," Andrew snorted, "even in that color!"

"It's very fashionable," Eugenia informed him. "It's much more dramatic for her frock not to harmonize with the bridesmaids'."

"Why?" Andrew snorted again.

"*They* aren't married," Eugenia pointed out, "while our Phyllis has a baby!"

Phyllis did not look back as she gathered her belongings and turned to leave the room, her shoulders squared.

What, he wondered, had Phyllis and Eugenia been scrapping about? What was wrong with the girl anyway? Women could be so damn contrary.

"You don't think anything is very wrong with Phyllis, do you?" he asked. "Another kid, or something?"

"Oh, no. She's still young."

"She's old enough to have brought home the noon edition!"

"She did."

She drew it from behind her and tried to appear as if she were not glancing at the headlines as he reached for his paper. She knew how Andrew proceeded with a newspaper. First he scrutinized the make-up. Then he read the comic page. Today, however, he ignored his usual order.

"Andrew—" she began. If she could recall him to his customary system, he might offer her the news section. "Andrew, when Phyllis came in, you were saying—"

"Huh?" he asked, without looking up. He did not seem to notice whether she went on or not, so buried was he in the front page.

Whom did he think he knew who might be captured at Corregidor?

She sat very still, not daring to be insistent, her head averted, hands clasped in her lap.

"Andrew," she continued directly, "I think you're absolutely right."

"Right?"

"Perhaps you'd better phone Ellis."

"What would I phone Ellis for?"

"Mary might have told him some plan, you know."

"All right. I'll phone Ellis."

"Will you please give me the picture section?"

"There aren't," he told her, "any pictures, except of dead men and tanks. Anything special that you want to see?"

"No. Unless there might be a picture there of Miss Perkins."

"The Secretary of Labor?"

"Is that what she is?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Is that just exactly the right"—she was never sure she knew the correct phraseology for those women on committees—"berth for a woman?"

"Eugenia!" Andrew laid the paper down on his knee. "Are you trying to make a joke?"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing," he said, beginning to read again as if the lives of everyone he loved depended on it. "Just that while there's life, there's—you know!"

"I know what?"

By this time he must have learned that account of Corregidor's surrender by heart.

"Andrew!"

"What?"

"I said 'what' to you."

"What about?"

"*You* were saying, a moment ago—"

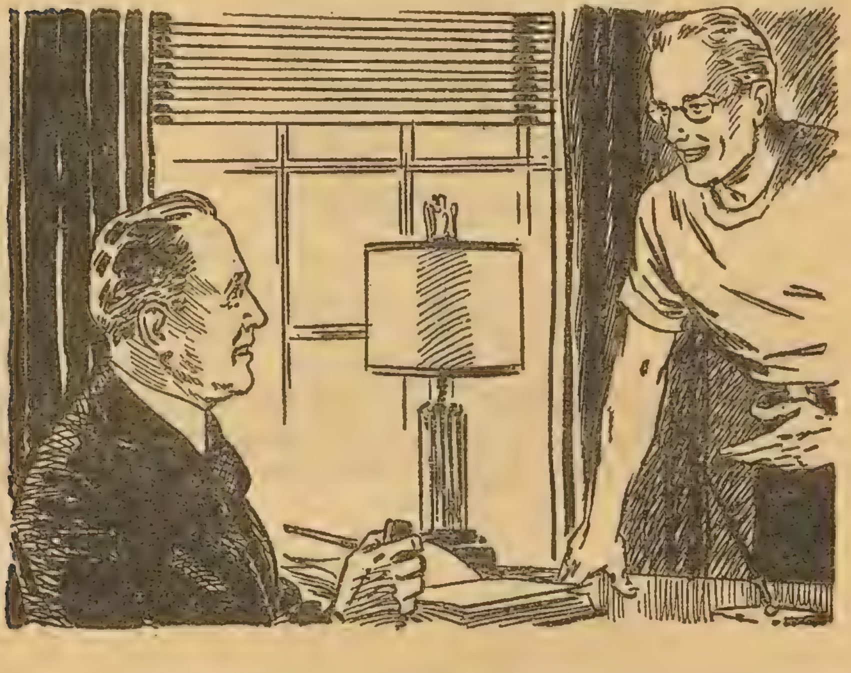
"Oh, that! 'Hope' was the word."

"Hope?"

She was sitting just as she had been when he began to read, her hands folded in one of those goddess poses in her lap, her profile reflected in the looking glass. But this time it was not the image in the mirror that drew him toward her, nor did she turn as he approached. But when she raised her eyes and he saw tears were in them, he did not, after all, give her the paper. Instead, he tucked it under his arm, and moved toward his study.

"Hope, dear," he repeated gently. "That's all we can do sometimes, isn't it?"

WHY must that young fool, Jack, always get into some escapade? For if he weren't in one somewhere, why should Eugenia have gone to such elaborate pains to make out he was safe in Timbuktu? Sending him, Andrew, a note with the ink not yet faded to black in an envelope he recognized as months old! So that everyone might be bright and happy for Mary's wedding?



From Eugenia's behavior, he felt sure that there must still be some uncertainty about the boy's fate. This was uncertainty rather than knowledge that Eugenia was trying to hide. He had had experience before with Eugenia's reaction at the death of a son.

Now that there was the possibility of his second son's being dead too, Andrew wished he had been a little tolerant of the boy's performances. Out of what was, Andrew acknowledged, a rather inconsequential endowment, Jack had become an intrepid adventurer, risking his life to record the habits of the wild animals he loved more than he'd ever loved comfort or men. Yet what else could the kid have done, Andrew asked himself (now he was sure that Eugenia had been pretending she wasn't eager to see what had happened at Corregidor), what could the kid have done that would have fitted him better for the jungle fighting in the Pacific?

He dialed his office at the Standard.

"Ty," Andrew went on when his city editor had come to the phone, "if any—casualty lists come through from Corregidor, call me, will you? No, no! No one special! Thanks, old man."

Then he remembered his promise to call Ellis.

"Hello," he was saying. "How are you, my boy? Could you—drop around? I want—to tell you something."

Why had he asked Ellis to come over? It wouldn't be any easier asking him to his face if he knew where his bride had gone. Yet he couldn't make himself blurt out the question over the phone. He'd have scared the boy half to death.

He wished he liked Ellis better. Neither Victor nor Ellis was good enough.

When was I ever good enough? he wondered.

He wished he hadn't lost his temper and shouted. Eugenia always pretended not to notice, but he knew she did. And then, like a goddess of serenity, with her profile turned and her hands clasped in her lap, she had tried to make out she wanted to know what some other woman looked like, to save him from reading what might be happening to Jack. And all the time she hadn't known what might be happening to Mary, either.

Mechanically he reached toward his bookshelves. Mann's Tonio Kröger opened of itself:

"For some go of necessity astray, because for them there is no such thing as a right path. . . ."

It was a fine story, Andrew thought wryly. One of the finest written in the twentieth century. There was nothing whatever wrong with it except that, at this moment, it was no help at all for a man who found himself longing for the right to comfort his wife as she had tried to comfort him.

His throat was unbearably dry. He had just gulped a glass of water when he saw the knob turn on his door.

"Come in, son!" he called.

IT was not Ellis. It was a tall broad-shouldered young man in spectacles. He needed a shave and he had on a collarless jersey instead of a shirt.

"Sorry," he said, backing away.

"Who are you?" Andrew demanded.

The young man squared his shoulders, and Andrew saw his fists clench.

"I'm Victor."

"Victor?"

"Yes, I'm Victor, and no matter what Phyl's said about me, I'm still Cubby's father. I'm going to see my kid and all hell can't keep me from it!"

"Is all hell trying?" Andrew asked.

Victor looked at his fists and took a deep breath.

"How do you do?" he said less belligerently. "I'm afraid that wasn't the way to begin."

"Sit down," Andrew invited. "Now, what do you imagine Phyllis has said about you?"

"There's no knowing," the young man answered. His voice dropped to the monotonous level of extreme fatigue. "I may be a fool to have come, but I keep thinking Phyl must want to see me."

"Why shouldn't she want to see you?"

"She said she didn't."

"Had a fight, you kids?"

"Yes—that is, no. Not one fight, unless it's the same one."

If this young blackguard had been beastly to Phyllis . . .

"This is the note she left me," Victor was saying.

Andrew read the note twice to believe it, and in silence he handed it back. Victor took it as if it were something that, with his blackened fingers, he could not handle carefully enough, yet something that must be preserved, and tucked it into his billfold.

"You see how it is," he said. "But she's got to know that I'm still willing to marry her."

"You're what?" Andrew bellowed.

"Didn't you know?"

"Say that again," Andrew ordered. "No," he said, "don't say it. I heard it the first time. You young scoundrel, I ought to wring your neck!"

"I know. I've said that to myself. Only, I've said more. You see, I've always wanted to marry her."

"But my daughter—"

"That's it—her being your daughter. Do you think it's any picnic living with a hero's daughter? Oh, but I've hated you, Mr. Fersen!"

"Go on!"

"Heaven only knows why I reminded her of you. That's why she fell in love with me, she says. That's why she wouldn't marry me."

"*She* wouldn't—"

"You mustn't blame Phyllis. She doesn't lack principles. She just invents her own."

"Oh, yes?"

"And she thought if I ever turned out to be somebody—as you are—she ought not to shackle me as her mother does you."

"She thought what?"

"You know, Mrs. Fersen never being able to understand anything you do."

"Are you telling me," Andrew flung in, "that Phyllis thinks her mother isn't—"

"—Equal to you."

"The little liar!" Andrew exploded. "If she's told you only half that, she's—"

"She's my wife, married or not. You can't call her a liar!"

"You're talking about *my* wife," Andrew said quickly, "and I've been married to her for over thirty years."

Andrew looked from his own fist to Victor's.

"Look here," he said, "Eugenia must never know her daughter has thought such things about her. Nobody can fix it up but you and me, and we'll have to do it as friends, not enemies. Smoke?"

At least, Andrew thought, this young louse smokes.

"Don't get me wrong, sir," Victor urged. "I'm not trying to shove the blame off onto Phyl. I knew I shouldn't have given in to her in the first place, but I was afraid I'd lose her. I never thought it the right thing to do. I've got six little sisters, Mr. Fersen!"

The bedeviled young man was desperately in earnest. He could scarcely remember a time when he had not had to be in earnest. His father had also served in the earlier World War, but his one distinction had been meeting a bullet in his first ten minutes out of the trench. Buerger's disease had done the rest. Victor's mother had gone back to nursing. It had been Victor who had kept the house and taken care of the little girls. He could not remember a time when some small trusting person had not looked up to him for tying a cut finger, fastening an unreachable button, or working a sum in arithmetic. Night school took longer, but he had made his way through. He had made his way through college. Then he got a teaching fellowship. That was the year that Phyllis Fersen, discontented after her debut, decided to go to college, and entered Victor's class.

"Cubby started us fighting," Victor was saying. With his pointed ears, he must have looked like Cubby when he had been Cubby's age. "It sounds crazy, but it was because of him I quit teaching. I'd see those rows and rows of fountain pens taking notes selected from all the right authorities, as if the way we've run things had been the only possible way, and I'd think: What am I doing to my own son? Keeping alive the myths of the heroes so he may be broken and defeated, too? So I got a job in a factory, where I could earn my living in peace."

For a moment neither of them said anything.

"Sure you aren't a Communist?"

"I wish I were sure what I am!" The furrows across Victor's forehead had deepened as he talked. "Don't think I don't envy men like you, Mr. Fersen, who fit the groove and do what is expected. I guess I sound daffy—"

Mechanically Andrew's fingers touched the open pages of Tonio Kröger: "For some . . . there is no such thing as a right path."

"No," he said gently, "I don't think you're daffy. Some of us belong to the past that should be forgotten, and some of us to the future only a few can ascertain. I don't know how you can say where a man ought to break with the present. You aren't daffy, but it's hell."

"I wish Phyllis could understand that! She agrees with all the theories in the books. Then, if I practice them, she gets mad at me."

"Women," Andrew pronounced, "are often illogical. Sometimes, maybe, we expect too much of our wives."

"We expect them," Victor concurred, "to be perfect."

"Luckily, people don't have to be perfect to love each other, son. Sometimes it works the opposite. You can admire a woman for years, without passion, because she is beautiful or intelligent; but you want to take her to your heart when she is imperfect—when she tells lies, perhaps, in order to be kind."

"Phyl's right about one thing," Victor swallowed hard. "You're a pretty grand guy, Mr. Fersen. Will you shake hands?"

Andrew put his hand out. He could not remember a moment when he had been half so embarrassed.

"Forget it, son," he said. "I want you and my girl to fix everything up. You must get married as quickly as you can. But I want to make this clear." He was choosing his words as though he might never have a chance to use them again. "No man ever had a finer wife than I have."

He slapped Victor hard on the back. His hand sought his tobacco in his pocket and his fingers closed on the fraud of a letter Eugenia had sent him from Jack.

"Son," he said, "you better wash up and surprise Phyllis at lunch."

He rang the bell and Anna answered.

"Anna," Andrew told her, "I've a guest coming for lunch. And, Anna, that young man you sent in here, remember? Don't mention him to anyone, you hear?"

"Oh, no, sir! Mr. Fersen"—Anna shut her eyes to seize hold of the flitting moment—"do you s'pose there's any hope of me gettin' off tonight?"

"I don't know. Ask my wife."

"Mr. Fersen, I been trying all day! Mr. Fersen, would you ast her for me, sir? It's very special."

"All right, Anna," he promised. "I'll ask her."

Through the door Andrew could hear Victor splashing. He lifted the telephone and dialed the office. The sound of splashing seemed interminable as he waited. Then it stopped. Victor was toweling vigorously in the doorway.

"Wouldn't it surprise Phyl more," he asked, "if I called you whatever your other son calls you?"

"No lists have come in from anywhere, old man," Ty was saying. "I'll let you know as soon as—"

Andrew put the receiver down reluctantly.

"My other son?" he asked.

"You know," Victor went on, his forehead puckered with shyness, "so it'd look like we were pals."

"Oh, sure," Andrew said. "Call me 'dad' or 'pop'."

The door opened and Ellis, in white flannels, came in. He was breathless from trying not to hurry. Unless he walked rapidly, he could contrive to rise slightly on the toes of his left foot so that his stiff right leg swung forward and his limp, he believed, was scarcely noticeable. His hazel eyes, set far apart under level brows, showed no surprise whatever at Victor's appearance.

"We wanted you for lunch to meet Victor," Andrew said. "Ellis, this is your almost-brother-in-law."

"WHY, Ellis!" Eugenia exclaimed as the men approached her on the terrace. "How delightful!" Then she saw Victor.

The garden swam and broke into bits. She saw Ellis. Andrew. She saw that shameless young man who should have been her son-in-law.

"Victor!" Phyllis cried. "What do you mean by coming here? You've no right to follow me home! You're not my—"

"He's my son," Andrew informed her.

Eugenia tightened her hold on Ellis' impeccable white sleeve while she watched Andrew clap this—this slovenly father of Cubby on the back.

"Lucky boys," Andrew said, catching Eugenia's eye, "both of them. I know only one man luckier!"

"Oh, dad!" Phyllis sobbed.

She turned to run. Andrew caught and held her until she stopped struggling, flung an arm about his neck, and clung to him.

"Take your wife, Victor," he said, and he pushed Phyllis into Victor's arms and reached for Eugenia.

He patted her head into the angle of his shoulder and neck.

"We've got to work fast," he was whispering. "Victor's a good kid."

He could feel Eugenia draw away.

"It's for Phyllis," Andrew whispered, and before he released her he kissed Eugenia on the mouth.

The whole episode had taken but a minute.

Ellis, his hazel eyes shining, was holding out Eugenia's chair at the head of the table.

Even though his wonderful Mary, whom he could scarcely believe would, by night, be his, had not yet come to lunch, Ellis felt that at any moment he might burst with happiness. This was to be his family. People who loved and quarreled and made up, and he one of them.

It was so marvelous, it was hard for him to realize he was awake. Nothing like it had ever happened to Ellis except in dreams. It was the same dream that had haunted his boyhood, surrounded by two luminous beings who must be the parents he had never known, and a host of frolicking boys and girls, all exactly his own age; haunted him by making him incomparably happy while the dream might last, only to fling him, solitary, into his waking life of boarding school, camp, sessions with trustees whose solicitude he had early comprehended was more for the size of his inheritance than for the lonely child who called dutifully at the white marble office of a bank.

But Mary, the wonderful one, had changed all that. Mary, who, because she was Mary, never made him feel that though his smashed hip would never move again, he was any less than a man.

"I owe an apology," Victor was saying, "for coming like this."

"No, Victor," Eugenia answered, "not for coming like this."

Eugenia drew a deep breath. She could feel Ellis watching her, watching them all. With his blond hair, his white suit, the flush on his fair skin, he looked almost luminous to Eugenia, as if he could not possibly be a man whose bride had disappeared, but a being so radiant that could such joy and confidence be preserved, it might, Eugenia thought, wistfully, penetrate to who knew what dark corners, even to those dire and tortuous straits where Jack might be. She laid her cold fingers on his sleeve and gave his arm an affectionate little squeeze. Andrew, she knew, was looking at her with a curiously intent expression.

He'd do anything for Phyllis, Eugenia told herself.

"WHERE'S my Mary?" Ellis asked.

"Mary was so excited about the wedding," Eugenia spoke with a brightness she felt everyone must know to be unnatural, "that she went out for a walk and forgot to tell any of us where she was going."

"I do like that sort of thing in Mary," Ellis replied. "Life's far more charming if it's unexpected."

"I think it's perfectly outrageous of Mary," Phyllis announced, "to go walking on her wedding day!"

"You think what?" Andrew burst into a shout of laughter. "Victor, did you hear?"

"I heard," Victor answered wryly. "I guess we agree about that, too, dad."

"Agree?" Phyllis shrilled. "What could you and my father agree about?"

"You!" Andrew informed her.

"Do we wait until after the ceremony to call you 'dad,' sir?" Ellis asked blithely. "You've got the start on me," he continued to Victor. "You'll have to give me the low-down on being a son-in-law."

"I can tell you," Victor said earnestly, "that the old man is a swell guy."

"Victor!" Phyllis shoved her chair away from his. "How you can dare—"

"Don't you agree with your son's father?" Andrew asked the girl. "Or isn't your judgment equal to his?"

Phyllis made no answer.

To Eugenia the pause was in no way silent. It seemed filled with the whirring of infinitesimal ratchets. She could still feel Andrew's lips against hers—for Phyllis.

"Must be tough," Andrew continued to Victor, "if a man can't count on his own wife."

"Is it?" Eugenia asked her husband politely.

"I wouldn't know," Andrew answered. "I've always been able to count on my wife. Haven't I, dear?"

"Certainly," she smiled.

"The mater," Ellis spoke up gaily, "looks so like a Greek goddess, one could count on her eternally."

"Ellis, you darling!" Eugenia protested.

"Profile," Andrew was nodding, "perfect."

ANDREW was indeed being flattering. "For Phyllis," he had whispered. Andrew must have a plan and need her to help.

Phyllis must marry Victor even if she hated him.

"The war," Ellis was saying, "almost unbelievable—those fellows in the Philippines this morning. And here I am marrying Mary! It makes me feel guilty."

"No, dear," Eugenia said quickly. If she did nothing else, she must preserve his happiness a little longer. "This is your day and Mary's. You've nothing to feel guilty about!"

"It isn't as if I weren't, well—out of it." Ellis' wide hazel eyes still shone, though his voice was very sober. Then Ellis, who was curator of a museum, added, "Mary says that when a man protects the treasures of the past, he is serving the future."

"Maybe she won't," Phyllis said, "after Jack joins up. If he hasn't joined already!"

"Jack's in no danger," Andrew contradicted quickly.

"Then he's awfully disappointed," Phyllis shrilled. "He's tried hard enough to get himself killed because he couldn't be Jeremy!"

"I shouldn't talk too much if I were you," Andrew warned.

"It is true." Phyllis pushed her plate away from her. "Jack's always been jealous of Jeremy!"

"Can you be my daughter?" Andrew asked her.

Eugenia saw Phyllis bow her head.

"Poor darling," she murmured.

Victor had turned his back on Phyllis and was leaning across the table. Eugenia could no longer avoid looking at him. The trouble in his dark eyes made them the more intense. There was no doubting the boy's unhappiness. And in spite of his known infamy, he had a curiously young, curiously innocent appearance.

Phyllis did not raise her head. "Victor," she said softly, "if you don't hate me too much, will you marry me?"

"What a perfectly great idea!" Ellis said, rising to the occasion magnificently. "Don't you think that's a great idea, mater?"

Eugenia did not answer.

Victor, with Phyllis by the hand, disappeared behind the smilax at the curve of the stairs.

Andrew looked at his watch. "What do you suppose your Mary is doing?"

"You can be sure, whatever it is," Ellis replied, "it's important or Mary wouldn't have had to do it today."

Eugenia's light little laugh scarcely concealed the catch in her voice. "Ellis, you are a darling!"

With an impulse which, on any other day, she knew she would have checked, Eugenia put her arms about the young man's neck and kissed him.

"You mustn't worry about Mary," he said. "I know I'm not half good enough for her, but I swear I'll do everything I can to make her happy!"

"I'm more than sure of it, dear," Eugenia told him.

Now she felt, surprisingly, more sure of Mary, of herself, as if Ellis' confidence were some magic power that she shared since she had touched him.

Wonderful, Eugenia was thinking, Ellis' trust. Mary must come back to him, no matter what happens to Jack; no matter what Phyllis and Victor do next.

Now Phyllis and Victor were standing in the doorway.

"We've talked everything over," Phyllis announced. "We're going after the license now and we invite you all to the wedding as soon as we get back."

"Today?" Eugenia gasped.

"Mother! Don't you think the sooner the better? You're sure of a wedding now without our being any trouble."

TROUBLE.

Andrew found himself repeating the word after they had watched Phyllis climb into the driver's seat in Mary's roadster, watched Victor pick her up and deposit her in the seat alongside, and then climb in and take the wheel himself.

Trouble.

What in thunder was he to say to the minister?

He called the cathedral rectory, wondering how it must feel to be a young man like Ellis, who did all the right things and none of the wrong ones.

"Come two hours earlier? My dear Mr. Fersen, I hope that nothing irregular—"

"Oh, no," Andrew answered. "Just a notion of my daughter's!"

Blame it on the women, he muttered, as he hung the receiver up.

He had thought until recently that he knew something about women. Yet only that morning Eugenia's heart had knocked against his ribs as it had in those dreams he used to have in the trench. Until he had said Vic was a good kid. Then, all at once, she was withdrawn again, whole chasms in between.

If only, at that moment, he had had something consoling to say! If only he had heard that a plane was known to have escaped Corregidor and that Jack was thought to have been on board!

Impatient with impotence, he flung his window open. The pages of Tonio Kröger, still open on his desk, began to flutter in the living air.

Tonio. Couldn't Tonio, who had so often solaced his own misgivings, explain a man like Victor to a woman like Eugenia? And then, should a next time ever come, would she pull away from him, her heart beating so wildly? Andrew caught up the book as an excuse for seeking out Eugenia.

Beyond his study door brown men in white coats were passing trays of sherbet cups about the dining room, arranging the unfamiliar elaborately decorated table.

He went on upstairs—the stage-set, smilax-covered stairs ready and waiting, as all the house was—and he reached the familiar comfort of the second floor as the telephone began to ring. Suppose that was the newspaper calling at last? Suppose Eugenia offered to take the message, and they told her that no casualty list would come from the Philippines because all the prisoners were being executed?

He ran down the hall, flung open Jeremy's door. Anna was at the phone.

"Oh!" she was gasping. "No! No! No!"

"What is it?" Andrew demanded.

Anna spun around to face him.

"Anna!" Eugenia came into the room and stood between them. "Anna, who is that call for?"

"It was Danny, ma'am!"

"Danny?"

"My beau."

"I'm awfully sorry," Andrew mumbled.

"Why, Anna," Eugenia laid her hand on the girl's shoulder, "what did he say to you?"

"He said," Anna wailed, "he wasn't gonna be my beau no more!"

"But, Anna, what happened? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you!" Anna gulped. "I been trying to tell you all day I had to get off tonight! I told you, too," she accused Andrew. "I ast you to ast her for me, and you said you would and you didn't."

"Who is this Danny?" Eugenia insisted.

"Miz Fersen, how did you think the milk got here every day?" Anna sighed. "Danny brung it."

Eugenia's cheeks had turned very red. "Were you planning to marry him?"

"That's just exactly what I was planning, only he ain't ast me, yet! He told me over the phone he was fixing to ast me tonight, but if—"

"Oh!" Finally Eugenia understood. "What's Danny's last name? . . . Hello! Hello! I want to leave a message. Tell Mr. Daniel O'Toole that Miss Anna Kieffer will be ready for him to call at a quarter to seven this evening. He's still there? Good! Thank you."

"Oh, Miz Fersen," Anna spoke with a little moan, "that sounded so beautiful!"

Anna burst into tears again and ran out of the room.

"Imagine!" Eugenia said, when the door had closed. "What next?"

"You've got me," Andrew told her. "Used as I am to a newspaper office, where nothing ever happens, I'm licked. Is home always like this?"

"Won't you—sit down?" Eugenia invited.

Her pearl-gray dress, a cloud of film across the bed, looked strangely incongruous in Jeremy's room.

"Thank you," Andrew replied, a little sedately.

Still shy before this Eugenia, he sat down gingerly on the edge of the bed. His hand fell on a shoe. Unconsciously he gripped it and pressed it against his thigh. As if she did not know what to say either, Eugenia picked up the nail file on Jeremy's dresser.

"Eugenia"—Andrew had never so ardently wished that she would turn her head and look at him, instead of presenting that flawless profile. "Eugenia, what do people do if everything happens to be ready and a bride doesn't come?"

"Perfectly simple," she replied without moving. "All the shades are drawn, the butler is posted at the door to tell the guests that, due to unforeseen circumstances, the wedding will not take place that day."

"Oh," he said. "I hadn't thought of that one!"

"You needn't now." She had finally found a nail that required attention. "Mary will be back."

"Might I," he asked, while the spike of the shoe's heel drove a hot little dart into his thigh, "ask how you know?"

"That I do not know. I just know she will."

"It may sound inhuman," he had not realized how embarrassed he was, to be thus intimately with Eugenia, until he heard himself laugh, "but I'm not a bit sorry to know that aviator fellow is dead."

"Max? He isn't."

"The devil he isn't! You didn't say so to Ellis!"

"Of course not. Letting him stay dead implies his being dead for Mary—"

"Eugenia!"

"Well, he was wholly unsuitable."

ANDREW leaned over the footboard of Jeremy's bed to try to make her look at him. "You wouldn't ever be one of those wives who writes her husband's editorials, would you?"

Apparently she had decided that all her nails needed attending to.

"Wouldn't you," she replied, "like the kind of wife who is always on committees?"

"Good heavens, no!"

She looked round at him then.

"I said this morning Vic was a good kid," he told her. "I brought you this book—to explain—Mann does it better than I could." All at once he was telling her about Tonio, about all the Tonios who did not fit the pattern their fellow men laid down and yet who loved their conventional fellow men with all their hearts.

She had dropped the nail file and it lay on the floor between them, a small shiny sword.

"I'd love to read it," she said slowly, "unless—sometime, you'd read it to me."

"I'd love to," he told her.

I love you, he would tell her, except that he knew she had all she could bear; that she must not have any more emotional strain today.

He got up and took a volume of Proust off the shelf beside the bed. Before he had opened it, he saw the binding was stretched by something tucked inside. Eugenia neither moved nor made a sound, but in the mirror Andrew saw her quick congealing. Without opening The Guermantes Way, he could tell it was a letter hidden in the book. Whistling to hide this new embarrassment, he thrust the volume back where he had got it. Jack's jealous too, he remembered.

"I guess I better hop on downstairs and meet the kids." He paused behind her chair, but though he raised his hand for a caress, he made no move to touch her turned, bent head. He must content himself with placing Tonio within her reach. "I'll be in the study."

EUGENIA went into the drawing room as a clock spoke four in deep, incontrovertible tones.

Before the clock had stopped striking, Phyllis and Victor raced in at the kitchen door.

Andrew must have been listening for them as eagerly as she, for Eugenia did not have to tell him the children were home. Not very much escaped Andrew. How much he had discovered when he opened that book that had Jack's letter in it, she was unable to surmise. Eugenia had not dared to look while she waited, breathless, for him to recognize Jack's writing. Rigid as marble, she had waited for him to tell her what he'd learned: her perfidy. That now he'd share her fear; not she his trust. But he had shoved The Guermantes Way back into place and had not told. She'd felt him pause behind her, heard him mutter an excuse to leave, listened as he walked away, his footsteps growing fainter and fainter down the stairs. And fear that she had lost him forever paralyzed her. She was no longer aware that her hands were cold. She was cold all over.

Then she saw Andrew coming toward her, Ellis with him.

Victor's eyes were sparkling, although his forehead was puckered, as if in some fashion he could contrive to be happy and harried at the same time. He had Phyllis on his arm. Her short auburn hair curled impudently under the brim of her chartreuse hat.

Hallam, the butler, was ushering the canon down the hall. The Rev. Wilfred Willoughby referred to himself as a "churchman militant." That rich authoritative voice, the voice of a commander of a cadet battalion, carried a conviction more potent than the bishop's. And besides conviction, a note of jubilation. For Canon Willoughby had taken the oath of celibacy and therefore felt himself to be the safest man at any wedding. Erect, in cassock and stole, he marched into the Fersens' drawing room two hours before the appointed time.

Fortunately Ellis, whose pastor the canon was, was present to introduce him and explain.

Fortunately Eugenia smiled.

The fact that he might not marry a woman did not prevent the canon's pleasure in being smiled on by them.

"As a matter of fact, padre," Ellis was saying suavely, "Mary and I haven't changed our plans at all. We're having another wedding in the family. Phyllis and Victor, here, have decided—"

"But this is a serious step, my dear young people," the canon protested. "To do it precipitantly—"

"I assure you," Eugenia spoke with unshatterable firmness, "it does not seem sudden to us."

"But have they duly reflected?" the canon interrogated her.

"We," Phyllis spoke demurely, "have reflected."

"And you have not," the canon demanded of Victor, "been married before?"

"Married before?" Victor gasped. "No, we—"

"On your honor," the canon catechized, "neither of you is a divorced person?"

"Oh, no!" Phyllis cried. "Neither of us—yet!"

"Here's the license," Victor urged hopefully.

"And the ring?" the canon asked.

"You've got our ring, haven't you, pal?" Victor asked.

"No," Phyllis acknowledged, "I haven't. Last night, on the train, I threw it away!"

"What?" the canon expostulated.

"I wasn't on the train with her," Victor said quickly.

"I'm sure," Eugenia offered, "we can easily find another."

"I am not—sure," the canon answered. "It is not that I enjoy keeping apart two souls who would be one," the clergyman began explaining with exquisite rigor, "but I am bound by the regulations of my office, Mrs. Fersen. Unless they have a regulation wedding ring—"

"Mums," Phyllis' lip began to quiver, "lend us yours!"

"No, damn it!" Andrew snorted.

He crossed the room and he took his wife's hand, with the ring he had placed there himself, and intertwined his fingers between hers.

Even if he knew her for the liar that she was, Eugenia felt, this was exactly the thing Andrew would do—for Phyllis.

Stone cold, Eugenia noticed the butler in the hall. Hallam could find a ring.

"There are other rings in the house," she said archly. She wanted Andrew to know she understood that his holding her hand was only for Phyllis.

"Excuse me, sir!" Hallam, soundless as always, had entered. "I have a wedding ring," he was fumbling in the pocket of his immaculate white jacket, "here, sir. It's rather a wide gold band, Miss Phyllis, but if you—"

"Oh, Hallam," Phyllis exclaimed, "wasn't it your wife's?"

"She would understand. And, begging the reverend gentleman's pardon, Miss Phyllis, marriage is not in a book, it's in the heart."

"Hallam!" Phyllis gulped. "You're making me cry!"

Victor was shaking Hallam's hand. The ringing of the doorbell sounded faint and far away.

"Stay to our wedding!" Victor was saying.

"Thank you, sir," the old man answered. "I'll be glad to. As soon as I let Miss Mary in."

"It ain't Miss Mary," Anna's voice hissed from the hall. "It's *her* aunts!"

"Shan't I take over the aunts?" Ellis offered.

Andrew gave Ellis a quick nod of approval.

Ellis was a very confident, very happy young man when the aunts of Eugenia bore down upon him.

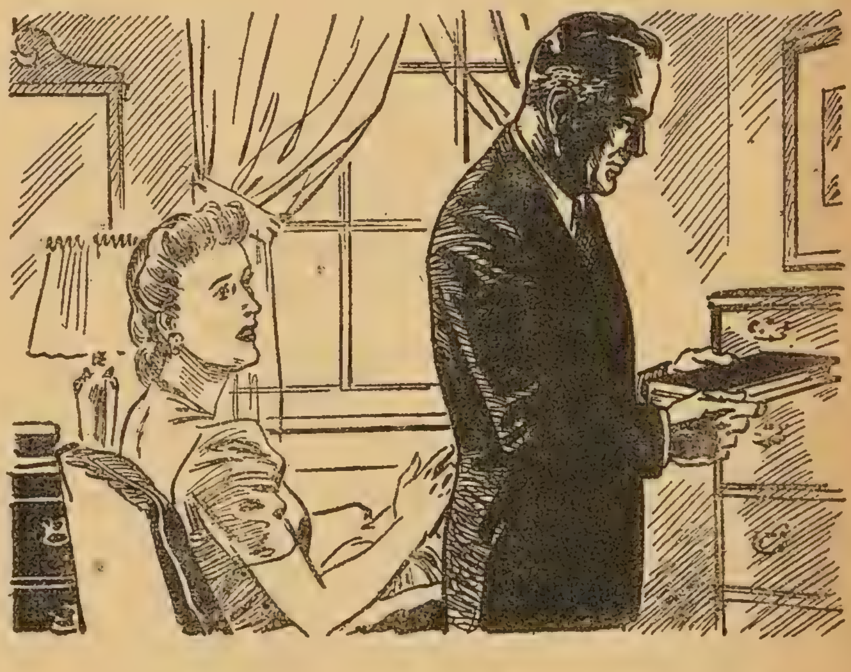
"France shall be free!" Aunt Felice declared staunchly. She held out her hand to press home the fact that this was the new way of saying "How do you do?"

"By all means!" Ellis agreed quickly.

Aunt Felice kissed his right cheek.

Aunt Therese kissed his left cheek.

Their taffeta petticoats lisping, the Misses de Noailles marched beside Ellis out of the house and onto the terrace. These were the first aunts he had ever had, and his cheeks glowed from their bird-beak kissing. The sense that he was dreaming returned to Ellis.



"We didn't come to see you," Aunt Felice informed him.

"We came to see Eugenia," Therese continued.

"About something very important!" Felice finished.

"Mater's helping Phyllis just now," Ellis obliged.

"What on earth is Eugenia helping Phyllis with?"

"They didn't tell me," Ellis grinned. "Secrets, I guess."

"But Cubby's not a year old," Therese objected.

"Therese!" Felice remonstrated. "Before a groom!"

Careful not to look at either of them, Ellis went on blandly, "She asked me to ask you to wait for her here."

"I smoke when I wait," Aunt Therese announced. "Why don't you smoke?"

"I never see any sense," Ellis answered, "in doing something unnecessary I don't happen to like."

"What do you drink?" Felice inquired.

"Milk," Ellis chuckled.

"And what do you do," Therese asked, "without vices to keep you from mischief?"

"Oh," Ellis sighed, "I have some vices of my own."

"Yes?" Aunt Felice leaned nearer.

"Dearly beloved," the rich voice of Canon Willoughby rang from the house, *"we are gathered together . . ."*

"What is that?" Therese stopped smoking to inquire.

"The clergyman's rehearsing," Ellis assured her.

"I require and charge you both . . ."

"Mon Dieu! Both of whom?" Felice demanded.

"Felice, sit down!" Therese murmured. "The young man says he has some vices. He may need someone to talk to."

"But Eugenia," Felice insisted.

"Therese! We can't keep Eugenia from Andrew now, and if the children have the proper intention—"

"Intention?" Ellis made a hideous scraping noise as he shoved his chair backward over the flagstones. Temporarily, at least, he drowned the voice of the canon. "What sort of intention?"

"Wilt thou have this woman?"

"I will."

"That was not the Protestant clergyman's voice," Felice accused.

"It was Victor." Ellis smiled confidently. He knew he too would say those words with equal zeal, and soon. "Helpful chap, Victor."

"I, Victor, take thee, Phyllis, to my wedded wife . . ."

"Victor!" Felice was on her feet again.

"Did you ever consider"—Ellis spoke up loudly while he seized a hand of each of them—"did you ever consider all that happens when two people get married?"

"Mon Dieu, no!" said Felice.

"Almost anything," Ellis, the happiest of nephews, sailed on. "This town we're in," Ellis went on, "settled, wasn't it, by a mix-up over a marriage?"

"St. Louis?" Felice sat down to gasp.

"Sure," Ellis nodded. "The butcher, Chouteau, beat his wife. She ran off to that fellow, Laclede—"

"With this ring I thee wed."

"If she hadn't been someone else's wife," Ellis made haste to cover Victor's quick response, "she mightn't, you know, have been so willing to leave New Orleans and become presiding hostess of the wilderness—"

"Bless, O Lord, this ring, that he who gives and she who receives . . ."

"A thousand miles," Ellis chanted, "north of the Ten Commandments!"

"Young man," Felice jerked her hand free, "you are willfully interfering with my duty."

"Forasmuch as . . ."

"Why should I do that?" Ellis cried. "I'm almost your nephew. I want you to know I'm not going to beat Mary up and have her running off, founding cities with some other chap!"

"He has the intention!" Therese announced with happy finality.

"Amen!" Canon Willoughby's voice resounded.

"WILL you let me pass so I may speak with my niece?" Felice demanded.

"Certainly!" Ellis flung open the door.

Phyllis and Victor were hugging when Ellis followed such aunts as dreams had never promised into the drawing room. Felice marched determinedly upon Eugenia. "Phyllis," Therese was murmuring, "Victor?" Before Eugenia had time to do more than kiss her aunts dutifully, Anna had brought Cubby and put him on the floor.

At that moment Cubby began to howl.

As Victor strode toward him, the child flung out his arms with so much vigor, he plunged backward, jerking himself upright. He swayed a moment on unsteady knees, and then thrust one foot before the other, as he had that morning. This time the floor beneath his pink feet was solid. He balanced himself with his arms outstretched and thrust the other foot forward.

"Come on, fella!" Victor was urging.

"Oh, Victor!" Phyllis dropped to the floor beside her husband. "He's walking!"

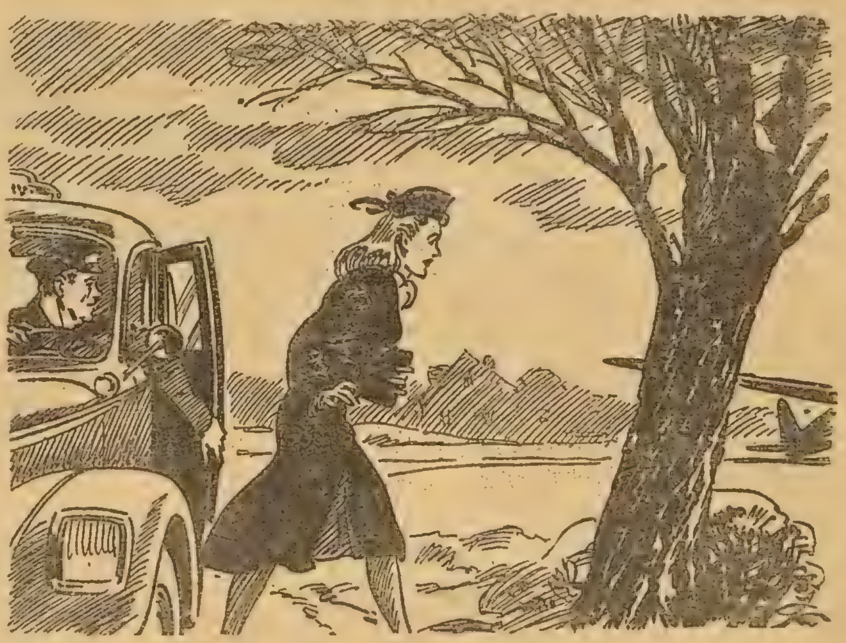
"There! There!" Victor said, as Cubby tottered and fell and burst into tears. Victor gathered his son in his arms and cuddled him expertly on his shoulder.

"Isn't it too, too wonderful," Phyllis said, "that he should do it just at this minute?"

"Dear me!" Canon Willoughby began to choke. "What have we here?"

"That?" Andrew had come in at the canon's side. "Just a baby. You know what they are."

"Aren't you awfully thirsty, padre," Ellis spoke up, "after all that rehearsing? Let me get you—" He took the astounded canon's arm and led him away.



"Rehearsing?" the canon's voice carried after them in vibrant protest.

Then a door closed.

Eugenia drew a long sigh in the silence.

Andrew flung his arms wide and gathered his wife's aunts into their ritual embrace.

"My favorite women," he was whispering loudly. The flush was deep across the parchment cheeks. With ritual protest, they tried to free themselves after they had kissed him twice on each cheek, as duty ordered. The flush deepened when, unritually, he kissed them on the lips.

"Eugenia, *chérie,*" Felice was having difficulty being stern within Andrew's embraces, "we hope we have not intruded by coming early, but something occurred—"

"We hope dear Mary is resting as a bride should?" Therese inquired.

"We hope," Eugenia answered. She did not dare look at Andrew.

"We don't for a moment believe the girl was Mary, you understand," said Therese.

"Shan't we sit down?" Andrew suggested.

Keeping a firm hold on the lace-covered shoulders, he backed against the sofa and drew his aunts-in-law down beside him. "Now," he said, "let's begin at the beginning."

"Well," Felice exclaimed, her cheeks rosy, "we were airing our dresses at dawn—the best time for lace. The sun was just risen above the steeple of St. Ferdinand's. It was a lovely day! Then, all at once, an airplane came swooping down in our own field.

"And it had scarcely lighted," Felice continued, "when a taxi drove up our own driveway, and a girl—"

"That's what made us think of Mary," Therese said.

"—a girl got out of the taxi and ran to the plane."

"Did you know her?" Eugenia asked.

"We weren't near enough to tell."

Therese accepted the cigarette Andrew had lit for her and hurried on. "The girl climbed into the plane, the propeller started whirring, and off the plane went, with the girl—"

"Imagine!" Eugenia breathed. "What did you do next?"

"Of course we knew it couldn't be Mary," Therese went on, "but, somehow, she reminded us of Mary, and we began to wonder—"

"And we decided her mother had not instructed her properly," Felice added.

"And we began to wonder about Mary."

"If you have instructed her properly."

"I have told her," Eugenia answered without smiling, "exactly what you told me."

"Ah," Therese relaxed in the circle of Andrew's arm, "as we are also sure of Ellis' intention, we need not worry further."

GOOD and evil, Eugenia thought, as she began the accustomed gestures that accomplished the everlasting changing of one's clothes. Was Phyllis, who had been "evil," now "good"? What had Mary done? If the girl in that plane were Mary.

Thank the Lord, I don't know it was Mary! she prayed. Thank the Lord, she added devoutly, I haven't heard that Jack reached Corregidor. . . .

It seemed fantastic to be dressing when she had no idea of what she might be dressing for. The whole day seemed fantastic. *Lovely and quiet as a wedding day should be.* Wasn't the wedding, perhaps the only wedding, already over? Wasn't she living, all of a sudden, in a state of reverse?

If only Mary would come!

And if she didn't?

If, indeed, the aunts were right and she, Eugenia, had failed to instruct Mary properly upon the obligation of marriage as, obviously, she had failed to instruct Phyllis? As she herself had failed Andrew.

"It'll be my fault," she said aloud to the face in Jeremy's mirror. "Everything."

She was no good as a wife; no good as a mother; no good as that Mrs. Whateverhernameis Phyllis talked about who was always on committees.

"I can't," she said. "I simply can't go on!"

The room seemed to stifle her. She went to the window, raised the blind. Then she became aware of a polyphony of sound, of bells rung, footsteps quickened, musicians tuning instruments, of mounting chatter and laughter caught and carried high.

Resolutely Eugenia put her stockings on, thrust her feet into her pumps. The noise throughout the house kept growing. As she drew her dress over her head, the hubbub became so great it drowned the beating of her heart, drowned everything except Mary's voice shouting, "Mother!"

"Mary!"

Eugenia ran down the hall so fast she felt she must be flying.

The girl was in her room. Over one chair lay the shimmery mass of underwear. The wedding dress hung from the top light, the train spread out like a peacock's tail across the bed.

"Mary!"

"Mother, I'd hug you if I weren't so dirty."

"Mary," Eugenia tried to begin, "tell me—"

"Oh, mother, I thought I'd pop before I got home. Mother, it's so wonderful, I hardly know how to begin!"

"But what—"

"Mother, I've been with Max."

"Max!" Eugenia felt that now, at last, she knew what turning into stone could be.

"Mother, not only he wasn't dead; he didn't check out on me! He had to go as he did—without a word. He's been charting air routes for the War Department over the Pacific. He's quite heroic and just as good-looking as ever. Oh, mummy, suppose I'd married Ellis without having seen Max again!"

"Suppose?" Eugenia breathed.

"Mother, was I awfully young when I met Max?"

"Young?" Eugenia echoed.

"To have imagined I could love a man like him!"

Eugenia had no consciousness of having turned to face her daughter.

"Imagine," Mary was saying, "if I'd married Ellis thinking I loved Max more! It would have been so terribly unjust."

"Mary—"

"I know I've got to dress. Let me tell you while I scrub. You see, mother, at five this morning, I went out to the aunts' to meet Max. I thought he'd take a minute off to talk to me; but instead, he—"

Eugenia nodded. "I understand."

"You do? Oh, mother, you're so wonderful! You never did like him, did you? You always knew he was a show-off and egotistical. He was simply furious that, to fly me back, he had to set a record he couldn't claim because he was A. W. O. L.! He isn't at all my sort of person, the way Ellis is. Imagine your always knowing!"

The soap was rinsed. Mary looked strong and sure. Yet it seemed to Eugenia she looked much as she had when Eugenia had held her in the crook of her arm.

"Tell me the truth." Mary stood from the water as lithe and erect as Botticelli's Spring. "Do you think I can ever be like you?"

"Like"—Eugenia retreated as the spray from the shower flicked over the rim of the tub—"me?"

"When I was little," Mary's voice was muffled by the towel, "people used to say I'd look like you when I got older. I used to be so proud! And then," she was not aware, in her hasty toweling, that Eugenia had stepped out of the bathroom, out of sight, "when I got some sense and knew I'd never be beautiful, I decided anyway I could try to be like you. Mums, tell me the truth! Do you think I can be to Ellis all you've been to dad?"

"All I have been . . ."

"Such a marvelous wife!"

EUGENIA made no pretense of trying to hide the fact that she was crying as she ran down the hall. Andrew's door was open, as if waiting for her. She ran in blindly and stopped. Andrew's arms were about her. Her head was cradled snugly in the angle of his shoulder and neck.

"My dear," Andrew was saying. "Tell me what Mary said."

"Only something outrageously sweet."

"Did that make you cry?"

"Because it wasn't true!"

"What'd she say?"

Eugenia did not turn her head away. She faced him squarely. "She said I'd been a good wife."

"But that's true!"

"No, Andrew! Andrew, that letter in the Proust—"

"Oh?"

"From Jack—"

"Jack!" His arms tightened about her.

"Andrew, I lied about Jack. He was waiting to go to Corregidor. Andrew, he might have got there in time to be captured."

"You don't know he did?"

"No."

"But that's wonderful," he told her, "not to be sure! To know he may not have got there in time to be captured! Besides"—his breath came deeply, so swiftly his heart beat against his ribs—"I'd bet on Jack against a regiment of Japanese!"

"You would? You know, I hadn't thought of that at all. Andrew, it's wonderful to have you tell me! But I want you to know," she went on firmly, "that I appreciate all you have done for Phyllis—in the garden, at lunch."

"That wasn't only for Phyllis!"

"I understand," she told him, her eyes meeting his. "Andrew, this being good and bad—nobody's all good or all bad, are they? We're all both; all of us human."

"All of us," he echoed. He held her too tightly for her to draw away. "Do you know what you are?" he whispered. "You're the sweetest liar in the whole world!"

She could not answer because his lips had sought and found her own.

"See?" Mary's laughter came ringing through the doorway.

Mary arrayed in lace and satin. Mary, after all, on time. She had on the dress copied from her great-grandmother's, for fads might come and fashions go, but a wedding dress was a wedding dress from immemorial time.

"What did I tell you?" she teased. "I was right about you and dad, wasn't I, mums? Oh, I hope Ellis will kiss me like that thirty years from today!"

THE END

Puzzle 316 5/12/45

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

STORM JAMESON is the president of the English branch of the international writers' club known as the P. E. N. **The Journal of Mary Hervey Russell** is largely the record of her own brave struggle to keep alive the ideals of the P. E. N., which was founded in 1921 to bring together the writers of the world.

I was present at the first meeting of the P. E. N. in London, and remember the high-hearted speech of its first president, John Galsworthy. He made us all feel that though the pen hadn't proved itself mightier than the sword, the P. E. N. might have better luck.

Storm Jameson

Reflecting today's disillusion, Miss Jameson says: "Writers sometimes talk as though they were the only friends of civilization. This is their conceit. But they have special powers to serve—or to corrupt—civilization."

At a recent meeting of the P. E. N. Club in New York, Somerset Maugham was asked by a distinguished critic to tell how the writer of today could be helped in his job of working for a better world. Mr. Maugham's caustic reply was, "Leave us alone!" He added that when novelists turn to propaganda they write bad novels and bad propaganda. He would probably subscribe to these clauses of Miss Jameson's creed for writers:

"We are required precisely to defend the integrity of the written word; to think our own thoughts, not any provided for us; to know beyond doubt that the only hope for the future rests on our being able to keep open as many channels as possible for the movement of ideas."

But the last clause of Miss Jameson's charter for writers is a plea for her own particular kind of propaganda:

"To repeat, if necessary to die repeating, that any word, any act, any treaty, which debases the dignity and freedom of common men is evil and to be rejected."

Published by the Macmillan Co., N. Y. Price $2.50.

AMERICAN CHRONICLE is the autobiography of **Ray Stannard Baker,** written in the serene, relaxed style we'd expect of the man who wrote Adventures in Contentment.

Mr. Baker first won fame as a crusader against political and economic injustices, in the days when the fiery S. S. McClure initiated the type of magazine journalism for which Teddy Roosevelt invented the name "muckraking." He gained his second reputation as David Grayson, the pseudonym under which he wrote his essays on the joys of country life. He then wrote the standard biography of Woodrow Wilson. But, of course, what he really wanted to do was to write the great American novel.

Ray Stannard Baker

Mr. Baker sums up a great deal of human wisdom in a parable told to him by the late Lincoln Steffens:

"Satan and I," said Steffens, "were walking down Fifth Avenue together when we saw a man stop suddenly and pick a piece of Truth out of the air—right out of the air—a piece of Living Truth.

" 'Did you see that?' I asked Satan. . . . 'Don't you know that it is enough to destroy you?'

" 'Yes, but I am not worried. It is a beautiful living thing now, but the man will first name it, then he will organize it, and by that time it will be dead.' "

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. Price $3.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 What great composer of Ethiopian songs was south of the Mason-Dixon Line but once?

7 Restroke cat

12 A saffron sparrow might be a what?

13 Shows of the future may well be played in whats?

15 The ancient Lizzie had what in common with a baby?

16 Glamor girls usually walk with a cute little what?

17 Give testimony

18 Who invented the bogus radio feud?

19 Complete: As —— Maine so doesn't go the nation!

20 The paternal progenitor is known as what in hillbilly country?

23 What's one in German?

24 Complete: "To —— is human, to forgive, divine"

25 Raceway barrier

27 What Greek word meaning skin is found in most English words relating to skin?

28 What's a synonym for deloused of rats and monkeymen?

32 Bullies Can't Sock! (abbr.)

35 Of what High Executioner did Gilbert and Sullivan sing?

36 What color's a "Miami mink coat"?

37 A medieval Maginot Line'd be a what?

38 "He who laughs last" is a what?

40 A one-hosspower Paris hack is a what?

42 John L. Lewis playboys are what?

44 A tenor (anag.)

45 Town in Bari Province, Italy

46 With whom would you associate a peavey?

47 What city rose from a nunnery to the world's largest gunnery?

48 Genuflects

VERTICAL

1 General Sherman's culinary order usually was for his troops to —— liberally on the country

2 W. J. Bryan was known as the silver-tongued what?

3 A brat watcher is sometimes called a what?

4 A servant who carries away food from his job does what?

5 Cockney 'ot spots are what?

6 What is the outstanding characteristic of a zoot suit? (two words)

7 One who sleeps nude is said to sleep how?

8 Name the orange-red cocoon maker of Assam

9 What's colloquial for a wooden-legged sea captain? (two words)

10 East what is now known as Norfolk and Suffolk in England?

11 Two thousand dollars in ancient Hebrew money was one what?

14 Essen bombings made good what, anagrammatically?

21 "Ascending and descending" refer to what artery?

22 L'il Abner's Dogpatchians refer to the gentler sex as what?

25 Name the Washington fixture (abbr.)

26 Name a combination fall guy, money grubber, and check writer

28 What's a Peruvian freight lugger?

29 What's Courtois' great medical discovery?

30 Bars, circles, and Xs are used to make whats?

31 Tools

32 The hedgerow country our troops fought in in Normandy's called the what?

33 What combine can be useful between governments, dangerous between private industries?

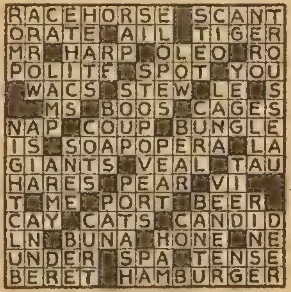
34 Most Grade B meat comes from whats?

37 The Pekinese itch is the what?

39 Name another Lake besides Veronica

41 What metal makes a great pick-me-up?

43 Name a famous Pedro



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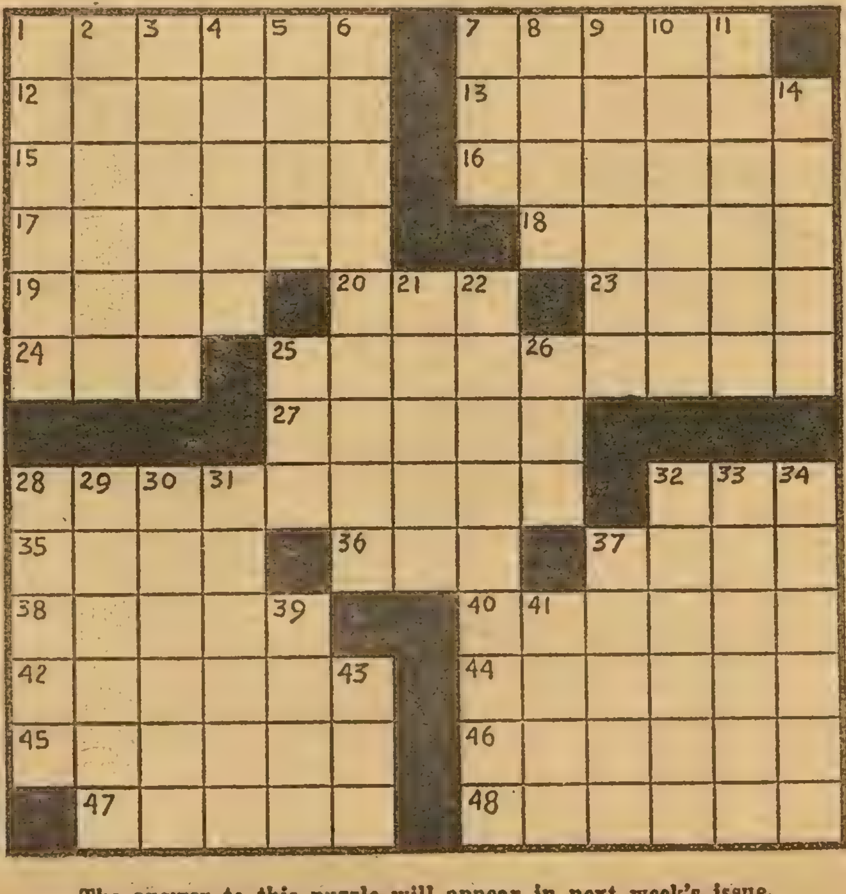
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

HIRAM
WALKER
Walker's
DeLuxe
BOURBON

"A $2500 pistol—whew!
This friend of yours must
be quite a guy."

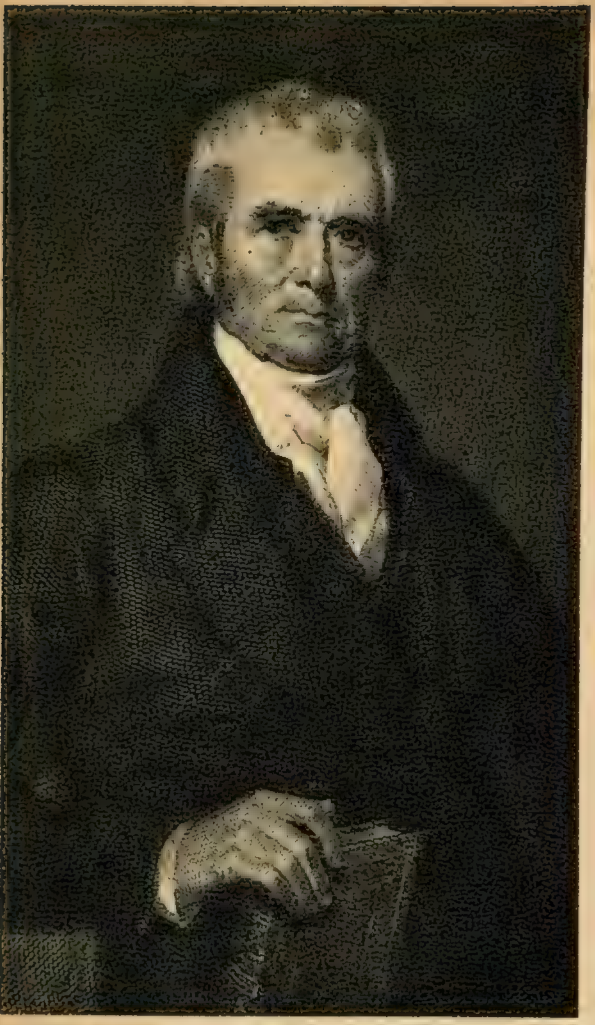
"He is. That painting he just showed us is an original Degas—knows a good thing when he sees it."

"I put that down in my book—
the minute he brought out this
Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon!"

Walker's DeLuxe

These two words mean a great straight bourbon

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



The court spoke

...with a pen!

A frontier Virginian from the Blue Ridge country... brave soldier at Brandywine and Monmouth... staunch supporter of Washington in the terrible winter of Valley Forge, John Marshall later became the most brilliant of American jurists... whose decisions did much to make the U.S. Constitution a living document.

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A TRICK TO MAKE MY DADDY WELL

Continued from Page 37

She bit down on her lip and kept her face away from him, and he knew it was so he couldn't see she was ready to cry.

She needed a little fun. That's what they both needed, to relax and have fun and to forget this, now that it was finished. He needed a few drinks. The guys fighting and getting killed didn't have time to sit around drinking, maybe. But he had time, plenty of time. A whole damned eternity.

"Let's catch a couple of shots and a bite to eat."

They sat in a booth all the way back. They sat and waited for somebody to take an order, and Howard got edgy, feeling Jan's eyes on him like that.

He went to the juke box and slotted a nickel. The record scratched an old arrangement of Don't Fence Me In. "That's us. No fences, Jan." Her hand was cold when he took it. "Why the gloom? It's funny, that's what. You sitting there as long-faced as a gal who's just said good-by to a guy. And here I am, not going at all. I'm right here with you for good. No war's taking me away."

JAN'S head came up fast. "Part of you has gone, Howie, but not to war."

"Cut it! I told you that before." But his voice softened. "Look, honey. Let's quit making with the words." He lifted her finger with his thumb. "How's about putting the ring on that finger? There's nothing to stop us now."

Jan glanced down at her finger. "I fell in love with all of you. When—if I marry you, I want to marry all of you. There can't be part of you locked away. It would be—like a ghost. Always there, living with us and eating with us and sleeping with us and—it wouldn't ever work—like that."

Howard took his hands from the table. "That's how you want it?"

"It's you. Not what I'm doing. I can't—" She broke it off, shook her head.

"O. K. O. K., then." He held his back stiff against the booth. "Maybe you'd like to break up the act, too? Call it quits all the way? Maybe that, too?"

"If—you want to."

"You know what I want."

The waiter came, and Howard ordered the first thing his finger found, going down the menu. Jan said to make it two. She took a cigarette. Staring at the hot end of it, she said, "The act's strictly business. We can keep it that way."

"O. K. From now on, strictly business." He swung his glance to the bartender, wiping a wet rag across the bar. Howard started to sing softly, absently: "'Give me land, lots of land—'"

"Oh, Howie—Howie!" Jan pushed her hands against the edge of the table. "Don't let's be like this."

He shrugged; started humming again. Jan looked right at him, looked hard. She picked up her purse and suddenly stood and moved out to the aisle.

"What's the matter? My singing isn't that bad." He tried to laugh, but it knotted up in him. He swallowed. "O. K. Sit down, Jan."

Her eyes shut. She shook her head. Then her eyes opened wide and her head lifted and she quickly walked down the aisle, the length of the bar to the door.

He heard the door open, heard the sudden rush of traffic outside. It shut with a tiny, final click.

The smell of her perfume was still in the booth with him. Apple blossoms. Clean and fresh and sweet, like a church smells when the altar is banked with flowers. Like a church smells at a wedding.

Howard moved out of the booth fast. He went to the bar and threw down a five. "Make it double." . . .

The small gray-haired man was standing at the door to Jan's dressing room, talking to Jan and making explosive little gestures with his slender hands, when Howard returned to the Club Algiers for the supper show.

Howard started to walk past them, but Jan called him over. "This is Walter Wilton," she introduced.

Howard held out his hand. Wilton's Broadway column was the show business' bible. A one-line plug by Wilton could make an act tops—or ruin a reputation.

The columnist shook his hand warmly.

"Mr. Wilton is in charge of lining up the shows for the rehabilitation center at Halloran Hospital on Staten Island," Jan went on blandly, holding that smile as she looked straight at Howard. "He wants us to go down tomorrow evening. I told him we would, of course." She kept on looking at him that way. "I told him we'd be grateful for the chance to do anything we could to help."

His throat went tight. He dropped Wilton's hand. Anger congealed Howard's expression so that the polite half-smile stayed on his lips. He even managed to say "Of course." But he added quickly, pointing the lie at Jan: "Too bad it's tomorrow, though, Wilton. We have an extra club date booked with Hines. If we'd known sooner—but, you understand, we can't break that now. This late, I mean." Howard prompted Jan. "I guess you forgot about that, huh?"

Wilton started to say something polite. Jan cut him off. "I phoned Hines," she said sweetly, too sweetly. "I fixed it all up, Howie. There's nothing to stop us—nothing at all."

"That's fine, then. Fine." Wilton beamed. "I'll count on you. And the boys at Halloran will count on you. It's an experience like nothing you've ever felt before, doing this, I can promise you that. Those guys are a real audience."

Howard stood there militantly after Wilton had gone, stood close to Jan but miles away from her. "Why?" he asked.

She dropped the smile. "Because I know it will help." Her voice was low. "Please, Howie. If only you'd—"

"You forgot one thing, Jan: You can make all the arrangements you want, but you can't make me go."

She looked away from him. "That's up to you." She put her hand on the knob of the dressing-room door. "Personally, I'd hate to have a man as powerful as Wilton despise me. That is—if I wanted to stay in show business."

She shut the door behind her and left Howard standing outside, wanting to hammer his fists against it.

WILTON spotted The Prestons as the final act in the Halloran show. Howard waited in the wings, hearing the piano play the music for their act, patting his coat absently to make sure all the gimmicks were in place and wishing desperately that he could make himself disappear.

He watched Jan make her entrance, envying the easy way she smiled, feeling that envy grow almost to hate, and yet wanting her; hating the hospital and the war and everything that kept them apart, and hating himself for what he could not be.

She fed him his cue and there was nothing he could do about it now. He had to go on; he had to act out this mockery of a man fighting the war with cards and coins and wisps of red silk that changed to green.

He produced the bouquet of feather flowers with a practiced flourish and said his lines, and avoided looking at the men,

(*Continued on page 58*)

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(*Continued from page 56*)

the parts of men, who had come back to try to find themselves.

But they laughed. They laughed at the jokes and they applauded when he pulled a shower of colored ribbons from the canister, and he had to look at them.

Something happened then. Howard found himself working for their smiles, coaxing their laughter and their applause. It became a contest, with Howard feeling for the pulse of the audience, almost like a doctor—almost as if it mattered.

Down front there were a bunch of wide-eyed youngsters, visitors to the hospital. And toward the back of the room there were some women, too: wives and sweethearts and mothers, watching their men, listening to their broken men laugh.

IT was over in a few minutes. The act was a short one. And Howard felt the emptiness come back as the curtain shut them off. Five minutes, eight minutes out of lifetimes. *Was* it any use?

Wilton came back to them. "You were swell, kids. You gave them a bang." He laughed. "You really had them believing in miracles. Thanks a lot for coming."

Jan said, "Thank you for letting us."

"The rest of us will wait until you folks get your stuff packed up," Wilton said. "We'll go down to the ferry together, maybe stop for a bite to eat. That's what we usually do."

"Don't wait for us." Howard snapped it; realized his tone had been too curt. "I mean, it takes us a lot of time to get our things put back together, and—"

"Whatever you say." Wilton's eyebrows lifted slightly, but his hand was firm as he shook Howard's again.

They rode silently in the lighted bus, Howard and Jan, Howard sitting stiffly against the hard cushion, sharply conscious that her hand was an inch from his on the seat, but his glance carefully riveted to the row of passengers across from them.

"We'll probably have to wait all night for a boat," he said finally—"probably hours."

Jan squeezed the laugh. "Not that long, Howie. Staten Island isn't another world, you know."

The silence held them again, strained and unreal and tense. It stayed with them as he walked behind her, dropped the nickels into the turnstile, and carried the heavy bags of apparatus across from the ferryhouse to the boat.

They sat at the front of the upper deck, Howard waiting anxiously for the boat to move.

Jan sighed. "That audience—you could feel them, Howie, couldn't you? You could feel them liking you. It was almost desperate, the way they wanted to laugh and forget—"

"I wish this crate would get going." He shifted the bags. "We'll never get back."

He felt her pull herself in. Without looking, he could tell the tight way her lips would be and the hurt that stung into her eyes. His bad leg started throbbing and he moved it uneasily, coughed, and straightened his tie.

The ferry paddled out into the harbor, past the busy shapes of other boats; tugs and freighters and ships going out and ships coming in. There was a dreamy half-mist on the water, left from the heat of the day. The New York sky line was a distant thing, a million dream castles. But the lights made it real. Lights for those who still had work to do.

Other passengers moved past them to watch the view from the rail, caught in the light from the boat's windows for a moment and then lost again, vague shapes in the semidarkness. A woman and a boy walked by. The boy tugged at the woman's hand, stopped her. He craned his head around, and stared back at Howard and Jan.

Howard heard the childish excitement of the whisper: "Mommie, mommie!" The boy kept pulling at her hand. "It's the magic man! The magic man from daddy's hospital!"

The child came running over to them, stopped before them, awkward and embarrassed. "Hello." It was tentative.

"Hi, kid."

Measuring him against what he remembered of Terry as a kid, Howard figured the boy was about nine. A gangling youngster, thin, and kind of sickly looking, although Howard couldn't detect anything physically wrong with him. There was nothing really, except his eyes, the sadness in them that even his childish enthusiasm didn't hide.

"You are the magic man, aren't you?"

Howard smiled a little. "That's right."

His mother came over and took his arm. "Come on, Paul. You mustn't bother the folks. Let's sit over there." She smiled an apology at Jan. "You'll have to excuse him. We were at the hospital to visit his daddy. Paul saw you put on the show. He's been crazy about magic ever since his daddy used to do card tricks for him before—"

She hesitated a tiny second. It was hardly a pause at all. Unless you were listening as hard as Howard was, you wouldn't have noticed it.

"—before his daddy's hands were hurt."

"Oh."

She shook her head a trifle, but the quick smile was a little too bright. "It's not bad. The doctors say he'll get to use them again." She reached for the boy's hand again. "Come on, Paul."

But Paul just stood there, fascinated. "How'd you do that with the big box and the handkerchief?" He put his hands on Howard's knee. "Tell me, huh?"

"If I told you, it'd spoil the fun."

"No. Please!" Paul jumped up and down. "Please tell me. How?"

Howard laughed. He winked at Jan. "That was real magic."

Instantly Paul's face grew sober. His eyes were wide, filled with a different, deeper excitement. "You're a real magic man, honest and true?"

"Sure, kid. Honest and true."

"Re-al magic?" His voice went high and uneven. His eyes were pleading. Hesitantly, almost prayerfully, he asked, "Will you—do some real magic for me?"

Howard grinned indulgently. "I'll try."

"Will you do a trick to—make my daddy well?"

THE cold jolt ran up Howard's back to his neck. It stayed there, a hard lump. Helplessly he turned to Jan. Her eyes filled and she turned her head away. He shut his own eyes. And then, slowly, the smile came back. It grew into something warm and full, something deep. He put his arm around Paul's shoulders. "No. There's no magic trick can do that. Your daddy will have to do that for himself." He reached for Jan's hand, found it, held it tight. "But maybe we can help," he said. "Maybe we can help him and all the other guys a little."

Jan's fingers closed over his, squeezed his hand hard.

"You folks are helping plenty," Paul's mother said quietly. "You don't know what it means just to hear the men laugh again and—" She stopped.

She looked at Howard and then at Jan, saw the way they were looking at each other, and she smiled a little. "I guess you do know," she said. "I guess you understand." She took Paul's arm and moved him away.

THE END

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THE SEVENTH DESERT

Continued from Page 33

rived he moved his blankets out of the lean-to which he shared with Shorty.

"I've got the crawlin' fidgets," he told Cole. "I'll sleep out a few nights."

The next morning the Indians came.

A SINGLE gunshot planted Cole bolt upright in the bed beside Elly. There was a great rustling in the grass, and then a soft thunder of unshod hoofs. There was another shot.

Cole Allan laid the barrel of his rifle across the mud sill. In the ghostly half-daylight he perceived a line of horses passing the window. But the moving file had no end—it was the rim of a wheel; the cabin was the hub.

Shorty's gun began to roar from the dark wedge of the lean-to. Cole shouted at Elly, "Get the carbine! Keep loading!"

He got into the rhythm of the spinning wheel. Fire between two horses and you would hit the second. The terror of his violent awakening had passed. He was proud, and a bit relieved, that he was able to live up to his own code of courage, his despite of softness. He was proud of Elly, quietly, hurriedly reloading the guns as he passed them to her.

Out there in the dark a lone rifle spoke from time to time. It was California's forty-five-ninety hacking holes in the line of riders.

Down in the bosque a flame broke out, flickered, and then flared brighter. Pitch fire, thought Cole; and the portent of it came upon him with a sense of horror that shamed his recent courage.

He watched the arrows arch across the corral and heard four solid *thunks* as they hit the roof. He looked at Elly. She was loading. She had not seen them. "Oh, God!" he murmured. He had meant to cover the riprapping of willow poles and cottonwood *vigas* with earth long ago.

He kept waiting for the heat. While he waited he fought, and up in the rocks California was fighting. From the lean-to Shorty's gun spoke with brash defiance. Suddenly Cole realized that there were quite a few Indians on the ground. The fabric of the noose was unraveling.

Elly said urgently, "Cole!" and tugged at his arm.

"I know," he said. "They did it with pitch-pine arrows. But they won't be around when we come out. They've about got their bellies full."

Elly obediently turned her back on the corner of the ceiling that was blackening, with tendrils of smoke leaking down and now and then a savage little lick of flame. She handed him the carbine.

Cole said, "Keep it. Start shooting when I say."

Elly put the gun to her shoulder. Under the redoubled fire the line of Indians swerved. California's rifle roared encouragement.

In the end, it was the thunder of his Sharps that convinced the Indians there was nothing in this small cabin worth dying for. They disappeared into the tall grass.

California kept guard while the others formed a bucket brigade from the horse trough. Luckily the roof timbers were still green. They burned reluctantly, finally subsiding into sullen steaming.

In the wreckage of her kitchen corner Elly started to cook breakfast. Suddenly she sat down and covered her face with her hands. She cried, softly at first, then with terrible, convulsive sobs.

"It was my fault," she cried. "We might all have been killed. I'd have been to blame. Cole, I—I lied to you."

Cole said sharply, "No one's to blame. Get holt of yourself." Then curiosity crept into him. "What do you mean, you lied to me?"

Elly's fingers clenched whitely. "About the baby. I'm not going to have one, Cole! Only, I couldn't cross another desert. Not then. I'm not a pioneer; I'm just a wife that wants to settle somewhere."

Her voice took on a small note of accusation. "I couldn't ask you to stop, because you'd say I was soft. You'd hate me. I thought I'd tell you later I'd been mistaken about the baby."

Cole got up. He stood in the doorway. Elly said, "So now we can go on."

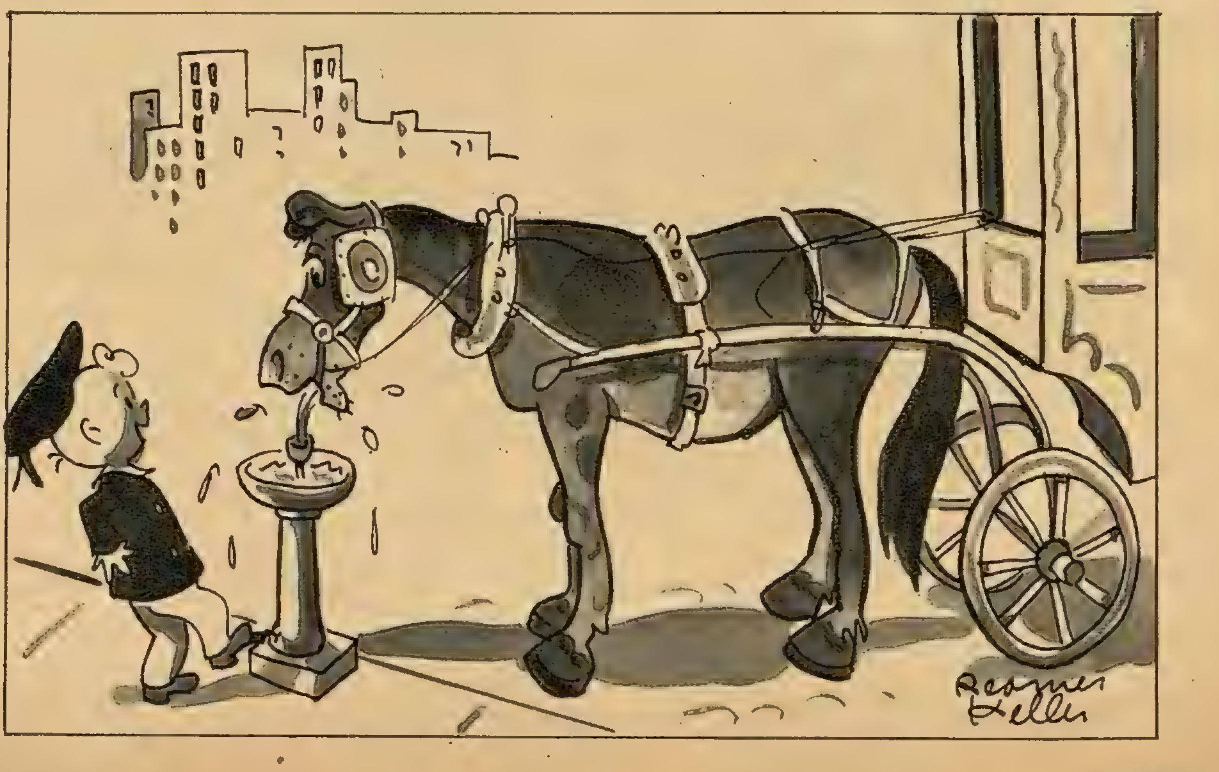
Cole would not look at her. "No," he said, "we're staying. Pete Hubbell is not going to brag to all Arizona that he scared a Texan. You got us into this, and you'll see it through with me."

Cole was angry and hurt. Hurt because Elly hadn't trusted him with her feelings; angry because she did not possess the iron with which he had credited her. It troubled him because he knew a timid woman would be a stone around a man's neck out here.

At dinner that night Elly made her very

(*Continued on page 62*)

HARDTACK



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(*Continued from page 60*)

last speech on the subject of pioneering.

"If some people wouldn't be so high-handed," she said, "it would be easier for a body to talk to them. I'd have let you know how I felt in New Mexico, excepting you were always talking about the weaklings that never made it to California." She sniffed. "How do you know this California is such a rose garden, anyway? With you, California is just a frame of mind."

Some deep-rooted wisdom cautioned Cole Allan to hold his tongue.

IT was the weather which settled Cole's problem of whether to go or stay. In the air the next dawning there was the first taste of autumn. The heat would be going out of the lava-studded plains between Phoenix and the Colorado.

He said to Shorty and California, "I figure to pull out next week. By the time we get across the mountains the desert will be fit to travel."

California licked a cigarette. "I'll help you across the mountains," he remarked, "but after that I draw my time. My compass points east."

They rode down Peach Creek to South Fork, to start the strays moving in. There was a purplish haze over the land. It was a friendly sort of country, thought Cole.

They came onto a mesa and saw, below them, a train of five wagons at the ford. Four of them stood on the east bank, but the fifth was bed-deep in mud.

They rode down, watching the emigrants bend their strength to the wheels of the mired wagon. The wagon boss waded to the bank.

"Could shore use a pull, boys," he declared. "Don't want to take the mules out of harness again if I can help it." Like the rest of the men, and the women sitting on the wagons, he looked pinched, tired, brown and dry as the earth itself.

Cole noticed that the sideboards of the wagons were weathered; the mules were no more than racks of bone and hide.

They flipped ropes to the wagon and brought it out of the stream. The wagon boss wiped his forehead.

"That's number two hundred and sixty-five," he said. "This stretch has been the worst since Californy."

That the caravan was heading east struck Cole for the first time. He noticed a faded "California, By Heck!" painted on one of the canvas tilts. "What's the matter with California?" he challenged.

"Why, nothing much," said the other, "providing you like land sharks and deserts, and coolie labor on the land you thought you were going to work."

Cole stared at the man, condemning him. "If trouble rubs the polish off a man," he declared, "he ought to stay home."

The emigrant colored, but not with shame. "I've seen my share of trouble," he retorted, "but I hadn't seen anything till I hit Californy. We're farming people. All the land except the deserts is owned by railroads and rich ranchers. They'll throw a squatter off before he can water his team. Some of the folks that went out there in '49 are still hunting a place to settle. The only free land is the deserts."

He stumped back to his wagon. Cole watched the caravan slowly lumber up the next hill. . . .

They found a few cattle on South Fork and got them drifting up the creek. But Cole was thinking of the face of the wagon boss—sour, pessimistic, defeated—and he was hating it. The man lied; his face lied. Cole Allan had seen the railroad tracts that told about good, cheap land in California; they wouldn't let them print stuff like that if it weren't true.

IN the dusk they neared the cabin. Suddenly Cole said to California. "There's weak ones in any country. They make room for the strong." And for the first time he asked California about his name. "You ought to know California," he challenged, "being that you carry it for a name."

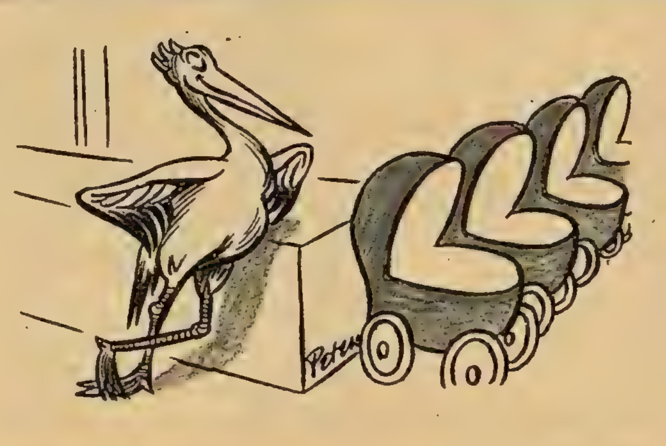
"Sure I know California. I lost an eye on the Mojave. Ran out of water, and there I laid till somebody found me. My hat covered one eye, but the sun did for the other."

"But the desert's only part of it!" Cole said desperately.

"California," said the cowpuncher, "is no better nor worse than a lot of places in the East. But the good land ain't free. And the free land ain't good. And to hell with the railroad and its pamphlets. Unless a man's well heeled, it's about twenty years late for pioneering."

Cole Allan had no answer. California was one man you couldn't call a weakling.

Gradually, as they rode, he took a good look around him. There were a lot of things he had been thinking about this country that weren't true. He liked its moods: the bright optimism of its mornings; the way the sun went down pensively at night, as if on a long sigh.



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

STORE-K: A bird that runs a baby shop.

CAWVIAR: Old C-roe.

S.TUARY: Curved current.

DAMPUTATION: Removing a diaper.

PURSESUASIVE: Description of a confidence man.

FLAWYER: Fault-finding attorney.

SCOAL: Swedish sfurnace sfuel.

DEM-AGOG: Hitler in a perfect snit.

BRAYCELET: Handcuff for a silly ass.

DIFORCE: Dissolution by compulsion.

OPEN SEASON

There's a look in his eye,
A soulful gleam,
As he moons about
In a rosy dream,
Oblivious, quite,
Of home and wife,
In a glow you could cut
With a carving knife.

No mere blonde-fever's
What he's doped with;
His is a trance
That can't be coped with!
Better admit
Your utter rout
When your guy's that way
About a *trout*.

—*Ethel Jacobson.*

They pulled out of the bosque just below the cabin. And all in a moment fear caught Cole by the throat. Elly! Elly was alone, and there were horses before the cabin.

He rode the last hundred yards in a lope. When he realized that it was Pete Hubbell, he was both angry and lightheaded with relief. She'd be scared foolish.

But if she were frightened, she did not betray it. She stood blocking the door with one hand on her hip and the other holding her nutmeg mill by the crank. "These men," she told Cole, "think that they're going to set fire to our cabin. I think they've been drinking."

Pete Hubbell stared up at Cole Allan.

"You've had six weeks to get along," Hubbell charged. "Your cattle have stripped my graze down to bedrock. Now I'm telling you to pack and git."

If lying was the order, Cole thought, he could do his share. He told Hubbell, "I took the trouble to check up on your water rights. It seems like Peach Creek is still open. So I homesteaded my six hundred and forty and took a grazing lease on the rest."

"You're a liar," said Pete Hubbell levelly.

"What am I going to do?" asked Cole. "Swallow everything a cow-stealing borderhopper tells me? Cole Allan owns this land now, and you're saying *adios*."

Hubbell said shortly, "I'll be back tomorrow morning. If your cabin ain't empty by then, I'll empty it."

Cole glanced at California. "It's these comin' yearlin's that are hard to flank, ain't it?" he remarked.

California showed that he got it by slipping the thong that held his catchrope. Hubbell moved back.

It was one of the men behind him who blew the tension apart. His right hand dropped onto the butt of his gun and the barrel tipped up without leaving the holster. It was a swivel affair, a thing only a gunman would own.

The report of the revolver was a jolt of thunder that hit Cole solidly. His pony reared with a cry such as he had never heard from an animal before. Among all the other sounds, Elly's scream was a high, sustained note.

The yard was in uproar, men dodging for shelter and horses beginning to fight their riders. Through his shock, Cole knew only that he must draw his gun. But even that he forgot when the pony went over on its back. He kicked out of the stirrups and threw himself sideways. He landed flat, pounding the wind out of his lungs.

Then he heard California yell. It was one of those ebullient cowboy shouts which defy translation but tell the world that somebody is about to do something. What California was doing was dropping a noose over Pete Hubbell's shoulders.

Cole found himself thinking: He can't do it this time. Hubbell will shoot him. . . .

He began to stare at Hubbell. What was the matter with him, anyway? Instead of pulling his Colt, he was rubbing his eyes! He was standing there like a fence post while the rope settled about his shoulders and California took his dallies, and raked his pony with the spurs.

Hubbell's feet left the ground; he came down with a grunt and skidded along behind the running horse. He caromed off the man who had shot Cole's pony and knocked him rolling.

Cole Allan sat up to discover, with some amazement, that his gun was in his hand. Also he saw that where Pete Hubbell had stood, a small wooden box marked the spot, as if in memoriam. He recognized it as the drawer to Elly's nutmeg grater. Hubbell's eyes had been as full of freshly ground spice as Elly had been of wifely fury.

Pete Hubbell's men did not work well extemporaneously. The two who were still on their feet stood befuddled; they had not drawn their guns, and it occurred to Cole that an empty-handed gunman was no more dangerous than any other man without a weapon.

He said authoritatively, "Lie down on your faces with your arms out straight."

The gunmen sank to their knees, hypnotized by the blue ring of the Colt's muzzle. They went down on their faces, and Elly Allan hurried to disarm them.

Down in the willows they could hear California whooping as he pulled Hubbell through the shallows. When he came back, Hubbell lay limp as a wet hide at the end of the rope. "Where did you want this strung up?" California asked.

"I'll leave that to the boys," said Cole. "There's a tree over yonder that could take care of four ropes and have a branch or two left over. Or there's plenty of trails leading out of here. It's their choice—this time."

Pete Hubbell's men departed at a lope, with Hubbell tied across his horse and his head flopping.

COLE went in and watched Elly put plates on the table. He kept waiting for her to break, remembering that last time the tears had come after all the excitement was over. Well, if she held up until the danger was past, you couldn't say she was fearful. But to his surprise she didn't break down at all.

She confronted him abruptly. "If anything had happened this time," she declared, "it would have been your own fault. I told you I was ready for the next desert. And I still am."

Cole Allan put his arms around his bride, and he saw her chin begin to tremble. "Pete Hubbell was the last desert we'll ever cross, Elly," he told her. "If so many people want this country, it must be worth having. Maybe California was just a frame of mind, after all."

Elly answered like a good wife and a wise wife, her eyes on the second button of his shirt. "Whatever you say, Cole. I think it's right nice of you to stay, if it's just on my account."

"No such thing," Cole retorted. "We'll just figure those first five deserts were put there to keep Arizona from getting overcrowded. As California was saying, it's a little late in the season for pioneering, anyway."

THE END

Advertisement

Jefferson Machamer

"Of course the most wonderful thing about golf is the 19th hole—a bowl of Wheaties, played with a spoon!"

Tee-off on that wonderful 19th hole—tomorrow morning. Drive your spoon deep into a heaping bowl of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Spoon up widely known essential whole grain nourishment in easy-to-eat form. Par for Wheaties "second helpings" flavor: two or three bowlfuls.

DRINK Squirt

IT'S "IN THE PUBLIC EYE"

For life and animation, drink Squirt! It's the cool refreshing grapefruit drink that gives you extra GO! You'll like its fresh flavor and sparkling goodness. Try it.

FOR EXTRA GO!

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America's "Natural" Mixer

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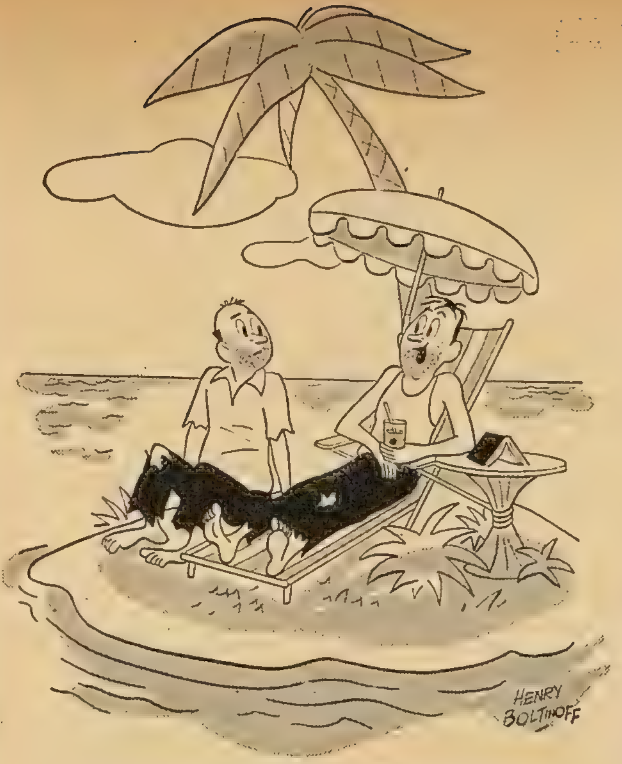

"An old sailor taught me always to be ready for shipwreck!"

THE ASPIDASTRA GIRL

Continued from Page 23

Tomcats and their sweethearts love to
spend their evenings out,
Up the biggest aspidastra in the world.
They all begin miaowing when the
buds begin to sprout
From the biggest aspidastra in the
world. . . .*

to the pure delight of thousands of servicemen, and getting poorer and poorer. The world's highest-paid entertainer before war broke out, she was just about flat broke by 1942. But in 1943 Twentieth Century-Fox decided to take a chance. They put her in the Nunnally Johnson-scripted Holy Matrimony—a straight part, without even a song. Made as a medium-budget picture, and without benefit of any elaborate publicity campaign, it has grossed more than two million dollars in the U. S. alone. Twentieth Century-Fox executives promptly dropped all discussions and put Gracie under contract. Molly and Me, her second picture at that studio, has just been released. Gracie is well on her way to becoming a "bloomin' Hollywood cinema queen."

When she first began her broadcasts from California, she was on the air only five minutes a night, from Monday through Friday, for a cigarette company. (The program was soon upped to fifteen minutes. Her last two programs have been full half hours.) Splitting five minutes with a commercial is not much of a break for an actress. But right away the letters started rolling in to the radio station. "You're so natural and unspoiled, Miss Fields," wrote one lady. "I do hope you won't let success go to your head." Another wrote: "You sound like the kind of person I'd like to know." Indignant men and women wrote letters to the sponsor threatening the company with all kinds of dire mishaps to its product if that nice Gracie Fields weren't given more time on the air. A press agent, flabbergasted by the amount of mail that was pouring in for such an unpretentious program, told the sponsor, "I don't think the majority of these people know who Gracie Fields is. They just like her."

That, of course, is the secret of Gracie Fields' great popularity. Everyday people like her. They like her because she is sincere, down to earth, one of them. Many stars of the entertainment world were born in poverty, just as Gracie was. But somewhere in the process of attaining stardom, they lost their touch with human beings. Physical contact with ordinary people, people whose dimes and quarters have made their success possible, fills many of them with horror. Gracie has the greatest contempt for stars who duck out of the back doors of hotels and restaurants to avoid their fans. "What if you git ink on your gloves and lose a few buttons?" she demands indignantly. "If you're a pooblic figure you belong to your pooblic. If people want to maul me, they got the right."

ONLY once did she allow a glib-tongued theater manager to talk her into running out on her public. It was at the start of one of her trips to America some years ago. She played a benefit in London the last night, and the audience kept her singing encores right up until train time. When the frantic manager saw the streets outside the theater jammed with people, he urged Gracie and her accompanist to leave by way of the furnace room and the coal tunnel. In the tunnel, she heard her fans on the sidewalk above shouting, "We want our Gracie, we want our Gracie!" That was too much for sentimental bighearted Gracie. To hell with the boat. "If you want me," she yelled beneath a manhole cover, "git off the lid and let me oop!" Then the workingman's idol rode triumphantly to the boat train on the shoulders of her adoring public. "It was quite a procession," says Gracie appreciatively. "I cried and sang and carried on like the ham I am."

Once, she confesses, she was a sucker for a fine bit of swank. With her income zooming to the million-dollar heights, she felt that it was time to take on a little class. "Me in-laws and a fast-talkin' salesman persuaded me I owed it to meself," she comments dryly. She bought a maroon-colored Rolls-Royce, complete with speaking tube, radio, fur rug, and liveried chauffeur. One ride through the streets of London in this ostentatious splendor ("You could see it in Calais on a clear day") convinced Gracie it was not for the likes of her. After that, her relatives used the Rolls, while she rattled on as usual in her secondhand Ford.

One of her favorite stories has to do with the night she was bouncing along from the theater in her Ford and the "petrol" gave out. She abandoned the Ford and caught the first bus that came along. The driver, a Fields fan, recognized her and anxiously inquired her home address. It was several miles off his regular route. But that didn't feeze him. "We're goin' to take Gracie 'ome," he announced to his passengers. "If you're in a 'urry you better git off the bus at the next corner." No one in the crowded bus budged. When they drew up in front of her house, Gracie cordially invited them all in for a cold beer and some close harmony. "It was one of me best parties," she reminisces. "Makes me homesick to think about it."

Gracie is a great hand at doing favors for people. Unimportant people. All you have to do is ask her. One of her favorite pastimes in Hollywood is haunting auctions. "I sit there mesmerizin' the auctioneer until he knocks the price down cheap," she says. She attended so many auctions at a certain place in Los Angeles that she became quite pal-sy with one of the auctioneers. "Miss Fields," he asked one day, "will you sing Friday night at a rally for my son? He's running for president." Gracie said she'd be delighted. True to her word, she appeared at the rally (the boy was running for president of the student body of one of the Los Angeles high schools, she discovered after she got there) and sang for hours.

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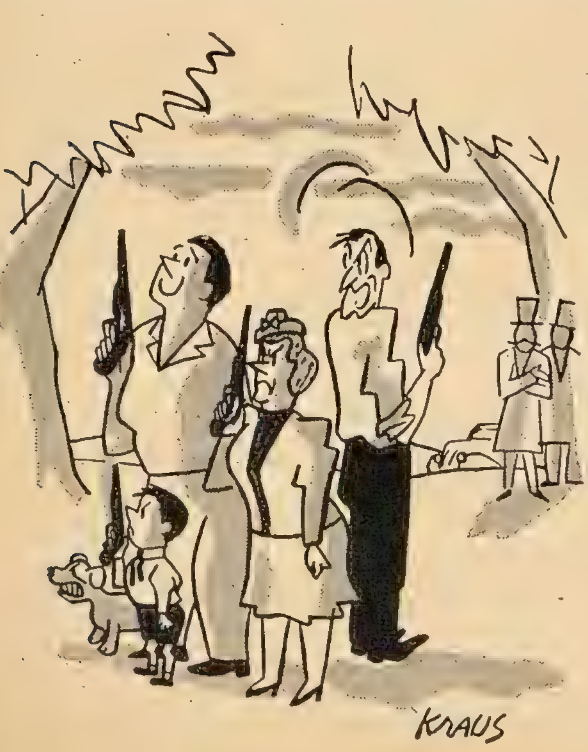
At first the boys, having been promised a movie star, were disappointed when a forty-year-old woman, instead of Betty Grable in a bathing suit, came out on the stage. But after one chorus of the aspidastra song they were cheering and whistling for more. "I must have been a success," says Gracie modestly. "The boy was elected." When a fellow actor called her down sharply for giving away so much high-priced talent, she sweetly reminded him that she had read where he had sung for free at one of Elsa Maxwell's celebrity-packed parties the week before. Had he expected the Hope diamond? And then she added, with a sly wink, "At least I'll get a chair knocked down cheap at me next auction."

WHEN Gracie and Monty Banks came to California in 1940 they bought a rambling white stucco house in Santa Monica with a swimming pool and a lot of wrought ironwork. Two secretaries live with them. A cat called Pussy, a chow called Chang, goldfish and canaries complete the household. Couples come and go. Between couples, Gracie does the sweeping, her husband the polishing, and both do the cooking. As the house is crowded with servicemen every Sunday, she is given a thorough workout on her day of rest.

The house is auction-furnished—and looks it. "I got the piano for one hundred and fifty dollars," brags Gracie. "The sofa cost forty-nine dollars. I got all these chairs and lamps for fifty-nine dollars. We trimmed them oop a bit. Stitched like crazy."

Well, Gracie likes it. And after all, the rest of Hollywood could be wrong.

Gracie's mother and father and a whole slew of relatives lived with them when they first moved in, but have all gone back to England now. Mr. Stansfield just couldn't get used to there not being a "pub" at the corner. And although Mrs. Stansfield was willing to concede that California had a wonderful climate and Americans were nice people, though deplorably deaf ("Gracie's mother," says Gracie's husband, "believes if she shouts loud enough, people will understand her."), she wouldn't risk her best china on any of Gracie's new friends. She kept it packed the entire time. When Gracie's sister and brother-in-law returned to England, the elder Stansfields went with them. The mother's parting advice to her daughter was the same as it had been for thirty years. "Mind you, Gracie, the public's fickle," warned Mrs. Stansfield.



"Keep your family out of this, Kotkofsky!"

How love of music can grow with the years

HAPPY play is a natural part of children's lives. So, too, is good music when it becomes a regular part of their recreation. It's a simple step from *Farmer in the Dell* to Mozart or Beethoven . . . for the child's taste in music grows steadily and naturally with the years.

Wise parents can guide and stimulate this artistic development by careful selection of a radio-phonograph. With Magnavox, for example, every home can know the living beauty of good music. Its life-like tone sets this fine instrument apart from all others in music reproduction.

That's why Magnavox can help so much in furthering your child's musical education. Ears of children are extremely sensitive, and extra care must be taken to see that the child becomes accustomed to good music, rather than poor or distorted reproduction.

Magnavox makes music more fun for all of the family. It is ever an investment in good living for it combines a superb musical instrument with truly fine furniture. You have a choice in styling, too, from authentic traditional to the smart contemporary designs . . . each a beautiful example of the cabinetmaker's art. Compare it with all other radio-phonographs . . . you'll never be satisfied until you own a Magnavox.

SEND FOR BOOKLET

Every parent, every youngster, will want to read Dr. Spaeth's "Music . . . A Priceless Heritage." Ask for your free copy at your Magnavox dealer . . . or send the coupon below with a ten cent War Stamp to cover cost of mailing.

The Magnavox Company
Dept. LM-5, Fort Wayne 4, Ind.
Enclosed is ten cents (coin or war stamp) to cover handling and mailing of Dr. Sigmund Spaeth's booklet, *Music . . . A Priceless Heritage.*

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Magnavox
RADIO PHONOGRAPH
The choice of great artists

It's smart to say
...I'll take
DUBONNET
DUBONNET
DELICIOUS STRAIGHT
DISTINCTIVE IN HIGHBALLS
DELIGHTFUL IN COCKTAILS
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DUBONNET SHOULD ALWAYS BE SERVED WELL CHILLED
Dubonnet
wine
An Aperitif
MADE SINCE 1846
MADE AND BOTTLED IN U.S.A. BY DUBONNET CORPORATION PHILADELPHIA, PA.

When it's time for a breathing spell, relax with Dubonnet. A little sweet, a little tangy, always smooth and mellow. Dubonnet is delicious straight, delightful in mixed drinks. Just chill it—pour it—enjoy it.

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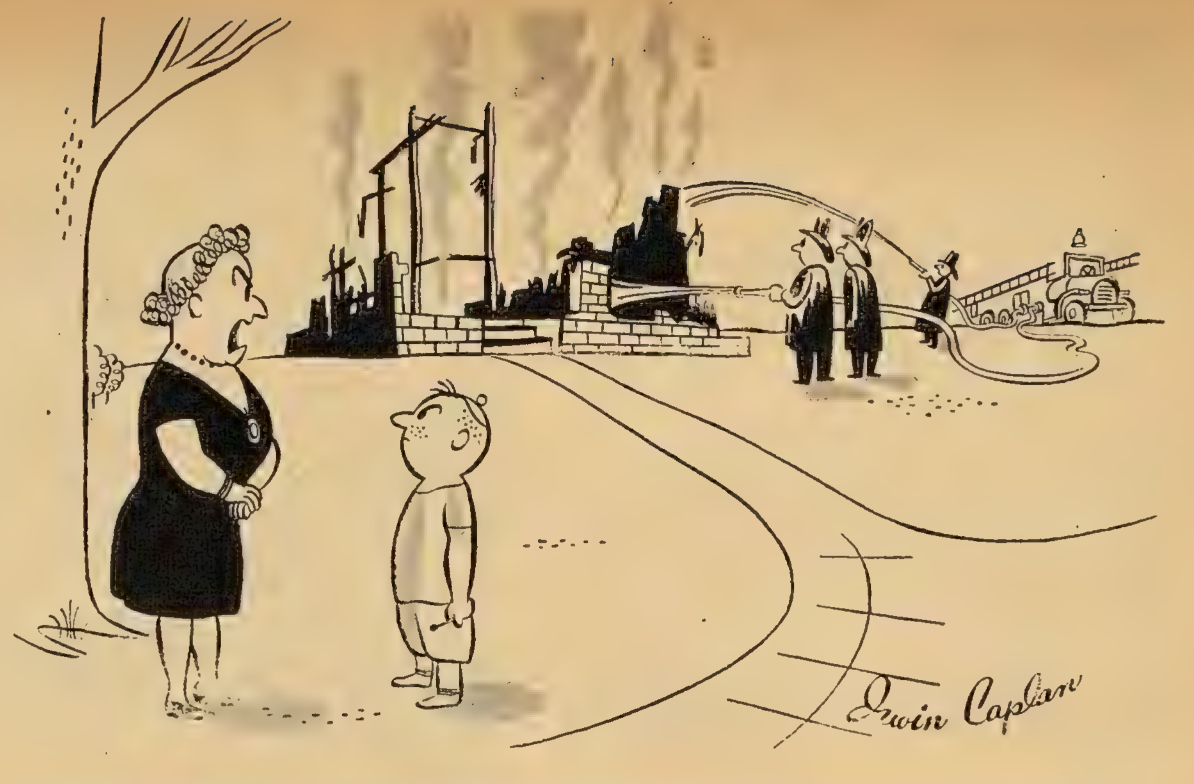


"Junior, how many times do I have to tell you to stop burning down the house?"

Gracie was born Grace Stansfield in the town of Rochdale, Lancashire, England, in 1898. Her father was a mechanic and general handy man, and her mother did the laundry for the actors who stopped at the theatrical boardinghouse next door. Mrs. Stansfield saw these darlings of the footlights "living the life of Riley," and decided that was for Gracie. When Gracie was six her training started. Each week Mrs. Stansfield gave her a shilling and sent her to the local theater with instructions to watch the stars and then come home and imitate them. Once each week Mrs. Stansfield invited her neighbors in for tea, and Gracie would mimic the star who had played the theater the week before. After a year of this, Mrs. Stansfield figured that Gracie was now an actress and got her a job with a juvenile revue.

THE stars of this children's show were the two pretty little daughters of the manager. Each afternoon their father gave them dancing lessons. Gracie asked if she might join them and was curtly told to stick to her imitations. But Gracie was a smart kid. She'd slip into the back of the theater every afternoon, watch the little pets get their tap lesson, and then run home and practice what she could remember. One night she did a few dance steps following her imitations. The audience applauded loudly. "I was sacked," says Gracie.

When she was twelve, she toured the provinces with a juvenile company. Truant officers finally caught up with the troupe and the youngsters were sent back to school. A few months after this, Gracie got a job in the Rochdale cotton mill as a winder. She'd bellow above the screech of the machinery to entertain her fellow winders. But one day during a rest period she was caught giving a murderous imitation of the none-too-popular foreman. "I was sacked again," she says placidly.

By the time she was sixteen she was the featured performer with a provincial musical-comedy company at the handsome salary of five pounds a week. Archie Pitt, the comedian playing opposite her (and whom she later married), wrote a revue especially for her which he called Mr. Tower of London. Somehow, probably because Gracie was in it, mugging like mad, the play started breaking box-office records in the sticks. The producer decided to take a chance on the more sophisticated London audiences. There Mr. Tower of London was a seven-year smash hit, and the gusty Miss Fields had arrived. Wherever she appeared, at a cozy $5,000 a week, the theater was jammed. Among her steady customers were King George and Queen Mary, who occupied a box regularly every week. When Gracie would imitate a "messy-soprano" caught on her own bridgework, King George would laugh so loudly the Queen would have to nudge him.

Gracie had only one flop in all those years. Lured by a fancy figure, she appeared in New York at the old Palace in 1928. American audiences didn't see what all the shouting was about. When Gracie returned to England after two weeks of frozen faces, she told her friends, "I was tryin' to be a bloomin' American prima donna, I was, instead of bein' meself."

Once again, in 1940, Gracie failed to be herself in America, and came darn near flopping again. The English government requested that she sing for soldiers in Canada to help tighten the bonds with the mother country. In Quebec she was told by Army officials that she was to sing her songs in French. "I was doin' me classy soprano stuff," says Gracie, "when I noticed all the boys were sittin' on their hands." With a "Me French stinks, doesn't it?" she went into one of her rollicking rowdy songs, which she accentuated with high kicks and cartwheels, the Fields specialty. The boys found their hands then. She asked one in the front row to toss her his cap for her next number. Six caps smacked her in the kisser. She threw them back. In a few seconds what might have been her worst flop on the concert stage became a free-for-all cap-throwing contest.

In 1931 she made her first movie in England, Sally in Our Alley. It was a big success all over the British Empire and was followed by a succession of pictures, many of them produced and directed by Monty Banks. In 1938, Gracie, with an eye on Hollywood gold, was presented to the film colony by Darryl Zanuck at a gala champagne party at the Trocadero. She sang Walter, I Never Cried So Much in All My Life, Mrs. Binns's Twins, and the inevitable Biggest Aspidastra in the World to a delighted movie audience. But nothing came of it—except that a well known producer told her she'd never be a success in America. Back in England again, her ruffled feelings were soothed by King George VI who, at a spectacular ceremony at Buckingham Palace, presented her with the ribbon and badge signifying Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.

When war broke out, she was recovering from a serious illness at her villa in Capri. The doctor told her she'd have to stay in bed for at least a year. "This is no time for me to be restin'," said Gracie, bouncing out of bed. And a month later she was singing her lungs out at Army camps all over England. On Christmas Eve she sang for homesick Englishmen in France and Belgium.

After the tragedy of Dunkirk, she sailed for America with Monty Banks and her accompanist, and toured the country for British war relief. When Gracie, with tears in her eyes, sang There'll Always Be an England in her clear sweet voice, even the most dyed-in-the-wool isolationists opened up their hearts and pocketbooks. She made the soreheads in London who had accused her of running out on England feel pretty silly by quietly raising half a million dollars for war victims.

IN 1942, when Sol Lesser was lining up big-time stars for his Stage Door Canteen, Gracie volunteered her services, provided that she be given 25 per cent of the British gross on the picture for her war charities. She insisted that Lesser allow her to sing the Lord's Prayer to prove that she was a serious singer and not just a "fall-on-me-behind" comedienne. American boys evidently liked her as a serious singer, for when she visited camps in Africa and Sicily in 1943 they always requested the Lord's Prayer—even before the popular Aspidastra. "When I'm singin' the Lord's Prayer," says Gracie seriously, "even though I'm suffering from a cold and laryngitis, me voice always comes out clear as a bell—just as if God were lookin' after it."

Gracie thinks that when the war is over she'd like to "settle down" in California. But right now the biggest excitement in her life is her current tour. Under the auspices of USO and ENSA, British service group, she is making the longest camp tour on record. By way of Hawaii and the Philippines, she'll visit Australia, New Zealand, China, India, Africa, France, England, and dozens of out-of-the-way places where American and British troops are stationed. In each city she will give one concert to defray expenses, but all the other concerts will be strictly for the men in service. She doesn't expect to get back to California until January, 1946. "Maybe I can git me rest then," she says with a sigh, "but right now I got to git on with me knittin'."

THE END

OUT-OF-BOUNDS

SINCE he was invalided out of the service last fall, Bill Webster has made great strides getting back on the civilian beam. We've seen him back home, back to work, and back to school, taking night courses under the G. I. Bill of Rights. Now, with a promotion ahead, the world's his oyster and Nancy, the girl he's going to marry, is the special pearl inside.

On this week's cover, Bill rushes in where engaged men dare not tread. Nancy's wedding gown is near completion, and her mother, mouth full of pins, shoos Bill away from sights he must not see just yet. It's bad luck for a groom to look at his girl in her bridal dress before their wedding day.

then he said,

"This may sound funny to you, but do you know one of the first things I'm looking forward to when it's over — is getting into a WHITE SHIRT!"

So I'm planning to have a whole new wardrobe of WINGS (the only white shirts with the famous Guardian* collar) — waiting for him when he comes home!

*the airplane cloth collar that outwears the shirt!

At better stores everywhere, or write

WINGS SHIRTS

Empire State Building, New York 1, New York

SOME BET, GENTLEMEN!
MENNEN LATHER SHAVE
MENNEN PUTS UP
2 to 1
ON YOUR NEXT SHAVE

See if *You* can Resist This Proposition...

2 to 1 is the bet Mr. W. G. Mennen makes on his famous shave creams! A bet *you are bound* to win! Either you prefer Mennen Shave Cream to your present brand—or you get a handsome necktie that costs *us* $1.

2 to 1 Mennen Shave Cream—lather or brushless—will give you extra comfort and the smoothest, slickest shave of your life! *A cleaner shave that keeps you presentable longer!* You're the judge . . . you're the jury!

2 to 1 Mennen Shave Cream does everything we say—OR simply mail us the empty carton with a letter of explanation and you'll get the necktie. We can lose this wager . . . *but you can't.*

Accept this sensational 2 to 1 bet. Get Mennen Shave Cream—Lather or Brushless—today.

Bet expires July 12, 1945

MENNEN *Shave Cream*

- Lather Shave (Plain)
- Lather Shave (Menthol-Iced)
- Brushless (Tube or Jar)

MENNEN LATHER SHAVE
MENNEN Brushless SHAVE
MENNEN

Try MENNEN TALCUM for men . . . kills face shine and doesn't show. America's *favorite* men's talcum.

KINGS OF THE JINGLE

Continued from Page 29

Other donated jingles supported scrap drives and such affairs, but The Body dug the most fun and solid satisfaction out of a series of tunes whacked out for OWI to use in psychological warfare. Some of these, in Johnson's best French, were beamed at France before D Day. They were inspiring little ditties, more or less in the Pepsi-Cola manner, designed to give the French something to hum that would support their morale during the difficult days under occupation.

Everybody has some secret of success, of course—drinking whisky, or not drinking at all; getting up early in the morning, or staying in bed and thinking. With Kent and Johnson the secret is not so easily come upon. They break all the rules. If they have any secret other than taste and originality, it is: Never take anything too seriously, especially yourself.

Everything Kent and Johnson do has a light touch, an unexpected twist—wacky, impertinent, whimsical, or mock serious. They refuse to take their sponsors' products too seriously and, in one way or another, manage to kid them a little while getting in some solid selling. A case in point is a whimsical spot done for Armour about the saga of Peter Pig who couldn't figure out how to help the world until he heard a tenor singing, "Armour, *toujours* Armour." That sort of thing.

The Body even managed to work some unconventional recipes into Armour programs. They told how to contrive such unlikely dishes as boiled tiger, fricasseed ocelot, smoked sturbbis, and baked premise ("First find a premise").

THE light touch showed up in the original Pepsi-Cola jingle, and especially in some of its variations. But The Body's favorite is still known only to its friends and the sponsor, who has not yet brought himself to put this on the long-suffering air:

> Pepsi-Cola minils the spot.
> Twelve strof brannis, that's a lot.
> Twice as gemmer for moolee woo,
> Pepsi-Cola is the slerm for you.

This makes good enough sense to Kent and Johnson, who talk like that anyway when in the mood. Their own form of double talk is a simple one, though maddening indeed to uninitiates, who waste considerable time trying to make sense out of it. The boys simply substitute "bork" for every noun, "storff" for every verb. Try it sometime.

When The Body listens to some of the jingles now on the air, its members realize that they have considerable to answer for. They are far ahead of the severest listener in deploring some of the jingles now making the air hideous for minutes at a time. This verse, clipped from the newspaper PM, is pinned above Johnson's desk at WJZ:

> After they've shaved Hitler's mustache
> and made Frau Göring single,
> I hope they'll get the guys who wrote the
> Pepsi-Cola jingle.

What the author of that verse (who presumably didn't get even $2,500 for it) possibly didn't know is that Ginger Johnson is used to having heavy things on his conscience. After all, he's the guy who picked up The Music Goes Round and Round in a little night club a few years ago and got it started on the air.

THE END

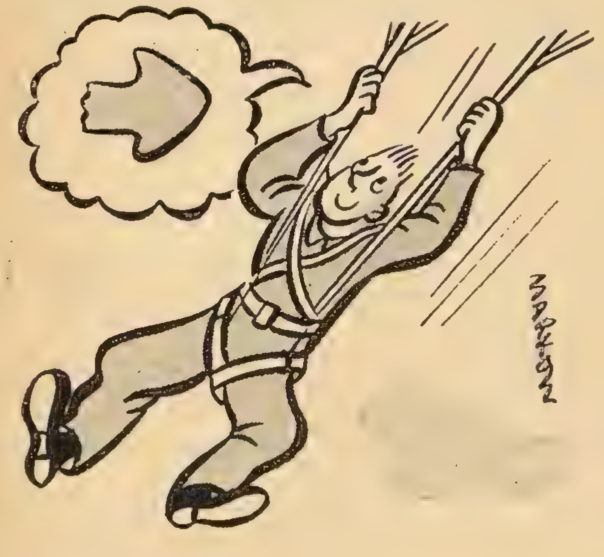
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

I WAS a turret gunner overseas on a B-25. I was shot down, was captured by the Germans, and escaped. I understand the U. S. Army Air Forces have a badge that can be worn by men who have "walked back" from a mission. It is a small wing on a boot, and was adopted from the R. A. F. in England. How can I get one, and on what part of my uniform do I wear it?

S/Sgt. W. C. E., Columbia, S. C.

No dice, bub. The wearing of any such insignia is strictly against all regulations. The best reason is that information about escaped prisoners of war would be very beneficial to the enemy.



Bronze Arrowhead?

* * *

I had to make an emergency parachute jump while I was an engineer on a Flying Fortress overseas. Am I entitled to wear the Bronze Arrowhead?

T/Sgt. R. E. D., Kingman, Ariz.

A. A. F. Headquarters in Washington, D. C., says it never heard of the Bronze Arrowhead. Neither, for that matter, had Old Sarge.

* * *

What is the Certificate of Merit issued for?

Pvt. J. E. M., Camp Edwards, Mass.

Ain't no such animal, according to the Adjutant General's office. There is a Legion of Merit, and it is awarded for meritorious achievement.

* * *

Do you think the War Department is properly preparing the American public for the arrival home of our twelve million men?

Mrs. E. R., Washington, D. C.

Yes. They have laid bare their files to magazines, newspapers, motion-picture producers, and radio networks. They have even produced a radio program of their own, called Assignment Home. It's on the air Saturday afternoons on CBS, and is well worth listening to.

* * *

My husband has been sent overseas, and I want to break up my home and move to Massachusetts. Will the Army move my furniture and belongings?

Mrs. J. W. C., Branford, Conn.

Get a copy of his orders, then call the Quartermaster at the nearest Army post. Your husband's rank will determine the tonnage they will move.

* * *

Is the three-year hashmark worn over or under the overseas stripe?

Pvt. E. M., Italy.

Hashmarks will be worn four inches from the cuff. Above them come overseas stripes from the last war, then those from this war.

* * *

I have a boy in the Navy whom I raised since he was one day old. He is my grandson. Can I get an allotment from him, or can he only allot money to a member of his immediate family?

Mrs. C. B., Oakland, Calif.

He can make an allotment to anyone, since that comes out of his pay without any government contribution. He (or you) can make application for a family allowance, toward which the government does contribute. Each application is decided on its merits.

* * *

My boy was in his last year of high school when he enlisted in the Army. Under the G. I. Bill of Rights, will he be allowed to finish when he is discharged?

Mrs. B. A. J., Canton, Ohio.

Yes, he will. He can, however, finish his high-school education while in the Army, and get his diploma before his discharge through the United States Armed Forces Institute. That is the Army correspondence school, and any credits it awards are recognized by high schools and universities.

* * *

How can I go to Medical Administration Officers' Candidate School?

Sgt. D. R., Detroit, Mich.

Apply by letter to your CO. All EM in the Army Service Forces are eligible; so are all EM over thirty-five in combat branches, plus those under thirty-five who have failed to qualify for their own branch's OCS. You must have completed basic training, not be a member of an alerted outfit, and pass the physical. It's a seventeen-week course at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, and upon graduation you are commissioned a second lieutenant.

* * *

If a man is entitled to medals, does he have to pay for them?

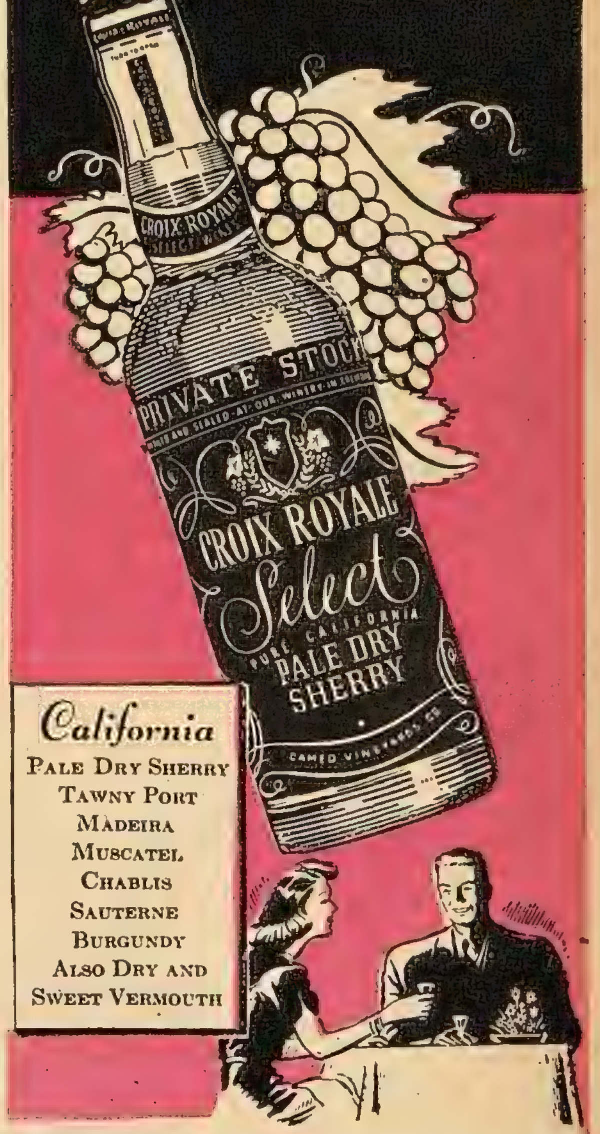
W/O E. J. M., Panama, Ill.

The first issue of any medal is free. After that, you must buy them.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

FINE TABLE AND DESSERT

Wines that add Sparkle to Your Menus



California

Pale Dry Sherry
Tawny Port
Madeira
Muscatel
Chablis
Sauterne
Burgundy
Also Dry and Sweet Vermouth

From wine-lover to wine-lover, the word is making the rounds: Croix Royale table and dessert wines produced from choicest wine grapes grown in the rich valley of the San Joaquin will bring distinction to your table. Sample these wines for a very pleasant treat! Croix Royale Table and Dessert Wines are outstanding triumphs of the vintner's art.

Send for free recipe booklet. Address Dept. P.
Cameo Vineyards Co., Fresno, Calif.

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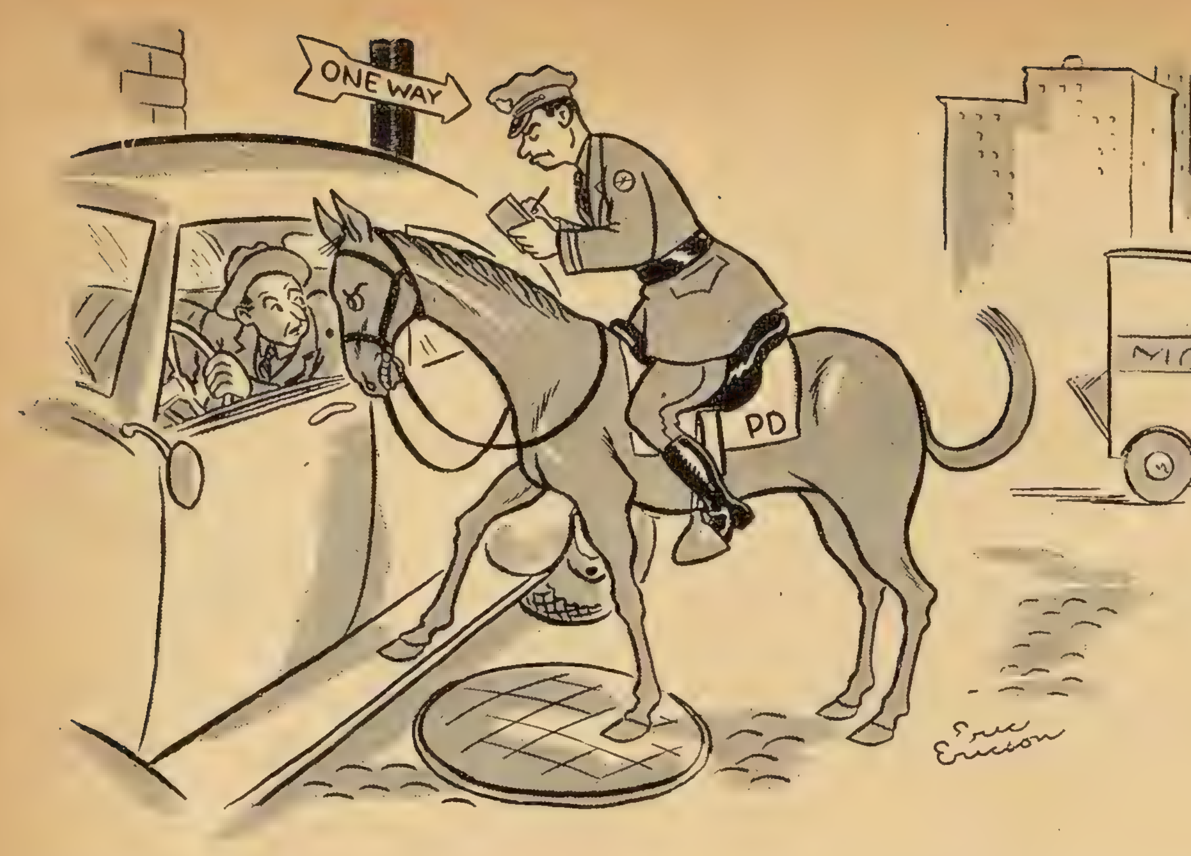
California
WINES



PARTNERSHIP IN THE PACIFIC

Continued from Page 19

Today we can discuss openly and for the first time without reserve the question of Filipino-American relationships. For with independence we meet on equal terms.

Whether we wish to or not, we must, in the ecstasy of victory, consider the material advantages that can be made to follow after this war. The Filipino knows only too well he cannot rest upon laurels won at Bataan and Leyte. He must work, as he has always worked, and as the American has worked, to hold his self-respect and his share of newly won opportunities. As America's representative in the Far East, the Philippines will offer much to both Americans and Filipinos.

American business will be welcomed back to the Philippines with open arms. The practical advantages of American business, as well as of American ideology, have long been apparent to the Filipino. He knows that both work for his eventual well-being. American business men bettered living conditions throughout the Philippines by paying the highest salaries ever paid there and by giving equal opportunities to all who were willing to work. American business is not based upon imperialistic trends but upon sound Yankee shrewdness and a respect for a fair deal.

Fifty years under the American flag have convinced the Filipino of this. And he has learned, too, that the American does not regard him as a native to be exploited, but as a fellow human deserving of an equal chance.

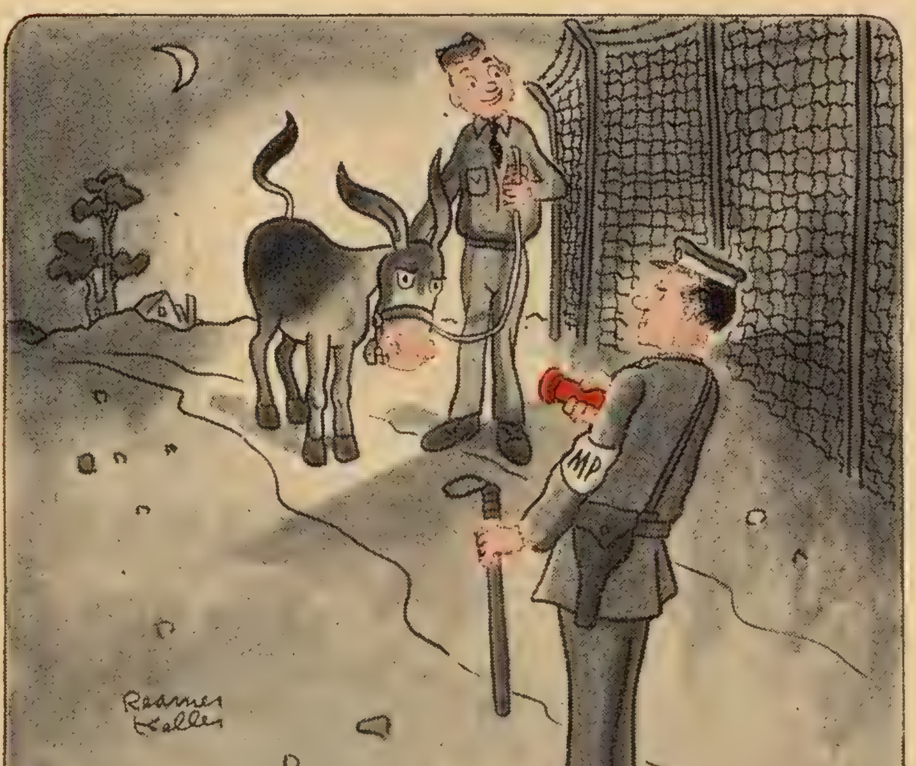
This makes the Filipino as anxious as the American to see the United States hold the supreme trade position in the Far East. The Philippines, representing America, can thereby serve both as a marketing place and as a platform, from which the Orient can be influenced in favor of American products and the American point of view.

THE Philippines are also preparing to help supply the United States. Even while Japanese forces still occupied Luzon, the U. S. Navy requested hemp supplies from the islands. Coconuts, tobacco, and sugar can also be depended upon to make the new Philippines a self-supporting republic, for while it is true that Japan has ravaged our islands and our own scorched-earth policy has bared the land, ours is rich tropical soil and a year will serve to grow our crops again.

In planting, we must plan for the future, not by years, but by centuries. The products of our freed Philippines were to have been excluded by the Tydings-McDuffie Act, promising us our independence, that passed in 1934. This exclusion would have brought economic strangulation to our newly fledged republic. If it promised so much hardship to a normal Philippines, how much greater suffering would it not bring to a country that has been almost

(Continued on page 72)

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh, DATED Eveready Batteries



"It's a little gift for the sergeant. I thought he'd get a big kick out of it"

"EVEREADY" flashlight batteries are indispensable to our armed forces and essential war industries. And it requires nearly all our production capacity to fill this huge war demand. You can appreciate why there is a shortage for civilian use.

After the war "Eveready" batteries will return in force. They will be superior in every way, engineered for longer service.

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Look for the date line

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NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY PRODUCT

Keep your eye on the Infantry . . . the doughboy does it!

Put your dough behind the doughboy. Buy more War Bonds!

EVEREADY
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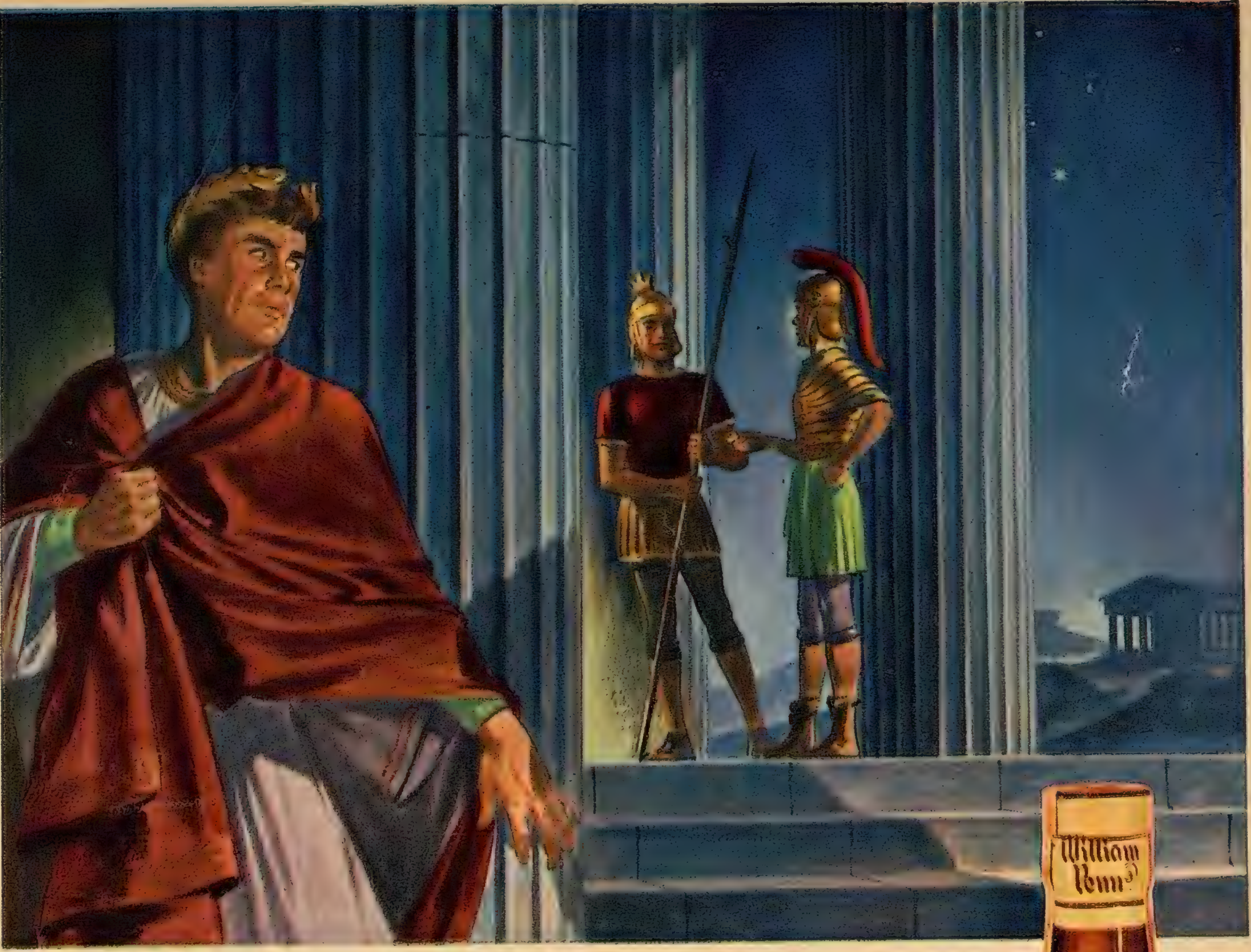
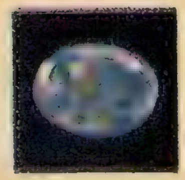


THAT MAN SLIPPING PAST THE TWO GUARDS is Nonius, the Roman senator. *Will they stop him?* If not, Mark Antony will never again see the Great Opal . . . the gem he values so highly! ● ● ● Since 1898, a gem valued highly by judges of good liquor is William Penn Blended Whiskey. Smooth, mellow, flavorful, it's the *Gem of the Blends!*

Fugitive . . . from a million dollars!

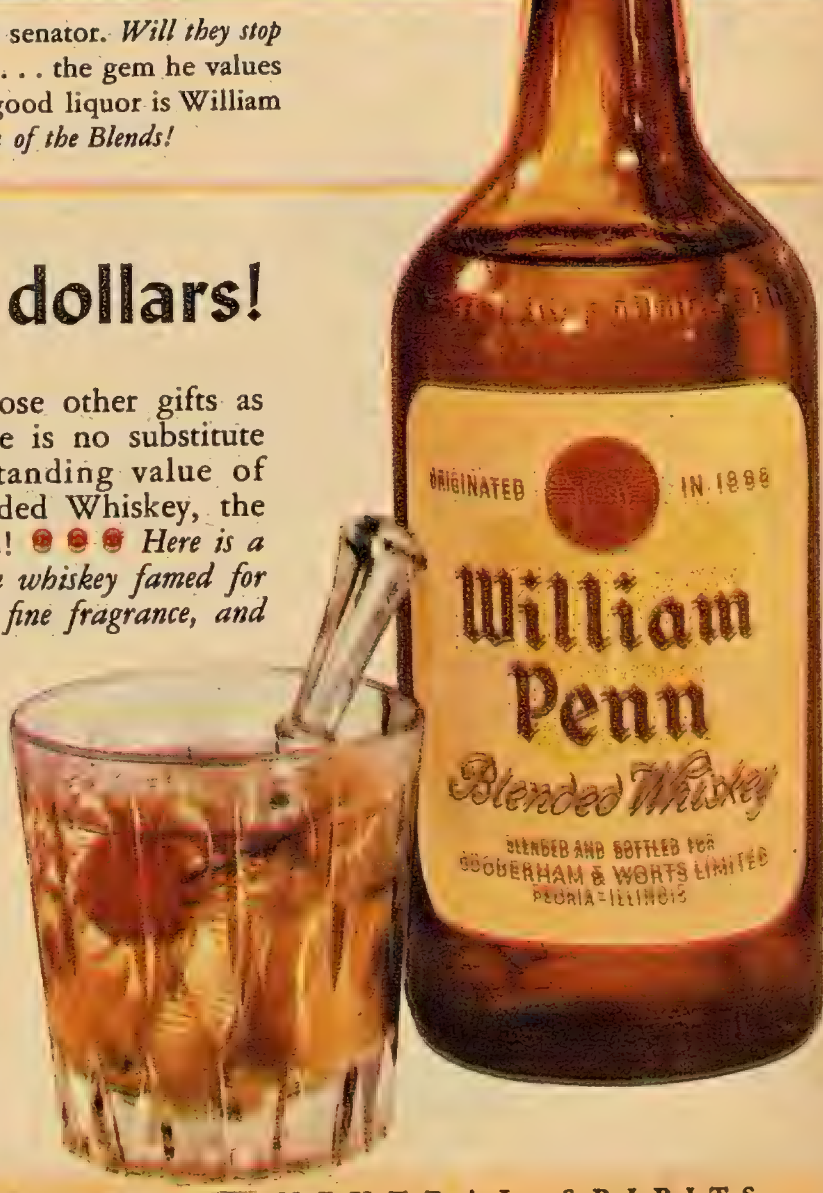


"NAME YOUR OWN PRICE, Nonius, but either you sell me the opal," declared Mark Antony, "or I will have you slain." Rather than part with his precious opal (worth the equivalent of a million dollars), Nonius fled from Rome . . . taking the precious opal with him and enjoying its beauty through the years. ● ● ● Mark Antony, who had wanted the gem for Cleopatra, finally was obliged to choose other gifts as substitutes. But there is no substitute today for the outstanding value of William Penn Blended Whiskey, the GEM OF THE BLENDS! ● ● ● *Here is a quality whiskey . . . a whiskey famed for wonderful mellowness, fine fragrance, and unsurpassed richness of flavor.* No wonder millions say "When" with William Penn!

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

William Penn

GEM OF THE BLENDS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Originated in 1898
William Penn
Blended Whiskey
Blended and bottled for
Gooderham & Worts Limited
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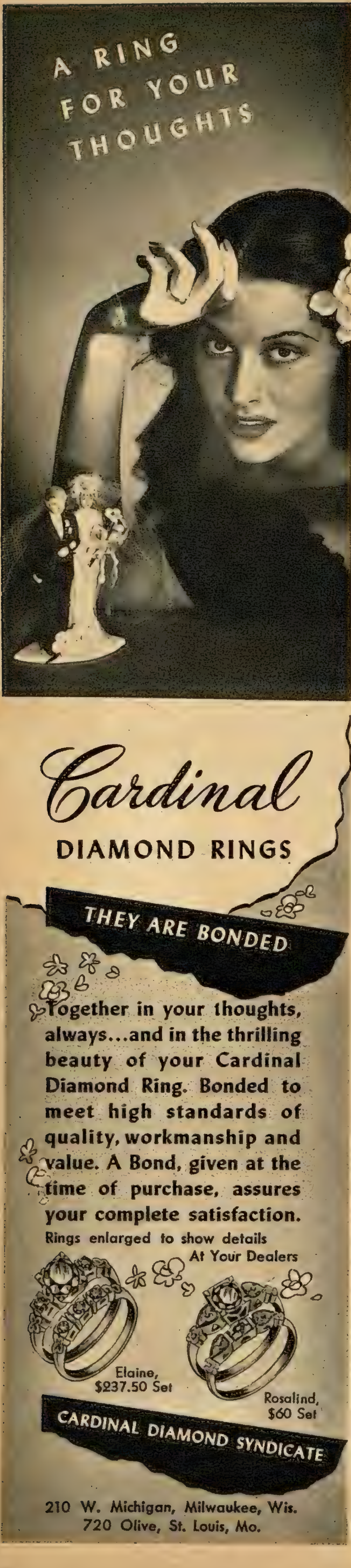

A RING FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

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THEY ARE BONDED

Together in your thoughts, always...and in the thrilling beauty of your Cardinal Diamond Ring. Bonded to meet high standards of quality, workmanship and value. A Bond, given at the time of purchase, assures your complete satisfaction.

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Elaine,
$237.50 Set

Rosalind,
$60 Set

CARDINAL DIAMOND SYNDICATE

210 W. Michigan, Milwaukee, Wis.
720 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

(Continued from page 70)

destroyed by Japan! And that exclusion still stands.

However, our hopes for more consideration are justified by the course of Filipino-American understanding during the past three years. The changes have moved swiftly since Bataan.

Indicative of their friendly progression is the passing in 1944 of two resolutions. The first advanced the date of our Philippine independence from July 4, 1946, as stipulated in the Tydings-McDuffie Act, to the nearer day on which the Japanese should be driven from, and constitutional powers restored to, our islands. Added to this was the proviso that America retain in the Philippines the air and naval bases necessary "for the mutual protection of both countries."

This "mutual protection" clause was missing when the bill was passed in 1934, and its inclusion testifies to the advance in understanding between our countries. Not only was freedom, already promised, advanced to the date of victory, but the Philippine future was assured by American protection. This proviso carried out President Roosevelt's promise made to the Filipinos on December 18, 1941, after they had risen to the defense of America against Japan:

"Philippine independence will be established and protected by America."

The second resolution created by act of Congress the Filipino Rehabilitation Commission, composed of nine Americans and nine Filipinos and presided over by that steadfast friend to the Philippines, Senator Millard E. Tydings of Maryland. Of the American commissioners, three are senators, three are congressmen, and three are appointed by the President of the United States, while the nine Filipino commissioners are appointed by the President of the Philippines.

YOU can thumb your way all through the pages of history without finding another case where a sovereign nation has created a commission for the rehabilitation of a subject nation and granted equal membership to representatives of the subject peoples.

In looking back, it seems more than possible that when the Tydings-McDuffie Act granted us our promised independence in 1934, it was passed because America was at that time as anxious to declare itself independent of the Philippines as the islands were to be free.

The American of that year may well have misunderstood the Filipino longing for independence. He may have considered this wish for freedom rank ingratitude on the Filipino's part. He may have said, and it would have been understandable:

"So, after all we've done for the Filipino, he still wants to be free! Well, let him go. He can't have his cake and eat it too. He can't have American privileges and independence as well. Let him go and let him sink or swim."

This was doubtless the attitude of many Americans then. For the American of 1934 was not the American of 1776. He had never had to fight to be free; freedom had been part of his inheritance. That American could not have been expected to understand the chafings of a Filipino who was well cared for and comfortable under American authority.

Pearl Harbor showed the American the way the Filipino feels about freedom.

Then came Bataan, and the American knew at last that the Filipino was no ingrate. All he had wanted was the American's right to call himself free. And he demonstrated this to America by dying under America's flag in the Philippines.

THAT flag will never be hauled down by independence. The Stars and Stripes has a permanent place in the Philippines Republic, for under it Filipinos and Americans fought and died together.

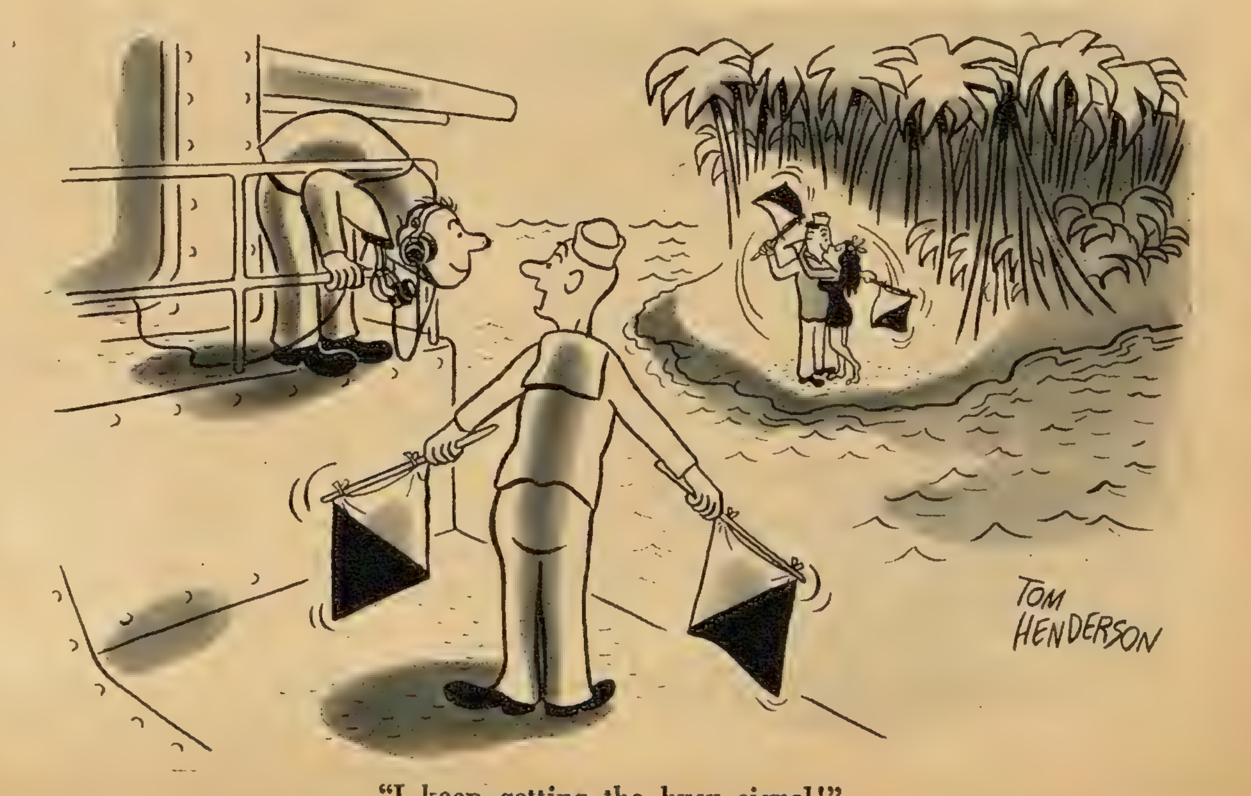
It should be a source of pride to both Americans and Filipinos that the new Filipino-American partnership in the Pacific will be a furtherance of the spiritual and practical blueprint America has already established with such success in the islands.

The Philippines of the future will demonstrate to the entire world what America has done and can do toward bettering national and human relationships, without which there can be no permanent peace. And in a world not yet assured of that lasting peace the United States will still find need of the islands in the Pacific that held her Stars and Stripes for almost half a century.

We in the Philippines will do well to hold to the comforting relationship that has so long existed between us and our mother America.

In the long and hopeful future ahead Americans and Filipinos alike must not undervalue the mutual loyalties that were pledged on Bataan.

THE END



"I keep getting the busy signal!"

At the service of people who serve America

You who serve America have placed in our hands a great responsibility. We know that you depend on bus transportation as never before. And whether your war duties are performed in military camps . . . in factories . . . on farms . . . or in keeping the wheels of essential business turning . . . we know that your time is precious and that your days are long and hard. Rightly, you expect us to speed your trips and to look after your welfare and comfort when you travel.

But with all our efforts, there are some things we cannot do for you. We are unable to supply all the buses you need, because they can't be obtained. We cannot carry you to your destination as swiftly as you wish, because of wartime restrictions on highway speeds. Then, of course, thousands of our highly trained personnel are serving in their country's uniforms. The men who replace them are doing their utmost to maintain standards of courtesy and service. But with war needs creating additional millions of passengers, the task is tremendous.

You help immensely when you consult your bus agent and avoid rush travel periods . . . when you take only the most necessary baggage . . . when you accept unavoidable inconveniences with a smile. And this you can count on. *With all the resources at our command, we are at the service of people who serve America.*

MOVERS OF MANPOWER. Intercity buses have carried more than one billion eight hundred and fifty million passengers since the war began—relieving other carriers of an overwhelming load—an important factor in giving the home front the strongest wartime transportation ever known.

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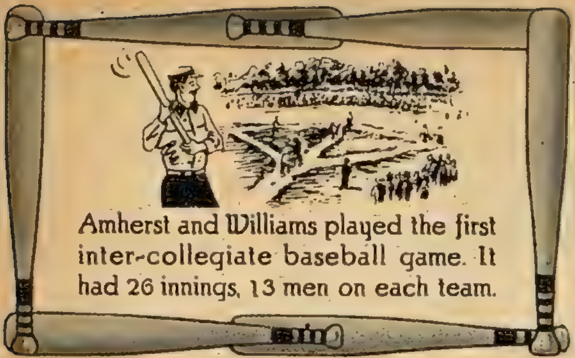
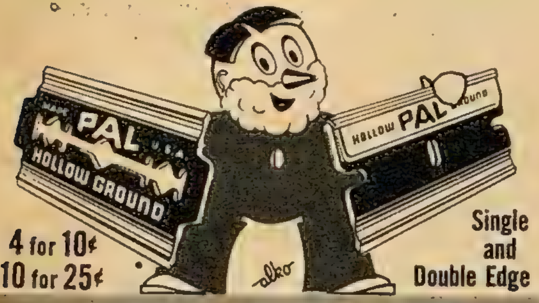
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.


Amherst and Williams played the first inter-collegiate baseball game. It had 26 innings, 13 men on each team.

Pal Pioneered, Perfected and Patented the *Hollow Ground* blade—a different, modern blade. Shaves with just a "Feather Touch" because Pal is *flexible* in the razor—follows facial contours. No need to "bear down". Blades last longer, too. Try them.



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Beltone MONO-PAC!

THIS ONE UNIT IS ALL YOU WEAR
NO BATTERY PACK! NO BATTERY WIRE!

Yes, this famous, precision-built *one* unit hearing aid is only *half* the weight and bulk of most hearing aids . . . yet provides *clearer, richer, better* hearing! Unique in wearability and hearing comfort, backed by 23 years of electronic experience. There's a Beltone dealer near you . . . a member of the nation-wide Beltone organization which specializes in giving expert help to the hard-of-hearing.

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SINGLE UNIT . . . ½ the weight and bulk for greater comfort and better hearing.
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3 PLUG-IN TUBES . . . replaced as easily as a light bulb—to assure you *uninterrupted* hearing. Offered by no other hearing aid.
INCONSPICUOUS, flesh-colored ear piece and cord.
QUALITY RECEPTION . . . natural, clear, noiseless, powerful. A *lifetime* hearing aid.

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Sirs: Please send Free booklet on BELTONE Mono-Pac.
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THE BRIDGE

Continued from Page 31

and spoke in knife-edged tones to faltering commanders. His staff, jammed into the tiny room, spoke in hushed voices, as if someone were terribly sick, and cracked wry jokes as they nibbled K-ration cheese and crackers.

"We've got a bull by the tail," said Major Ben Cothran, advertising man from Rome, Georgia, and Operations officer of the combat team. "Now we've got to throw it."

"I guess the Germans were surprised," whispered another officer. "I know damned well we were."

But the stuff was moving across early in the morning. The big trucks and half-tracks of the Seventy-eighth Division started coming across with men of the 310th Infantry. After them came the 311th. The trucks moved slowly, five miles an hour, for the bridge was none too strong. Barrages rocked it every four or five minutes, four-inch shells sending black fountains of smoke and dirt from the embankments into the water below, sometimes landing on the bridge itself.

The trucks kept on moving. Shortly before noon the Germans sent in dive bombers. Four of them came first, sweeping out of the hills to the south. Antiaircraft gunners knocked down three. Then more came, and each of them touched off a running fire of machine guns and heavier flak that rolled down the valley. Still the trucks moved on. They kept coming until there was no longer any place to put them.

At nightfall an officer stopped at the command post to get directions, and found his column was facing the wrong way on the river road. "Hell, there's not room enough to turn a jeep around out there," he complained.

"Then make room," someone snapped. "That's what we're all doing."

All through that second night, commanders of new units stopped in at the tiny cellar command post or called on the telephone to find the goose egg on the map marked out for them.

"And how do we get there?" they'd ask.

"By fighting," they were told grimly. "Every unit has got to fight its way into its own place in line."

And if they hesitated there was no mincing of words. "Right now you are standing on ground someone else won," they were told grimly. "Go out and win some for yourself." And one by one, the goose eggs on the map began to change from dotted lines to solid fronts.

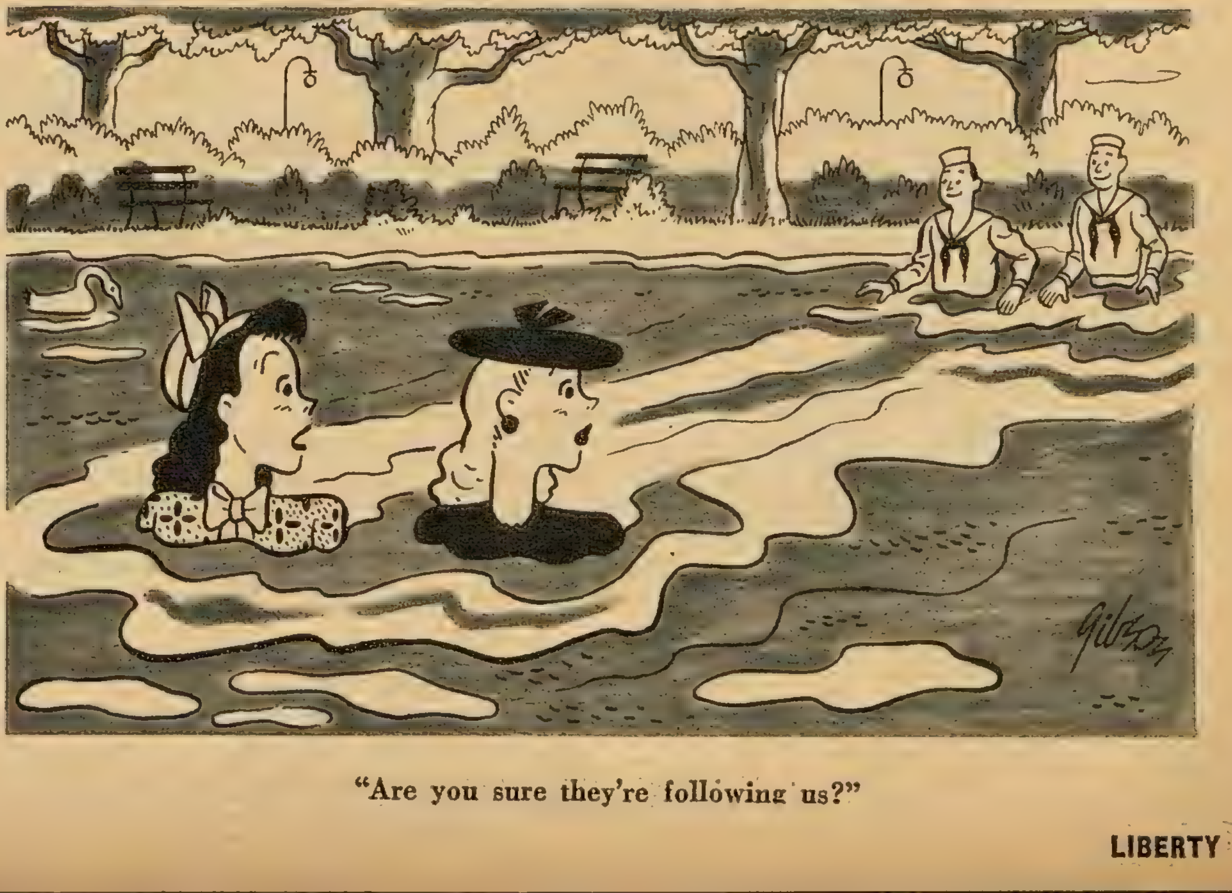
The courage of the drivers who kept moving through the barrages was as nothing compared with the courage of the men who held down the hot spot for hour after hour. There were the M. P.s, who directed the traffic—men like Sergeant John Mancinni of Boston, who stopped in at an aid station to ask for sedative tablets for one of his men. "He got a bit shaky," said Mancinni, "when a shell hit beside him and knocked out two other M. P.s. I tried to send him back, but he won't go."

Standing in the most exposed spots at each end of the bridge, M. P.s of the Ninth Armored Division, commanded by Lieutenant Robert Costello of Brooklyn, suffered eleven casualties in thirty hours. Two blocks from the bridge, medics set up their battalion collecting station, closer to front lines than the usual aid station. Two ambulance men—Sergeant Donald Hyde of Genesee, New York, and Corporal Mervin Eberhardt of New Orleans—stopped on the riverbank to pick up two wounded men just as three shells landed less than a dozen yards away. They called on Sergeant John Craun and Corporal Jim Horn of Topeka, Kansas, loaded their ambulances with men wounded by the new barrage, and drove on to find the bridge damaged by a bomb hit and temporarily out of service. So the ambulance drivers raced back to the collecting station on foot, brought back a squad of litter bearers to carry their wounded across under still more barrages.

At the collecting station, Captain Albert Haft of Syracuse, New York, gave live blood transfusion under shellfire and continued with a delicate operation while bombs set fire to the house next door.

The biggest job of all fell to the engineers, for it was their job to guarantee that men on the bridgehead would not be cut off from supplies by a lucky hit on the bridge. So two companies of engineers worked round the clock, strengthening the big steel bridge. At the same time, men of the 291st Combat Engineers Battalion, commanded by Colonel David Pergin of Clairton, Pennsylvania, began to work on a pontoon bridge. For ninety-six hours no man left the spot. Most of them hardly slept. Shells kept the water around them

(*Continued on page 76*)



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A Favorite in GIN

90 Proof • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits
CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(Continued from page 74)

ringed with spreading circles as they worked their big rubber boats into position, and casualties were light only because, they said, "we learned how to duck." Lieutenant Donald Garrity of Scranton, Pennsylvania, showed what that meant when they ducked behind a crane while four shells hit around them. Then, with water rings still spreading, they paddled furiously to shore to bring back another float.

Cranes can't duck, and three of them were hit and sunk. Countless rubber boats were punctured by shrapnel. But all night long floats were added, new treadway strips laid, and by daylight there was another bridge across the Rhine bearing the sign: "The longest tactical bridge built—built by 291st Combat Engineers Battalion." Downstream, other engineers had set up a ferry on rubber floats and treadways. Farther downstream, others were starting a new pontoon bridge, and, still farther, a third.

HOUR by hour, day by day, the outlines of the bridgehead were growing ever so slowly—but steadily. By Friday, the second day, the bridgehead was ten miles long and five deep. By Sunday the swelling forces were getting room to swing their arms and had taken seven towns. By Monday they had taken twenty-three and were two miles from the four-lane Cologne-Frankfort automobile highway. Counterattacks came with Panzers. Four were knocked out in one attack, six in another. In the air, the Ninth Air Force's fighter bombers, tangling with the Luftwaffe day after day, made a killing on Tuesday when they knocked twelve planes out of the sky.

By this time whole divisions were moving across with armor and infantry. The bridgehead had been punched far beyond the highway, and Americans were fighting opposite Bonn, nearly eighteen miles downstream.

And then on Sunday, March 18, came the end of the chapter. A succession of bomb and shell hits had weakened the big steel railroad bridge, and traffic had been stopped while two companies of engineers repaired the damage. Suddenly the big 512-foot center span creaked and twisted. Then, with a grinding crunch, it fell into the water ninety feet below, pulling the end spans with it. Some of the engineers were killed in the crash of steel and some were drowned. But most of them had got to safety.

Thus, ten days from the very hour A Company's 100-odd men had raced across it, the bridge was down. But no one now gave it more than a passing sigh. Upstream and down, traffic moved endlessly into the heart of the Reich, over bridges and ferries able to carry everything needed to win the greater battle beyond.

For the battle of the bridgehead had been won.

THE END

HE HAS YOUR BATTERY
No. 1
BURGESS
SUPER SERVICE
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Frontline command posts depend on battery-powered field telephones to link combat troops with regimental headquarters! Without full supplies of dry batteries this vital part of war communication would collapse—endangering the lives of fighting men. Thousands of dry batteries are used every day on every front to operate essential instruments and weapons. That's why we have to manage without them here on the homefront.

Support the 7th! Buy Your Share Today!

BURGESS BATTERIES

IN THE NATION'S SERVICE

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY, FREEPORT, ILLINOIS

A MESSAGE FOR JANICE

Continued from Page 21

He chuckled. "Yep, George got around a lot. His folks were anxious for him to marry Ann Bartram. But Ann wasn't lively enough for George's taste. He was always sort of restless-minded."

"Well, I've seen a lot of pretty girls here in Northcote," I said. "There's one I'd like to meet. A girl named Janice—I've forgotten her last name. George told me about her—said if I ever came through Northcote to look her up and say hello."

"Janice?" Briscoe repeated. "No, can't say as I recollect any girl in George's old crowd with that name. . . . Janice? Janice Anderson used to live over on Elm Street, but I don't think she knew George Towers."

"Well, it might be worth a try, anyway," I said. "Do you know where she lives now?"

Briscoe shook his head. "She's moved from here. Seems to me I heard that she'd gone over to Laurelton, to work in the war plant. There was just her and her brother in the house after their mother died. . . . Paul, that was her brother's name. Used to be a clerk here in the Northcote Bank."

That made me prick up my ears. So Janice Anderson's brother had worked in the bank owned by George Towers' father! Maybe at last I was on the right track.

So I took the afternoon train to Laurelton. The new Allerton Company plant there employed twelve thousand people, three times Laurelton's normal population.

I went over to the Allerton plant and asked in the personnel office if they had a Miss Janice Anderson on their payroll. A girl finally gave me Miss Anderson's home address, although she said it was against the company's rules.

Janice Anderson's address turned out to be a trim little cottage of white clapboard. A stout motherly woman opened the door. It was Mrs. Ainslee, the landlady.

"Yes, Janice Anderson lives here," she told me. "She's not home yet, but she won't be long. Will you come in and wait?"

It was cool and pleasant inside the house, and we had quite a chat, waiting for Janice to arrive. It was evident that Janice was a favorite with Mrs. Ainslee. Such a lovely girl, she said, and so sweet, but she kept too much to herself. Janice should have more fun—

Then we heard the front door open. Mrs. Ainslee hurried out, calling "Janice! Someone here to see you!"

I STOOD up, facing the door, waiting for my first glimpse of the girl whose name I had first heard so many thousands of miles away. For some reason my heart began to pound.

Footsteps approached and Janice came in. She was wearing a blue coverall, a sports coat thrown over her shoulders. She was slim and just the right height—just tall enough to reach my heart in that very first moment of meeting.

"My name is David Carter," I said, and then I found myself stammering, trying to explain why I had come to Laurelton. I could see that she wasn't making head or tail of all this, but finally I got to the main question:

"Miss Anderson, did you know a George Towers?"

She gave me a quick searching look. "Why, yes—yes," she said carefully. "He was killed in Italy, wasn't he? I remember reading about him in the papers." Her voice was soft and controlled now, without a flicker of emotion.

"I was with George Towers when he died," I told her. "He gave me a message for you. I wrote it down, so there wouldn't be any mistake about the words—"

"A message for me? From George Towers?" she echoed, as I fumbled in my pocket for the slip of paper. She was staring at me, her blue eyes wide and incredulous. "There must be some mistake. Are you sure he said it was for me—Janice Anderson?"

"Well, George didn't exactly give me your last name," I explained. "He just said Janice—"

She shook her head positively. "It can't be for me. When I said I knew George Towers, I meant only that I knew him from having lived in Northcote. I didn't mean that we were ever friends. In fact, we were scarcely acquaintances."

I GUESS I had a baffled look on my face then, for she said suddenly, "Don't you believe me?"

"Yes. Yes, of course," I said. Looking into her eyes I felt that she was not hiding anything. But I asked if I might read out the message anyway, just on the chance—

Janice shook her head again when I finished. "Really it's not for me. I haven't the slightest idea what it means."

So there I was, right back where I had started. But something inside me surged like a song. For if this girl wasn't George Towers' Janice, there might be just a chance that she was free; and if she was free, then in the end I might have a message of my own for Janice.

"Look," I blurted. "Could we go somewhere and have dinner? I'd like to talk this message over with you. You know Northcote and you know the Towers—maybe we could figure out how to find the Janice George Towers meant."

Janice hesitated for a long moment, then she gave me a quick smile. "All right, David Carter," she said. "Will you wait while I change?"

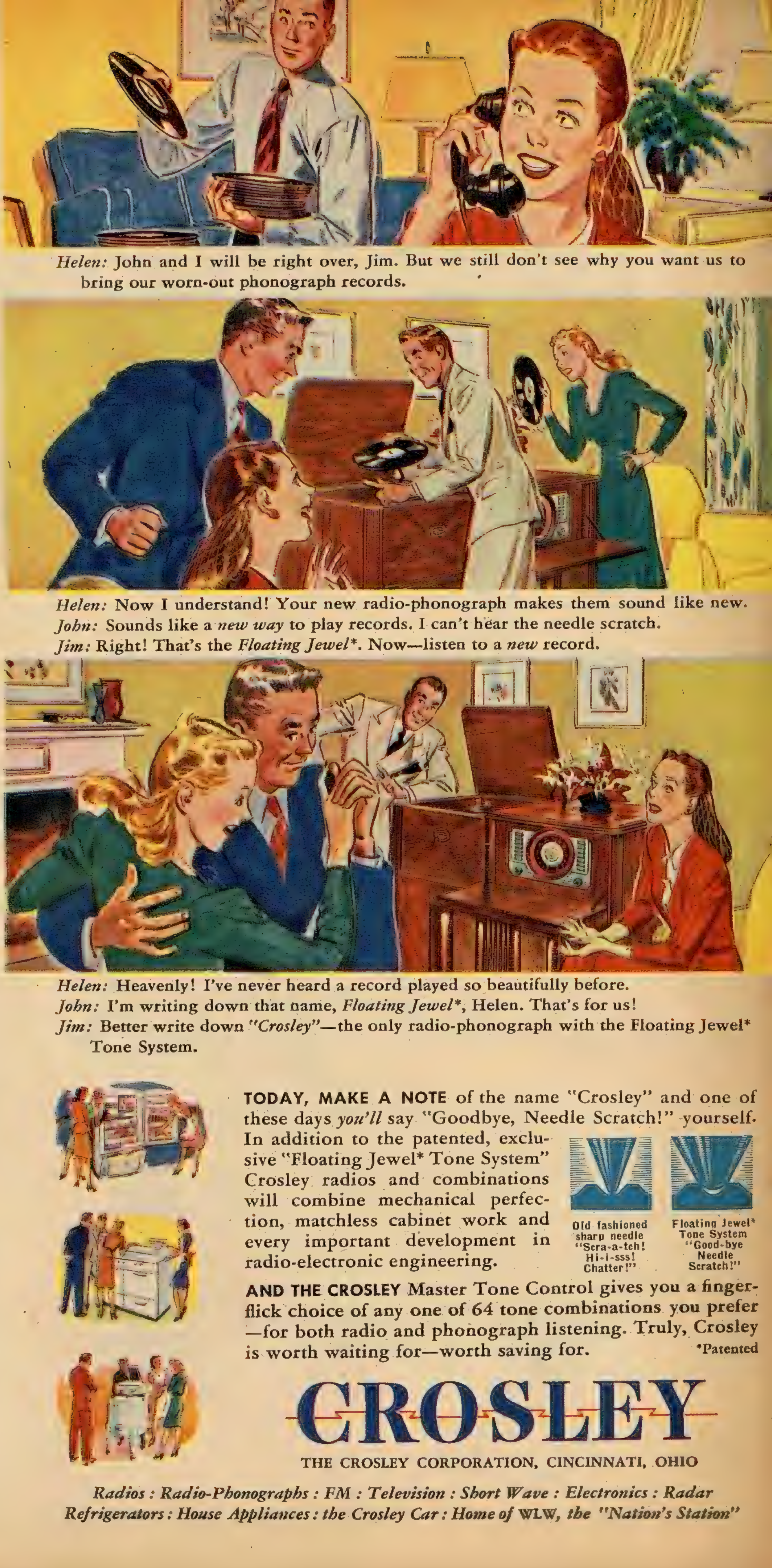
She kept me waiting quite a while, but it was worth it. When she came back she wore a dress of soft yellow wool, and her honey-golden hair spilled down in a soft cloud to her shoulders. Her skin, so creamy white, made her eyes all the more incredibly blue.

"And no ring on her left hand," I said to myself. "Keep your fingers crossed, you lucky guy!"

We went to a place called Enrico's. Across a corner table I told Janice the whole story in detail—about George Towers' death, about my arrival in Northcote and my strange reception at the house in Harbridge Hills. Janice listened thoughtfully, but she could make nothing more

A. JOHN KAUMUS

"I clipped a coupon from a magazine in the dentist's office."


Helen: John and I will be right over, Jim. But we still don't see why you want us to bring our worn-out phonograph records.

Helen: Now I understand! Your new radio-phonograph makes them sound like new.
John: Sounds like a *new way* to play records. I can't hear the needle scratch.
Jim: Right! That's the *Floating Jewel**. Now—listen to a *new* record.

Helen: Heavenly! I've never heard a record played so beautifully before.
John: I'm writing down that name, *Floating Jewel**, Helen. That's for us!
Jim: Better write down *"Crosley"*—the only radio-phonograph with the Floating Jewel* Tone System.

TODAY, MAKE A NOTE of the name "Crosley" and one of these days *you'll* say "Goodbye, Needle Scratch!" yourself. In addition to the patented, exclusive "Floating Jewel* Tone System" Crosley radios and combinations will combine mechanical perfection, matchless cabinet work and every important development in radio-electronic engineering.

Old fashioned sharp needle "Scra-a-tch! Hi-i-sss! Chatter!"

Floating Jewel* Tone System "Good-bye Needle Scratch!"

AND THE CROSLEY Master Tone Control gives you a finger-flick choice of any one of 64 tone combinations you prefer—for both radio and phonograph listening. Truly, Crosley is worth waiting for—worth saving for. *Patented

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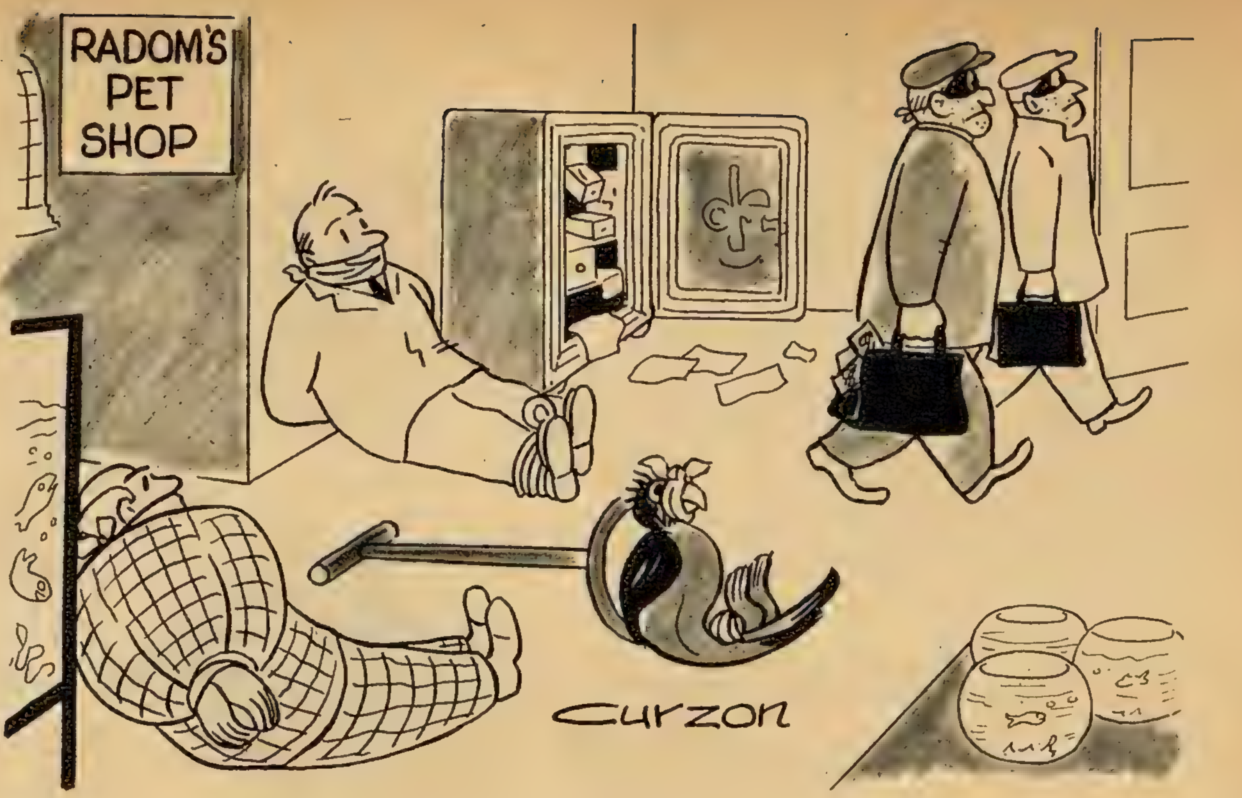
Refrigerators : House Appliances : the Crosley Car : Home of WLW, *the "Nation's Station"*



out of the mystery than I had. Then she made a suggestion:

"Why don't you put an ad in the Northcote Times? You don't have to give away the whole story—just say: 'JANICE—I have G. T.'s last message for you from overseas. Phone or write, Pilgrim Hotel.'"

"That's a great idea, Janice," I said. "I'll put it in tomorrow's paper."

Enrico's red wine was very good. It made me feel contented and relaxed, and it brought a glow to Janice's cheeks. She leaned across the table and ran her finger along my service ribbons, touching the little bronze stars.

She looked at me, her eyes serious. "Was it very bad—over there?"

I smiled at her. "No picnic, Janice."

"Will you have to go back?"

I shook my head.

"I'm so glad, David," she said simply.

When we left Enrico's we took a stroll through town and then went along one of the hill roads to get a bird's-eye view of the huge Allerton plant on its night shift. Janice pointed out the block of windows for her particular section, and with an intensity and a pride that rather surprised me, told me about her work.

Before I knew it, it was time to catch the last train back to Northcote. I said good night to Janice at Mrs. Ainslee's door. I could hardly resist the temptation to kiss her. But all I did was ask her if I could come back and let her know how I made out with the newspaper ad.

The next day I took the afternoon train back to Laurelton. Janice and I went to dinner again together and I told her my latest news—that the Northcote Times had refused to insert my ad.

"They took it at the desk," I said, "but later their office phoned me and said it was against their rules to insert personal messages. The funny part is, I happened to get talking to one of their reporters this afternoon and he told me it was Mr. Towers himself who killed that ad."

"That seems strange," Janice said. "What are you going to do now?"

"Keep right on hunting," I declared. "I'm going through the county directory and list every Janice I can find."

Janice laughed. "You're very thorough, aren't you?"

So my hunt for George Towers' elusive Janice went on. The Janices I found ranged from mere infants to old ladies, but the one for whom that cryptic message was waiting was still a mystery to me.

Meanwhile Janice and I were seeing each other almost every evening. And if I wasn't getting any nearer to George Towers' Janice, at least I was coming closer to my own Janice. Or so I thought—until the Sunday Janice and I went picnicking at Indian Rocks.

It was a wonderful day—blue sky and bright sun and just enough breeze. Looking down over the checkerboard carpet of farm and field spread out below us, I started telling Janice about my father's place out in the Imperial Valley. I wanted her to have a picture of my home, because I knew I was going to ask her to share it with me.

Janice sat there listening, a faraway look in her eyes, a faint little smile on her lips. I reached for her hand, and suddenly she was in my arms and I was kissing her.

BUT just as suddenly she grew tense. "No, David—please!" she murmured. "Let's not spoil everything!"

"Janice darling, I love you. I want you to marry me," I whispered.

She looked at me, frightened. "Oh, David—don't! You don't know what you're saying. You don't know anything about me—"

"Look, Janice," I said. "When some things happen, time doesn't count. You know when you meet the right girl—you know it right away. I knew it as soon as we met."

Her eyes were shining with tears as she looked at me, but she freed her hands from my grasp. "I'm sorry, David," she said in a choked voice. "I can't—I just can't marry you—not now."

"Why? Is there someone else?"

She looked up at me and a tide of color swept her face. I tried to keep my voice level. "I wish you had told me—"

"Oh, it's not that, David!" she cried out quickly. "I can't marry you—or anyone else."

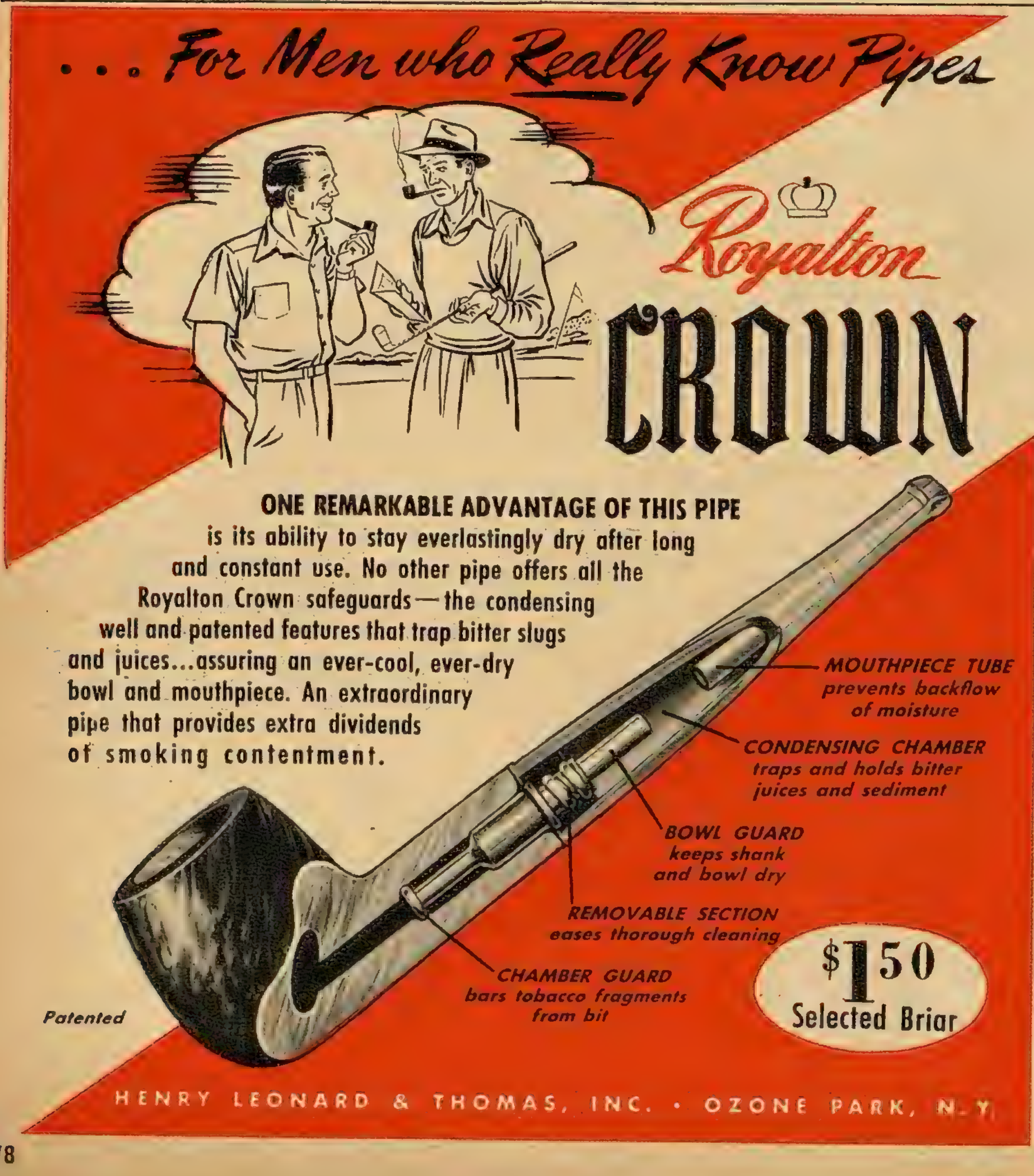
"I don't understand what you're trying to say, Janice," I said. "Tell me what you mean."

"Oh, David, how can I tell you!" she said desperately. "My brother Paul! He—I can't! I can't talk about it!"

I was bewildered by the wild way she flung out those words. I tried to comfort her, but she kept me at arm's length, refusing even to explain any further.

"As far as I'm concerned, Janice, this isn't good-by," I insisted, later, when we reached Mrs. Ainslee's. "I'll be back again."

"I'd rather you didn't," she said in a tired, toneless voice. "Good-by."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I couldn't sleep that night, thinking about Janice, wondering about Paul. It came to me suddenly that Janice had never mentioned her brother before. But what could he possibly have to do with Janice's marrying me?

I recalled what Ned Briscoe had told me about Paul Anderson—a clerk in Mr. Towers' bank. Why had he gone away from Northcote? Under what circumstances? Had he taken money from the bank?

THAT'S a crazy idea! I told myself.

But in the morning I went to the office of the Northcote Times and waylaid Jim Russell, the reporter who had told me about Mr. Towers refusing my ad. We'd had lunch together several times since then, and I felt sure if Russell had any inside information about Paul Anderson, he'd tell me.

"Paul Anderson?" he said, when I brought up the subject. "Sure, I knew him. Just a youngster who worked in the bank here—got caught short in his accounts—and had to take it on the lam."

"Did you know him personally?" I asked.

Russell nodded. "Yes. He was a nice guy—just a kid who didn't know what it was all about. He got in with the wrong crowd—young Towers and that lot—all fellows with money to throw around."

"How much money was involved?" I asked.

"Oh, not a great deal," Russell replied. "Less than two thousand, as I recall. Old Man Towers kept it out of the paper, and we heard he made up the shortage from his own funds. I guess it was because the kid was a friend of George."

"What became of Paul Anderson?" I said.

Russell shook his head. "The damn fool kid took it on the run. Now he's got not only the bank rap chalked up against him, but he's also a draft dodger."

"Thanks, Jim," I said. "That's what I wanted to know."

And suddenly I knew why Janice had refused to listen to me—

That evening I went back to Laurelton. When Janice came down the stairs at Mrs. Ainslee's, I knew she'd been crying.

"David, I asked you—not to come—" she began.

"I have something to tell you, Janice," I said. "Get your coat and let's go for a walk."

She came without further protest, but she was aloof and her eyes were like a closed door between us. We walked until we came to the old bridge over Mill Creek.

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We stopped there, and I stared down at the water, trying to choose my words.

"Listen, Janice," I said. "I found out today about Paul. All of it. Is that what's standing between us?"

Her face flushed. "Isn't it enough?" she cried. "Do you think I would marry you with *that* hanging over my head? Sooner or later they'll find Paul, there'll be a trial, and I'll have to be one of the witnesses. Think of—of the disgrace—"

I put my hands on her shoulders gently. "Look, Janice. You're not responsible for anything your brother has done. I love you —I want you to marry me."

"Oh, David, I can't!" she burst out. "Don't you see? How could we have any happiness, marrying under a cloud like this? It wouldn't be fair to you—"

"IF you love me, Janice," I said, "it wouldn't be fair not to marry me."

"Oh, please!" she pleaded. "It's no use talking. Words can't change any of it."

"Well, Janice," I said quietly, "you don't have to keep it hanging over your head. Bring it out into the open and have it over with! I'll help you see it through."

She stared at me. "What do you mean?"

"Do you know where Paul is hiding?" I asked.

She nodded. "Yes. He's in New York."

"Then give me his address. Maybe I can make him see that he has no right to mess up his life like this—and yours, too. Trust me, Janice. No matter what his answer may be, you have my word of honor that I'll make no move against him."

"But I can't give you Paul's address," Janice said. "I don't know it. He sends me a note every month. Just a plain envelope with a typed message inside, always the same: 'Everything all right with me. Don't worry. Burn this. P.' There's never any return address."

"Have you burned the letters?" I asked. "Did you notice the post-office marks?"

"Yes, I burned them," she said. "But they're always mailed at the Grand Central Annex. And always on the fifteenth of the month, in the evening."

A plan had begun to shape in my mind. "Janice, have you a photograph of Paul—a good one? I want to memorize his features. I'll go to New York on the fifteenth, keep watch at the Grand Central Annex, and see if I can contact Paul. Maybe it's a wild-goose chase—he may be dropping those letters into some corner box—but it's the only chance I see."

Something like hope came into Janice's eyes. "Yes—yes, I have a picture of Paul," she said eagerly. "I'll get it for you."

We went back to Mrs. Ainslee's, and I waited while Janice got the photograph. When she came down she handed it to me, and I held it up to the light.

I stared at the picture—at the face of Paul Anderson — speechless — unbelieving. For a few moments I simply couldn't grasp the fantastic and incredible thing I was seeing. Janice's voice came urgently, "What is it, David? What's the matter? You look so—so—"

I put my arm around her. "Janice, I'm afraid this will be a terrific shock," I said gently. "Paul isn't hiding in New York. He isn't hiding anywhere. Paul is dead—dead in Italy! I know, because I was with him over there. But I didn't know he was your brother. Janice, *your brother Paul is the man I knew as George Towers!*"

"But that—that can't be!" she stammered. "Paul has been writing me a letter every month—from New York—"

"Anybody can mail a typewritten letter, Janice," I said. "Believe me, there's no possible mistake. I can't be wrong about this. Your brother Paul and Corporal George Towers are one and the same!"

Bewildered as she was, Janice realized then that I was telling her the truth. She looked at me, speechless, then I saw the first sob wrenching at her throat, and I gathered her into my arms.

I waited while she sobbed out that first burst of grief. In a little while she regained control of herself.

"I'm—I'm all right now," she said. "But I can still scarcely believe it. It's so strange —so bewildering—"

"I know, Janice," I said. "But I think I'm beginning to see how the whole pattern fits together. I think we ought to go to Northcote right now, and see George Towers' parents. They must know the answers."

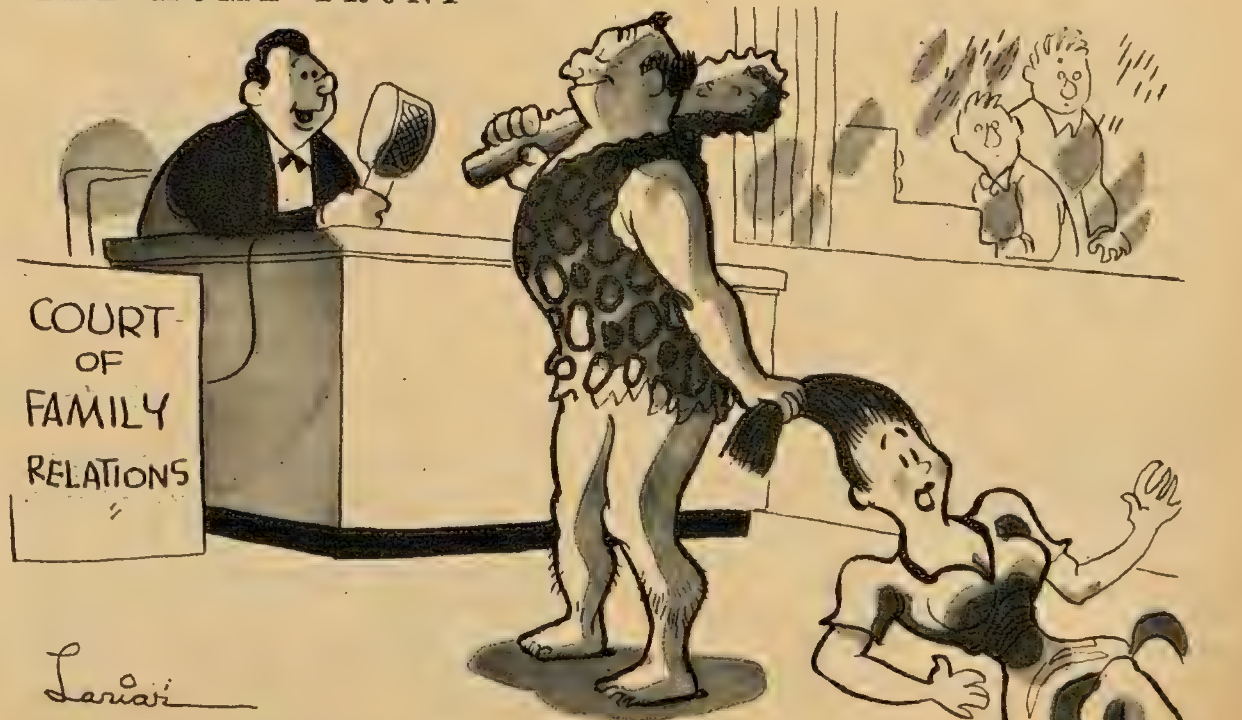
"Yes, David!" Janice replied. "I think we should!"

As we rode back to Northcote I tried to work out with Janice the details of that incredible substitution. I told Janice what Ned Briscoe had told me about George Towers trying to evade Army service—

"Here is the way I figure it, Janice," I said. "When young Towers heard about Paul's trouble at the bank, he offered Paul the proposition of enlisting under the name of George Towers in return for squaring up the bank shortage. And Paul, desperate to avoid exposure, accepted. I'm sure it's George Towers who sends you that typed

(*Continued on page 82*)

THE HOME FRONT



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(*Continued from page 80*)

note every month from New York. Can't you see how that fits together, Janice? That's why his father and mother were so frightened when I called there. They thought Paul had talked before he died, and that I'd come to expose their son."

I PULLED out the slip of paper with Paul Anderson's last words. "Listen to the message now, Janice, in the light of what we've discovered: 'Tell Janice this squares everything. . . . She'll understand. . . . Make sure Janice gets all that's left. . . . I don't trust them—any of them.' By 'them' he meant the Towers! Don't you see, Janice?"

"Yes, David, but what does 'all that's left' mean?" Janice asked.

"Well, my guess is that Paul took out Army insurance—the maximum, probably—with the thought that if anything happened to him overseas, the mony would square up for the bank shortage, and the rest go to you. But he didn't trust the Towers—he was afraid they wouldn't carry out his arrangements about the insurance money."

"Oh, David, it's unbelievable!" Janice burst out. "How could George Towers hope to get himself out of a tangle like that? What would he do when the war was over and Paul came home again?"

"I don't know," I said, "but from what I've heard about George Towers around Northcote, he's the kind who never worries much about consequences."

I took Janice's hand. "Remember this, darling. Whatever mistakes Paul made, he wiped the slate clean finally. More than clean. He was a swell guy and the bravest soldier I ever saw."

When we reached Northcote we found a taxi at the station and climbed in. "Harbridge Hills—the Towers house," I told the driver.

We didn't say anything during that ride, Janice and I. As the taxi turned into Holly Lane, we could see the Towers place up on the crest. The butler answered the door promptly.

"I'd like to see Mr. Towers," I said. "Tell him it's very important, and that Miss Janice Anderson is with me."

We waited quite a while in the wide center hall until the butler returned. "Mr. Towers will see you," he said, and let us into the library.

Mr. Towers stood up when we came in, but he did not advance to meet us. He stood staring at us in grim silence, waiting.

"I guess you know why we're here, Mr. Towers," I began. "I want Miss Anderson to see those photographs I left with you—"

"They are not available!" he said.

"It's too late for that kind of talk, Mr. Towers," I told him. "I have a photograph of Paul Anderson and I am prepared to swear that he is the man who died in Italy under the name of George Gorham Towers. If you want to dispute that, I don't think it will take the F. B. I. very long to uncover the truth."

Without taking his eyes off me, Mr. Towers reached into a mahogany box for a cigar. I could see he was fighting for time.

Then he went over to the door and pressed a button for the butler. "Ask Mrs. Towers to come down," he said in a toneless voice.

We waited in silence until Mrs. Towers appeared. When she came in she glanced first at me, then quickly at Janice.

"This is Janice Anderson, Mrs. Towers," I said. "Paul Anderson's sister."

Mrs. Towers sat down slowly. She looked pale and drawn. She glanced across at her husband and made a helpless gesture.

"There's no use trying to go on with it, Sam," she said. "We've done all we could. It's out of our hands now."

In halting, broken sentences they told us the whole miserable story of George Towers' incredible deception, almost exactly as we had figured it out ourselves on the train. Young Towers was still hiding in New York, bewildered and frightened now that he was listed officially as dead. And it was he, of course, who had mailed the letters to Janice, to keep her from searching for her brother.

I had made a good guess about Paul's insurance. He had taken it out after getting George Towers' promise that if anything happened, his father would reimburse the bank and send the balance to Janice.

"I'm sorry I couldn't do that," Mr. Towers confessed. "God knows it wasn't the money! I knew it would expose George. We haven't had a night's sleep since that telegram came from the War Department.

"I'm not trying to excuse our part in all this," he went on. "It was wrong, and we both knew it was wrong. But George is our only son— We didn't know anything about his fantastic scheme to have another man take his place for Army service until it was too late."

He paused, straightening his shoulders. "What steps do you propose to take now?"

"I want Paul Anderson's record cleared, Mr. Towers," I said. "I want it established that it was Paul Anderson who died in the service of his country and who earned the medal issued in your son's name. That means your son will have to come forward and tell his part in all this. I think you'll agree it would be better for everybody, himself included, if he did that voluntarily."

Mr. Towers nodded. "I'll go to New York in the morning. Do you wish to go with me?"

"No," I said, "I don't think that will be necessary."

"Thank you," he said stiffly.

As Janice and I got up to go, I went over to George Towers' mother. "I'm sorry it had to be like this, Mrs. Towers," I said.

MRS. TOWERS looked at Janice. "All this has been so cruel and unfair to you, Miss Anderson. Believe me, it was not of my own or my husband's choosing. Please believe that and try to forgive us. And wait, please. We have something here that belongs to you."

She went out of the room and came back with the small silver jewel box I had seen on my previous visit. She opened it and handed the ribboned medal to Janice.

"Thank you," Janice whispered. She reached down and took Mrs. Towers' hand for a moment, then turned and hurried toward the door.

As our taxi rolled down the road from Harbridge Hills, Janice leaned against my shoulder and I put my arm around her.

The whole valley spread out before us like a picture. But it was a different picture I was seeing—the picture of a dream soon to come true. This was the Imperial Valley rolling out in front of us and Janice and I were going home.

THE END

* * *

Sir Josiah Stamp, in a speech at the Chicago Club, expressed a hope that he wasn't talking too long. "I wouldn't like to be in the position of the parson," he explained, "who in the midst of an interminable sermon suddenly stopped to chide, 'You know, I don't mind a bit having you look at your watches to see what time it is, but it really annoys me when you put them up to your ears to see if they are still running.'"

* * *

RADAR—HOW IT WORKS AND WHAT IT DOES

Continued from Page 27

land shows up as black. This gives the viewer the information he would get from a simple outline map. Buildings, airplanes, and other objects show up on the screen in their recognizable shapes.

During a demonstration of radar, someone asked, "If you are flying over a ship and a rock of the same relative size and shape, both will show up on the radar screen. How can you tell which is ship and which is rock?"

The demonstrator replied, "We bomb it anyhow. If it sinks, we know it was a ship."

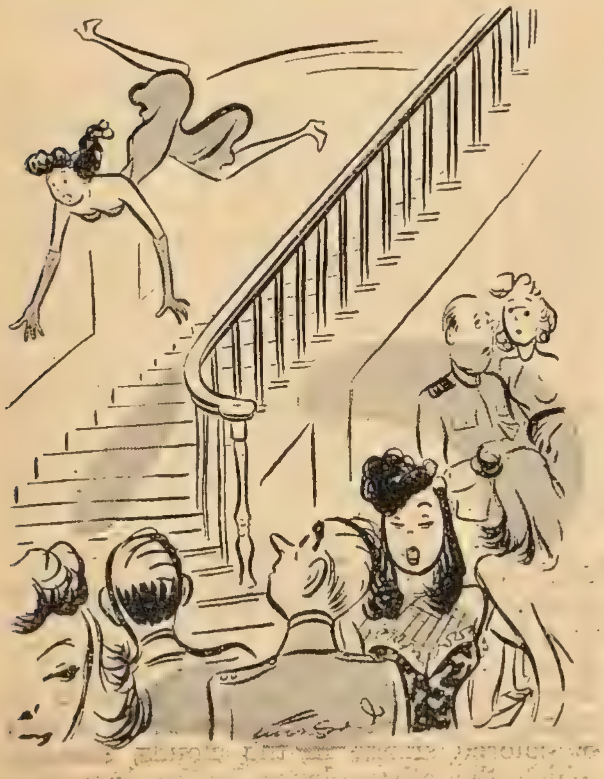
In radar equipment the most important tube, next to the cathode-ray tube, is the directional klystron tube, perfected for the government by Westinghouse engineers from an invention of Russell H. and Sigurd F. Varian, two brothers at Leland Stanford University.

This tube and others like it project waves like a searchlight beam.

Electrons race from a device at one end of the tube in a continuous stream with a speed of about 20,000 miles a second under the impetus of from 1,000 to 8,000 volts. They are influenced by an electric field which bunches them together and creates the beam, which, like light, pursues a line-of-sight course.

Unlike radio waves, klystron waves do not spread out and pass through nonmetallic materials. If you were to take a lamp that can be lit by klystron waves and place a slab of wood between the lamp and the klystron antennae, the energy would be cut off from the lamp and it would go out. Another important feature is the fact that klystron waves actually appear to stand still, so they can be physically measured. This makes it possible to count the waves in the radar computer.

RADAR equipment is specialized and comes in various types and sizes. There are three basic types of radar: surface radar for use by ground defenses to provide data for antiaircraft guns in smashing Axis planes; airborne radar, for use, for example, in bombing through clouds from a B-29 Superfortress or in attacking enemy planes in a Black Widow night fighter; and fire-control radar such as the Navy uses to spot enemy ships. Development of radar



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In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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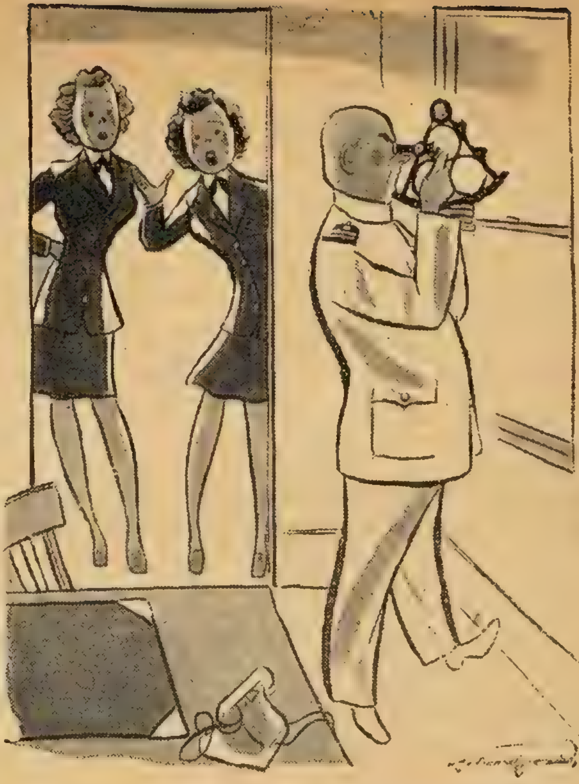


"He's trying to prove that someone moved his desk!"

science is extremely rapid: much radar equipment that was in use six months ago is obsolete today.

Radar is not perfect in any of its forms, but research, in which every major electronics laboratory in the United States is co-operating with the government, sees the day of practical perfection in sight. One of the problems that must be overcome is the fact that radar cannot see beyond the horizon, over the curve of the earth.

Radar reaches its highest degree of usefulness in aerial warfare. Connected to the automatic pilots of planes, radar makes it possible to fly the planes to invisibile targets. Joined to the latest computing bombsights, radar enables bombardiers to release their tons of death and destruction at the precise moment to secure results that are almost as good as can be obtained under conditions of full visibility. The first use of radar by the Americans for bombing an invisible target was in October, 1943, in the U. S. Army Air Force raids on Germany and Austria.

Radar even shows the pilots the way home from bombing missions, enabling them to fly blind and to land with perfect safety at their home bases at night or when the ground is obscured by clouds and overcast. In fact, the first use of radar in aircraft was for a blind landing at Boston in the prewar year 1939.

THE Pathfinder bombing technique, originally developed by the Royal Air Force, was first used for night bombing on August 18, 1942. Since then it has helped put the Nazi war machine out of commission by deadly accurate bombing through the clouds. The equipment that makes this bombing possible consists of the radar Pathfinder device and colored smoke signals which are used to locate and mark the target. This radar can see through clouds and overcast from altitudes as high as 30,000 feet, and when the bombardier sees his target in the cathode screen he shouts, "Here's our target! Let's drop our bombs!"

Only one plane of a formation, usually a B-17 Flying Fortress or a C-47 Skytrain, carries the Pathfinder radar. When the target is spotted, the Pathfinder plane drops colored smoke bombs if a daytime operation, or colored smoke flares if at night. These bombs or flares leave a ring of colored smoke in the clouds, through which the other planes in the formation release their bombs.

(*Continued on page 88*)

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

SWEET MOMMA!: Much to the delight of mothers and merchants, Mother's Day is upon us again. "Oh, to be a mother, now that May is here," is unquestionably the wistful thought in the minds of many childless women who watch their lucky sisters harvest crops of Mother's Day loot which the stores delight in unloading from their shelves. From the retail point of view, Mother's Day is one of the most convenient sales promoters ever invented, for almost anything in a shop can be palmed off as a gift to Mom, with the possible exception of a two-pants suit or a teething ring. There's no doubt, however, that she gets a special satisfaction out of something personal and flattering, like cosmetics and perfume. Such gifts whisper, "Your little brood remembers you're a woman. They think you're attractive. They like to have you look pretty and smell pretty too." Hence the oceans of perfume and powder sold in early May. . . . One perfume maker has compiled helpful tips on how to keep perfumes, in case you're the sort of glamor-girl mother who attracts excessive quantities. Perfume should be kept in a dark, cool place. The stopper should be tight so that air cannot get into the bottle. Perfume should be used often after the bottle has been opened, as blends change after a year or so.

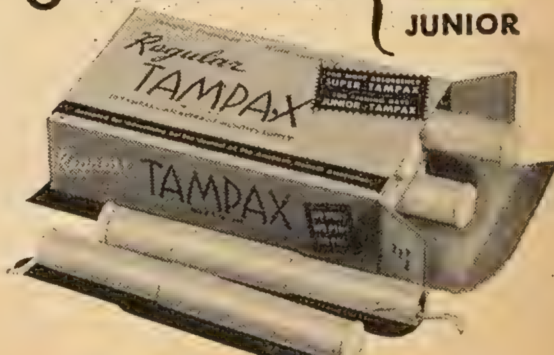
MOTHER CAUGHT RED-HANDED: Not long ago I attended a party at the home of a young mother whose two fat cherubs slept conveniently through our after-dinner chatter and radio broadcasts. Exclaiming at the tonal beauty of her oversized combination radio-phonograph, I asked if the youngsters, aged two and four, gave it a daily beating. (My own little Tarzan gives our long-suffering machine such enthusiastic workouts that odds and ends keep falling out, though it miraculously continues to play his pet records. My faithful maid reasons that "being as it was a prewar job, it had lots of screws and bolts and springs in it that it didn't really need.") I was duly envious when my hostess told me her children were "very good about the radio and rarely touched it." Later in the evening she had occasion to unlock a cabinet in search of bourbon, and had some difficulty in locating the right key from an enormous bunch in a mug high on a shelf of the Swedish cupboard. Groaning, she said, "I have the worst time with keys. I have to lock everything up to keep the kids out of mischief. Then the minute I unlock the Dutch door into the room where I make them stay while I'm busy, Jeanie begs for keys to play with and I weaken and let her have a couple. Naturally, they get all mixed up because I can't find any key tags in the stores." The Dutch-door tidbit, inadvertently dropped, heartened me considerably. Perhaps I, too, could have an unmolested radio if Tarzan's playroom were equipped with a door the lower half of which I could lock so he couldn't get out. A ducky arrangement, for he could be heard and seen without escaping.

TO AN OVERSEAS FATHER ON MOTHER'S DAY

The gift I'd like above all others—
And I am like a million mothers—
Is peace, and Poppa back to stay
On this and *every* Mother's Day.

MOTHERS OF NOTE: Mrs. John Bitter, wife of an Army captain serving overseas, and the mother of two daughters, had never done industrial work before the war, but that didn't keep her from studying welding at the New York Trade School, after which she worked as a welder in a Long Island City plant. In July, 1943, she became a co-owner of the Rocket Welding Company in the Bronx. She was recently elected the first woman member of the New York Regional Board of Governors of the Smaller War Plants Corporation. Members of the board, representing a cross section of business activities, serve without pay, giving corporation officials advice concerning the problems of small business, and information on the corporation's services. . . . Pretty Mrs. Lawrence Woods presented her husband, Marine Private First Class Woods, with two sets of twins in less than two years. Each set included a boy and a girl! The family enjoyed a reunion not long ago when Private Woods spent a furlough at the Woods home in Quincy, Massachusetts. . . . Mrs. Mary McGrane of the Bronx is the mother of a thirty-two-year-old Seabee stationed on Guam. She also has a daughter, whose son, Vincent, eighteen years old, is in Hawaii with the Marine Corps. Mrs. McGrane has completed thirty years of service, checking incoming and outgoing laundry for the Pullman Company at the New York Central's Mott Haven yards. She sends 57,000 pieces of soiled linen to the laundry every day, which ought to make the average housewife feel like a lily of the field. Though Mrs. McGrane is the oldest woman employee of the Pullman Company, and was eligible for retirement two years ago, she preferred to stay on the job to help relieve the shortage of workers.

Ross
PULLMAN
PULLMAN


for women who
get impatient

with belts, pins
and pads!

THE ANSWER IS TAMPAX—whether you're impatient because you're busy and active, or careful and fastidious, or just plain *vain*. . . . When you wear Tampax, the difference is amazing. For this newer method of monthly sanitary protection is based on the principle of internal absorption—and discards belts, pins, external pads or any outside bulk whatsoever!

TAMPAX IS INVISIBLE when it is in place and it *does not remind you* of its presence. No odor with Tampax, no chafing, no bulges or "edge-lines" to show under skirt, shorts or slacks. . . . Tampax is dainty to wear in tub or shower and when summer comes it can be worn in swimming.

PERFECTED BY A DOCTOR, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into ingenious applicators. Your hands need never touch the Tampax. Changing is quick and disposal easy. . . . Sold in 3 *absorbency-sizes* (Regular, Super, Junior) at drug stores and notion counters. A whole month's supply (average) will go into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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I couldn't wait to get my GIRDLE OFF!

RELIEVES ITCHING AND BURNING

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- PRICKLY HEAT
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- SUNBURN, WINDBURN
- ATHLETE'S FOOT

When girdle chafe rubs you the wrong way, get quick relief from the itch and discomfort with ZEMACOL. Just as easy and pleasant to use as a hand lotion.

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Judy Garland and Robert Walker encounter a pestiferous toper (Keenan Wynn).

THE CLOCK

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Judy Garland, Robert Walker, James Gleason

THE CLOCK is a touching, whimsical little soldier-girl idyl set spang in the midst of one of the most realistic cinema tours of New York ever dreamed up. Even born-and-bred Manhattanites will detect few flaws in this uncannily synthesized Big City, whose crowded public spots, from Riverside Drive down to City Hall, form the background for a story as sweetly impractical and appealing as a valentine.

The very authenticity of detail surrounding the forty-eight-hour romance of shy lonesome Corporal Robert Walker and the friendly girl (Judy Garland) he meets in the Pennsylvania Station makes it almost impossible to disbelieve. Even when the engaging pair top off a gentle twelve-hour sight-seeing spree by delivering all the morning bottles for a jolly milkman with a black eye (James Gleason), the adventure still rings true. By the time the kids have lost each other in the subway, met again by a minor miracle, and decided to get married before he goes overseas, their experiences have taken on an almost documentary flavor. As they go through the sordid ordeal of License Bureau, blood-test laboratory, and offhand civil ceremony whose only music is the deafening thunder of the El, their story takes on an almost tragic depth; an extraordinarily moving scene in a quiet cathedral brings it back to pure idealism.

This finely directed blend of the real and the romantic comes out looking remarkably like a sound practical guide to hasty wartime marriage. Confused newly acquainted young couples teetering on the matrimonial brink may find its irresistible heart appeal dangerously easy to mistake for common sense.

POLICE
DEPT

Young love blossoms at a Manhattan bus stop by way of the Metropolitan Museum.

Arriving in China, Randolph Scott and his bride (Ellen Drew) snatch a moment alone.

CHINA SKY

(RKO)
Randolph Scott, Ruth Warrick, Ellen Drew

IF you're looking for a cinematic beaker, foaming with action and spiked with a double jigger of romance and intrigue, here's a strong concoction specially blended to tempt your tongue. Taken from Pearl Buck's novel of a remote war-torn village tucked away in the towering hills of China, the story fizzes with the elemental loves and hatreds of a heterogeneous group of people who emote like crazy in and around the battered wards of the constantly bombed American hospital there.

There's handsome Dr. Thompson (Randolph Scott), caught between the jealousy of his bride (Ellen Drew) and the secret love of his co-worker (Ruth Warrick). There's a charming nurse, Sui Mei (Carol Thurston), betrothed to possessive Dr. Kim but irresistibly drawn to the dashing guerrilla chief, Chen Ta. And, scheming from his hospital bed, there's the sinister Jap colonel, Chen Ta's prize prisoner who plays on the passions of his captors as expertly as a harpist strums on her strings. Teeming with air raids and emotional upheavals, the plot thickens until all its diverse threads are knotted into a neat bundle of dynamite, and delivered with a slick concussion that smacks of a foolproof cops-and-robbers technique.

A formula story with stock characters, China Sky is nevertheless smoothly acted within its patterned limits. And it's packed with all the suspense and drama of a rip-roaring Western thriller.

PATRICK THE GREAT

(Universal) Donald O'Connor, Peggy Ryan, Frances Dee, Donald Cook

DONALD O'CONNOR and Peggy Ryan are up to their usual good-humored high jinks in this perfunctory musical which manages to keep everybody fairly busy going through that well-worn backstage routine.

In this instance, show-biz family loyalty is put to the test by a situation in which Donald and his Pop (Donald Cook) are unwittingly contending for a part in the same show. That's about all you need to know, since the part is really a juvenile lead, and Pop is early led to find a more mature interest in life in the person of a glamorous young lady (Frances Dee) who writes cookbooks.

Meanwhile Peggy Ryan has her usual tough time getting anybody to treat her like a grown-up, and performs her customary stint of song-and-dance routines opposite Donald with her usual rampant naïveté.

Eve Arden is around too, making made-to-order wisecracks and doing her very best to keep things moving. One spot, in which a producer and a manager (Gavin Muir and Thomas Gomez) get absent-minded at an audition while Donald and Peggy heroically repeat a fall, *ad infinitum*, is spontaneously funny. As for the rest, it's perfectly pleasant entertainment—even if it is as familiar as an old shoe—and there are plenty of fresh musical numbers designed to fill in the gaps.

Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan reach an impasse in one of their dance routines.

SPECIAL MENTION

A ROYAL SCANDAL (20th Cent.-Fox). Tallulah Bankhead, William Eythe, Anne Baxter.
A sumptuous, rollicking travesty on Russia's Catherine the Great.

HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND (U. A.). Zachary Scott, Betty Field, Beulah Bondi.
Life among struggling Texas share croppers, simply and beautifully portrayed.

THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE (RKO). Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Herbert Marshall.
A tender and moving half-fantasy about a returning soldier.

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (M-G-M). George Sanders, Hurd Hatfield, Angela Lansbury.
Oscar Wilde's fantastic novel in a lavish and leisurely cinema setting.

WITHOUT LOVE (M-G-M). Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Lucille Ball.
Glib drawing-room comedy about a platonic marriage that didn't stay that way.

"A PIPE COMES IN HANDY WHEN YOU ARE IN A FOXHOLE"

—*wrote this Army Private*

"I'm somewhere in Germany, and a pipe comes in handy when you are in a foxhole," wrote an infantry private when asking for a Kirsten pipe. Because of letters like these, the Army and Navy now distribute the entire production of rugged, cool-smoking Kirsten pipes to overseas PX and Ship Service Stores. When conditions permit, these pipes will again be available in this country... until then, remember, a genuine Kirsten is worth waiting for!

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THE Kirsten "RADIATOR" PIPE
PATS. & PATS. PEND.

DRY IMPERATOR
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For all Time and All Times
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YOU NEED **SHINOLA**

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White shoes, too, stay clean and new-looking longer, when you use SHINOLA WHITE!

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BEST FOR COCKTAILS SINCE 1872

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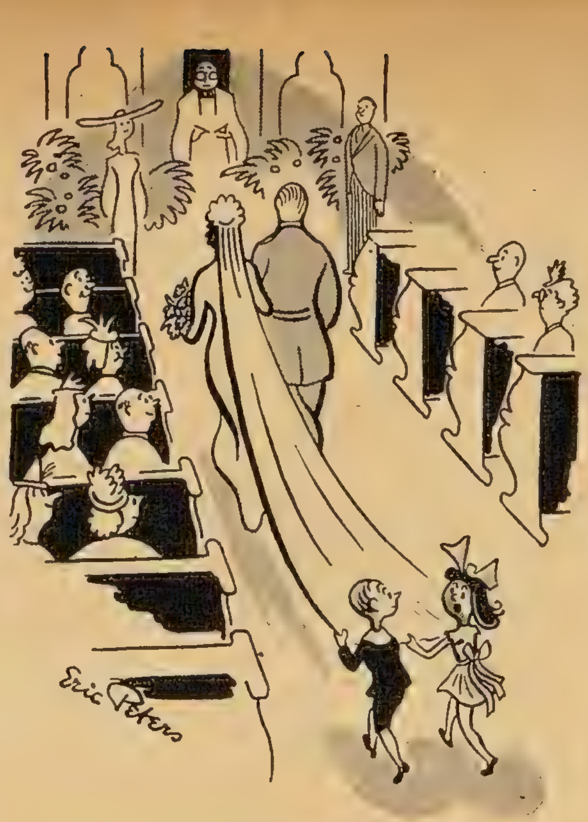

"Well, I hope Mom will be happy *this* time!"

(*Continued from page 84*)

The sky-marker smoke bomb used by the A. A. F. was developed by Lieutenant Colonel C. H. Breedlove of the Chemical Warfare Service, It is a special flare held up by a small parachute so that it descends slowly, leaving a large cloud of colored smoke.

The Pathfinder technique was also used in the landing of paratroops at Normandy. Radar planes flew ahead of the troop-carrier aircraft and selected a suitable spot beyond the range of enemy fire for the paratroopers to drop. They marked the spot with colored smoke flares.

DOES the enemy know about radar? Yes. The fundamental principle of radar is no secret. In fact, the main objective of one of the first Commando raids along the coast of France, on February 27, 1942, was to capture intact the equipment of a German radar station north of Le Havre. The mission was successful.

One of the largest radar factories in the Reich was bombed by British Lancasters on June 21, 1942. Located at Friedrichshafen, on the north shore of Lake Constance at the Swiss border, the factory occupied the buildings formerly used by Germany for constructing Zeppelins. Other enemy radar factories have suffered a similar fate.

Radar has been used by the enemy in attacks on the Allies. The first warship sunk by radar-directed gunfire was H. M. S. Hood, detected by the Bismarck in May, 1941, and destroyed by the German battleship's first salvo. The commanding officer of the Hood spotted the Bismarck with his radar before the Nazi battle wagon opened fire, but he held his fire, fearing that he might be blindly hitting an Allied ship that was known to be cruising in the area.

In December, 1943, the Nazi warship Scharnhorst was attacked and sunk through the use of radar. Such uses of radar helped in large part to clear the Atlantic of Axis threats to Allied shipping.

For the past twenty months there has been a blackout on information concerning radar. One reason is the fact that British and American officials are waging a quiet fight over who shall control the patent rights to radar after the war. The British say radar is their baby, on the basis of British research and development, while our officials have pointed out that, by the admission of British scientists, radar development in England did not commence

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Easy, too. You can get rid of
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CAT'S PAW
NON-SLIP
Rubber Heels & Soles

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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ROOM & BATH $2.50 UP . ST. PAUL, MINN.
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HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE
A DANGER SIGNAL

Often associated with Hardening of the Arteries, a Stroke, Paralysis, Heart Trouble, Kidney Disease, and other grave complications. Resultful treating methods of the Ball Clinic have proven dependable for nearly a quarter of a century. Send for FREE Blood Pressure Book today. No obligation.
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GET QUICK relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity Toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Buy either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy for children and adults. Follow easy directions.

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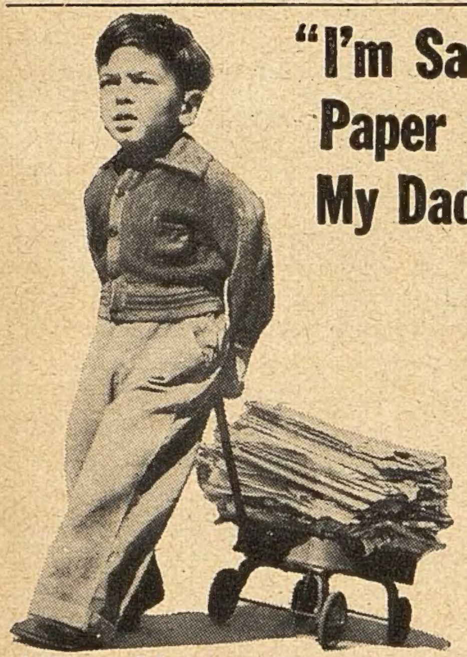


"I'm Saving Paper for My Daddy"

Millions of fathers and sons in uniform today depend on the paper required to make or wrap over 700,000 vital war items.

Paper is still a No. 1 war material shortage. Last year's collection of 7,000,000 tons wasn't enough. 8,000,000 tons must be collected this year to meet the essential needs of the battlefront and homefront.

So please save every scrap!

And remember, your paper now has a chance to serve *twice*. In some localities, funds from the sale of waste paper are being devoted more and more to buying little extras for wounded veterans. Or the money can go to other worthy community projects.

DOUBLE V PROGRAM
SAVE WASTE PAPER
V TO SPEED VICTORY
V TO AID VETERANS OR LOCAL PROJECTS

This advertisement prepared by the War Advertising Council in cooperation with the War Production Board and the Office of War Information.

until the publication of reports by American experts.

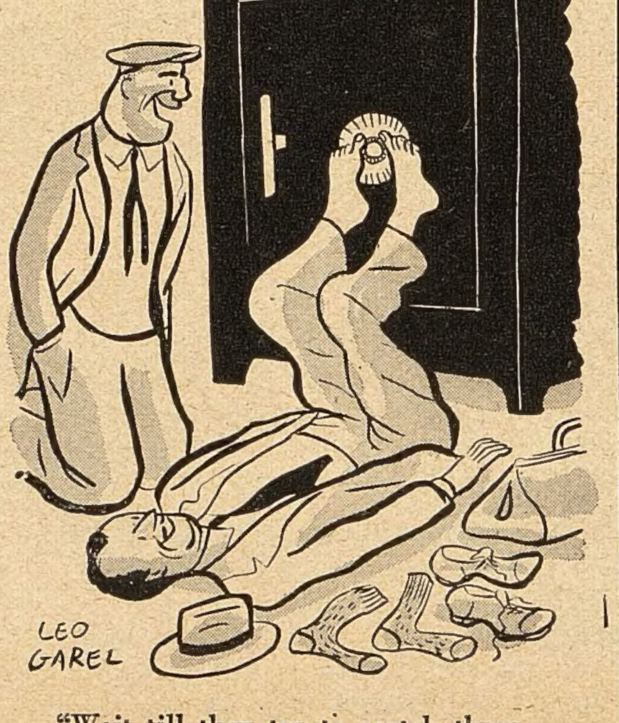
At any rate, radar promises to become a billion-dollar industry after the war. Radar sets similar to military equipment might be installed on automobiles. When the beams struck rows of roadside reflectors, the driver would be warned of danger spots and could be guided along the road despite rain or the densest fog. Radar might also be adapted so that stop-and-go lights on street corners would show up as red and green lights on the instrument panels of cars.

In the future one train will no longer crash into the back of another on the same track, or fall into a river when a bridge is washed out. Every locomotive engine will probably be equipped with a radar screen that will show the engineer at a glance the condition of the track miles ahead of him. Ships need no longer have difficulty finding their way in and out of harbors or through treacherous straits in fog and rain. Radar will give the commanding officer vision beyond the limits of his eyes. It will locate icebergs, shore lines, and other ships. And a radar device for ships will not be limited to seagoing craft. It will cost only a few hundred dollars, well within the reach of river boats and craft operating on the Great Lakes.

The Civil Aeronautics Administration has already taken the first steps in applying radar to civil aviation. At the CAA experiment station at Indianapolis a series of experiments has been started which will use radar to increase safety in flying in fog, rain, or snow when pilots cannot see the ground and must rely upon instruments. Airport control towers equipped with radar screens could direct the movement of all planes up to 100 miles away on instrument approach. Radar could immediately detect any condition that might endanger planes taking off from or landing at fogbound airports. Radar warning devices mounted aboard planes could tell the pilot how far he was from other aircraft or from mountains, radio and water towers, etc. Radar altimeters could tell him exactly how far his plane was above the ground at all times.

Radar will emerge from this war almost human in its capabilities. When the great fingerlike radar beams are finally turned to peace, they will point the way down new pathways of science to a more secure and comfortable world.

THE END



"Wait till they try to match these fingerprints!"

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promptly relieves torture of
ATHLETE'S FOOT

And KILLS GERMS* that cause and spread it!

If you're discouraged about a mean, hard to relieve case—just try Zemo—a Doctor's wonderful soothing yet powerfully medicated *liquid*. First applications of Zemo relieve itching burning between cracked peeling toes. And *on contact Zemo actually kills those vicious germs that cause and spread Athlete's Foot.

First trial of stainless Zemo convinces. Amazing record of success! Send Zemo to boys in service. All drugstores. 3 sizes. ZEMO

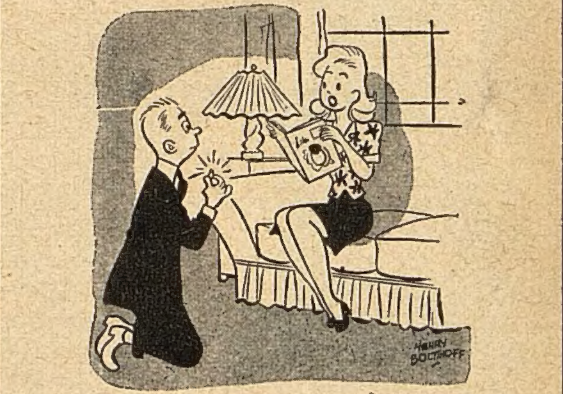
ASTHMATICS!

If you find it difficult to get relief TRY

Let Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR help reduce the severity of your next asthmatic attack, notice how its aromatic fumes aid distressed breathing. Use it and see how dependable it is—potency rigidly standardized through strict laboratory control—quality always uniform. Ask for ASTHMADOR in powder cigarette or pipe mixture form at your favorite drug store.

Get ASTHMADOR today!

ASTHMADOR



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MAY 12, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

The people of Belgium, like these, are in desperate need of food and clothing.

EDITORIAL BY A SOLDIER—

OCCASIONALLY we get a letter from a reader which is an editorial so eloquent and authentic we ourselves can only bow gracefully and retire to the side lines.

The writer of the following is an American infantryman, a private first class, now in an Army hospital in Belgium.

28th General Hospital

Dear Editor:

It's not good for a little guy of this great Army to be sticking out his neck, but often the little guy sees, hears, and keeps silent about more than the brass will ever know.

In the period I spent in the rest area, during our fighting days in the "Bulge," and here at the hospital, one thought haunts me.

These Belgian people could be no more hospitable, friendly, or helpful than they have been since we pushed the hated Boche from their lands. Nor could they be more appreciative. Every Yank, front or rear echelon, can confirm that.

But the Belgians are in dire—let's make it stronger—desperate need of food and clothing. You ask, "As much as France?" Yes—more! I've seen France. Belgium is in many places on its last foot.

In my travels about the country I've met average civilians, I've talked with ration commissioners in various communities. They all say the same thing: "We have promises of American food; we have even been issued blanks for this food. Yet it does not come."

It's the same old story. The goods are getting here—someone is getting that food. But not the people who are entitled to it.

The reports going back to the big boys in Washington say the distribution is carried out as prescribed, and Washington feels its job is done because "the reports said all is well."

There's a rotten apple in every barrel, and the Belgian barrel is no exception. Someone isn't doing his job, and unless something is done, these people are going to lose faith.

God knows they have made innumerable sacrifices for every G. I. over here.

When we spearheaded the 30th Inf. Div. into Stavelot, to ward off the Heinies from Spa and Liége, our company hit the first SS. Panzer Division. We suffered, yes, but the Jerries suffered worse. Why? Because Belgian men and women, out in the middle of the heavy fighting, directed us to safe positions. They pointed out Jerry guns. They actually took up guns and fought alongside us. One girl of nineteen killed more than any rifleman in the company. When we finally found ourselves cut off completely, we had to take refuge in cellars, barns, homes.

Risking their lives for sheltering Americans, these people begged to hide us. I spent two days in a doghouse covered with one family's only blankets. They forced me to eat their bread rations. They lied to German troops searching their house for Yanks.

Finally, when our own 30th Infantry arrived, the Belgians saw their homes, some their parents and friends, crumble before heavy American mortar and artillery barrages.

These people beg for the garbage we waste or throw away after filling our stomachs with good food. How can I look them in the face after I and many other Yanks owe them our lives?

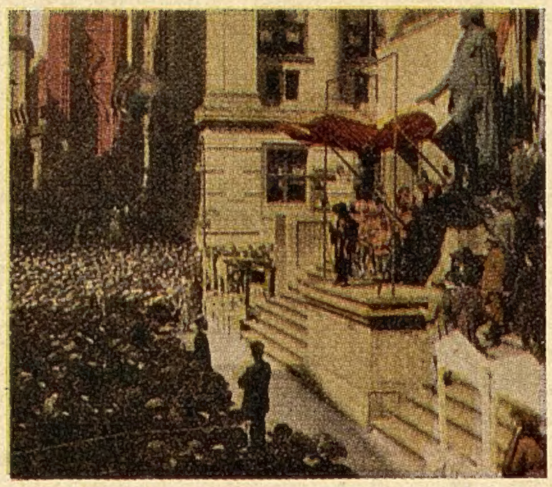
They must be fed and clothed—we owe it to them. I'm doing the begging, America. I'm pleading with you, my people.

Pfc. —— ——.

The name of the soldier who wrote us the above letter has been withheld at his own request, but inasmuch as he has fought and bled for the freedom of humanity, we feel no one has more right than he to an opinion on the subject of his letter.

Story behind the 7th War Loan

1861 **JAY COOKE'S** Wall Street bank becomes General "Subscription Agent of Government Loans" and finances the North in the War Between the States for 2½ billion dollars. This was in the third year of Corby's fine whiskey tradition.



1917 **THE WALL STREET** scene changes as World War financing enlists every American in Liberty Bond drives for a total of 22 billion dollars. Liberty Bonds, bought at par, sold at market... sometimes below par... in Corby's sixth decade as a great whiskey name.

1942 **GREAT MASS** meetings open our pocketbooks to the needs of the biggest war in history. The first six War Loan drives, during Corby's eighth decade as a famed Canadian name, sold 105 billion dollars in Bonds that have fixed values at all times; and now . . .

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1945 **AMERICA IS** on the alert for the Seventh War Loan drive opening on May 14.

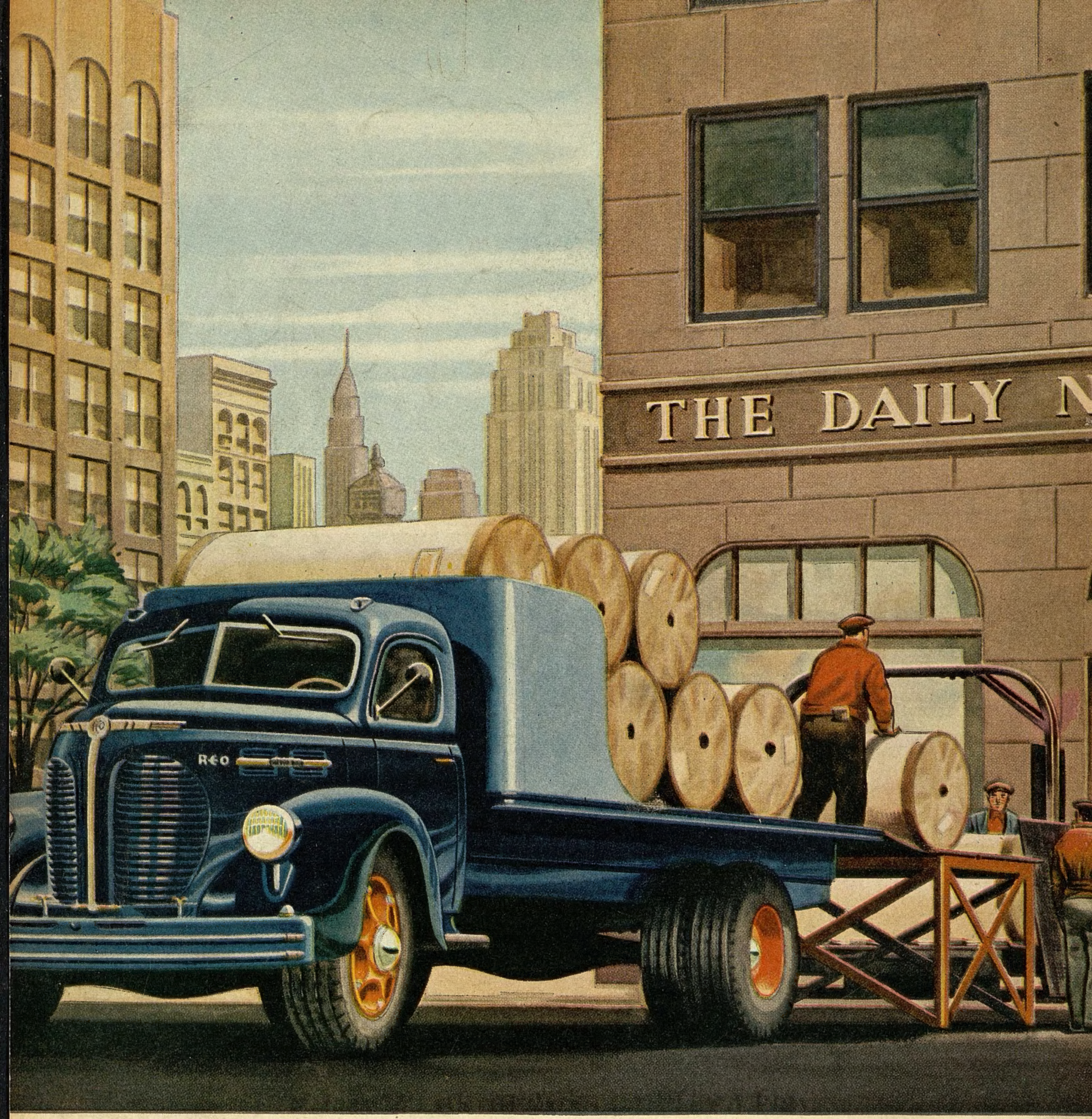
The parrot on every Corby's bottle urges you to buy Bonds. Only after that do we suggest that you meet Corby's, the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name. Buy Bonds, then watch for Corby's in your bar or package store.

Look for me
on every
Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*
86 Proof — 68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits — Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.



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